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PREFACE.

THE ſingular circumſtance, that the name of an outlawed individual of the twelfth or thirteenth century ſhould continue traditionally popular, be chanted in ballads, and, as one may ſay,

> Familiar in our mouth as houſehold words,

at the end of the eighteenth, excited the editors curioſity to retrieve all the hiſtorical or poetical remains concerning him that could be met with: an object which he has occaſionally purſued for many years; and of which purſuit he now publiſhes the reſult. He cannot, indeed, pretend that his reſearches, extenſive as they muſt appear, have been attended with all the ſucceſs he could have wiſhed; but, at the ſame time, it ought to be acknowleged that many poetical pieces, of great antiquity and ſome merit, are deſervedly reſcued from oblivion.

The materials collected for "the life" of this celebrated character, which are either preſerved at large, or carefully refered to, in the "notes and illuſtrations," are not, it muſt be confeſſed, in every inſtance, ſo important, ſo ancient, or, perhaps, ſo authentic, as the ſubject ſeems to demand; although the compiler may be permitted to ſay, in humble ſecond-hand imitation of the poet Martial:

> Some there are good, ſome middling, and ſome bad;
> But yet they were the beſt that could be had.

Deſirous to omit nothing that he could find upon the ſubject, he has every where faithfully vouched and exhibited his authorities, ſuch as they are: it would, therefor, ſeem altogether uncandid or unjuſt to make him reſponſible for the want of authenticity of ſuch of them as may appear liable to that imputation.

The juſtice or candour, however, which he has reaſon to expect from the profeſſed critic, who is allowed to dictate or influence the public opinion, may be eaſyly conceived; ſince the author of an article in the *Critical review*, for the month of January, 1792, who was neceſſaryly an entire ſtranger to the particular contents of theſe volumes, was pleaſed, by way of anticipation, it would ſeem, of his own criticiſm, (too frequently exerciſed on ſubjects he is equally ignorant of,) to pronounce them "the refuſe of a ſtall." To the impartial critic, whether hireling or volunteer, who points out errors that might be corrected, and faults that might be remedyed, in a word, who, inſtead of abuſing books for being what they are, ſhews what they ſhould have been, an author or editor is not leſs, and, perhaps, even much more, indebted and obliged than the public at large; but, to adopt the words of the great Milton, one muſt always "ABOMINAT THE CENSURE OF RASCALS."

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THE

LIFE

OF

ROBIN HOOD.

IT will ſcarcely be expected that one ſhould be able to offer an authentic narrative of the life and tranſactions of this extraordinary perſonage. The times in which he lived, the mode of life he adopted, and the ſilence or loſs of contemporary writers, are circumſtances ſufficiently favorable, indeed, to romance, but altogether inimical to hiſtorical truth. The reader muſt, therefor, be contented with ſuch a detail, however ſcanty or imperfect, as a zealous purſuit of the ſubject enables one to give; and which, though it may fail to ſatisfy, may poſſibly ſerve to amuſe.

No aſſiſtance has been derived from the labours of his profeſſed biographers (a); and even the induſtrious ſir John Hawkins, from whom the public might have expected ample gratification upon the ſubject, acknowleges that "the hiſtory of this popular hero is but little known, and all the ſcattered fragments concerning him, could they be brought together, would fall far ſhort of ſatisfying ſuch an enquirer as none but real and authenticated facts will content. We muſt," he ſays, "take his ſtory as we find it." He accordingly gives us nothing but two

or three trite and trivial extracts, with which every one, at all curious about the ſubject, was as well acquainted as himſelf. It is not, at the ſame time, pretended, that the preſent attempt promiſes more than to bring together the ſcattered fragments to which the learned hiſtorian alludes. This, however, has been done, according to the beſt of the compilers information and abilities; and the reſult is, with a due ſenſe of the deficiency of both, ſubmitted to the readers candour.

ROBIN HOOD was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, (A) in the reign of king Henry the ſecond, and about the year of Chriſt 1160 (B). His extraction was noble, and his true name ROBERT FITZOOTH, which vulgar pronunciation eaſyly corrupted into ROBIN HOOD (C). He is frequently ſtiled, and commonly reputed to have been EARL OF HUNTINGDON; a title to which, in the latter part of his life, at leaſt, he actually appears to have had ſome ſort of pretenſion (D). In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant diſpoſition; inſomuch that, his inheritance being conſumed or forfeited by his exceſſes, and his perſon outlawed for debt, either from neceſſity or choice, he ſought an aſylum in the woods and foreſts, with which immenſe tracts, eſpecially in the northern parts of the kingdom, were at that time covered (E). Of theſe he chiefly affected Barnſdale, in Yorkſhire, Sherwood, in Nottinghamſhire, and, according to ſome, Plompton-park, in Cumberland (F). Here he either found, or was afterward joined by, a number of perſons in ſimilar circumſtances;

> "Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
> Thruſt from the company of awful men;" (*F)

who appear to have conſidered and obeyed him as their chief or leader, and of whom his principal favourites, or

thoſe in whoſe courage and fidelity he moſt confided, were LITTLE JOHN, (whoſe ſurname is ſaid to have been *Nailor*,) WILLIAM SCADLOCK (Scathelock or Scarlet), GEORGE A GREEN, pinder (or pound-keeper) of Wakefield, MUCH, a millers ſon, and a certain monk or frier named TUCK (G). He is likewiſe ſaid to have been accompanyed in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whoſe real or adopted name was MARIAN (H).

His company, in proceſs of time, conſiſted of a hundred archers; men, ſays Major, moſt ſkilful in battle, whom four times that number of the boldeſt fellows durſt not attack (I). His manner of recruiting was ſomewhat ſingular; for, in the words of an old writer, "wherſoever he hard of any that were of unuſual ſtrength and 'hardines,' he would deſgyſe himſelfe, and, rather then fayle, go lyke a begger to become acquaynted with them; and, after he had tryed them with fyghting; never give them over tyl he had uſed means to drawe [them] to lyve after his faſhion" (J): a practice of which numerous inſtances are recorded in the more common and popular ſongs, where, indeed, he ſeldom fails to receive a ſound beating. In ſhooting with the long bow, which they chiefly practiſed, "they excelled all the men of the land; though, as occation required, they had alſo other weapons" (K).

In theſe foreſts, and with this company, he for many years reigned like an independant ſovereign; at perpetual war, indeed, with the king of England, and all his ſubjects, with an exception, however, of the poor and needy, and ſuch as were "deſolate and oppreſſed," or ſtood in need of his protection. When moleſted, by a ſuperior force, in one place, he retired to another, ſtill defying the power of what was called law and government, and making his enemies pay dearly, as well for their open attacks, as for their clandeſtine treachery. It is not, at

the ſame time, to be concluded that he muſt, in this oppoſition, have been guilty of manifeſt treaſon or rebellion; as he moſt certainly can be juſtly charged with neither. An outlaw, in thoſe times, being deprived of protection, owed no allegiance: "his hand 'was' againſt every man, and every mans hand againſt him" (L). Theſe foreſts, in ſhort, were his territories; thoſe who accompanyed and adhered to him his ſubjects:

The world was not his friend, nor the worlds law:

and what better title king Richard could pretend to the territory and people of England than Robin Hood had to the dominion of Barnſdale or Sherwood is a queſtion humbly ſubmitted to the conſideration of the political philoſopher.

The deer with which the royal foreſts then abounded (every Norman tyrant being, like Nimrod, "a mighty hunter before the lord") would afford our hero and his companions an ample ſupply of food throughout the year; and of fuel, for dreſſing their veniſon, or for the other purpoſes of life, they could evidently be in no want. The reſt of their neceſſaries would be eaſyly procured, partly by taking what they had occaſion for from the wealthy paſſenger, who traverſed or approached their territories, and partly by commerce with the neighbouring villages or great towns.

It may be readyly imagined that ſuch a life, during great part of the year, at leaſt, and while it continued free from the alarms or apprehenſions to which our foreſters, one would ſuppoſe, muſt have been too frequently ſubject, might be ſufficiently pleaſant and deſireable, and even deſerve the compliment which is payed to it by Shakſpeare, in his comedy of *As you like it*, (Act 1. ſcene 1.) where, on Oliver's aſking, "where will the old duke live?" Charles anſwers, "They ſay he is already in the foreſt of Arden, and a many merry men with him;

and there they live like the OLD ROBIN HOOD OF ENGLAND; . . . and fleet the time carelesly as they did in the golden world." Their gallant chief, indeed, may be presumed to have frequently exclaimed with the banished Valentine, in another play of the same author:*

> " How use doth breed a habit in a man!
> This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
> I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
> Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
> And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
> Tune my distresses, and record my woes."

He would, doubtless, too often find occasion to add:

> " What hallooing and what stir is this to-day?
> These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
> Have some unhappy passenger in chace:
> They love me well; yet I have much to do,
> To keep them from uncivil outrages."

But, on the other hand, it will be at once difficult and painful to conceive,

> ——— When they did hear
> The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
> In that their pinching cave, they could discourse
> The freezing hours away! (M)

Their mode of life, in short, and domestic œconomy, of which no authentic particulars have been even traditionally preserved, are more easyly to be guessed at than described. They have, nevertheless, been elegantly sketched by the animating pencil of an excellent, though neglected poet.

> " The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an age to tell,
> And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,

* *Two gentlemen of Verona*, act 5. scene 4.

When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath couſen'd them, that him would have betray'd;
How often he hath come to Nottingham diſguis'd,
And cunningly eſcap'd, being ſet to be ſurpriz'd.
In this our ſpacious iſle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard ſome talk of him and little John;
And to the end of time, the tales ſhall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Much the miller's ſon,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a ſermon made
In praiſe of Robin Hood, his out-laws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, (N) with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When ſetting to their lips their little beugles ſhrill,
The warbling ecchos wak'd from every dale and hill.
Their bauldricks ſet with ſtuds, athwart their ſhoulders caſt,
To which under their arms their ſheafs were buckled faſt,
A ſhort ſword at their belt, a buckler ſcarce a ſpan,
Who ſtruck below the knee, not counted then a man:
All made of Spaniſh yew, their bows were wondrous ſtrong;
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving ſhaft,
At marks full forty ſcore, they us'd to prick, and rove,
Yet higher than the breaſt, for compaſs never ſtrove;
Yet at the fartheſt mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-outs, ſhort, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin:
Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil piec'd to fly in any weather;
And ſhot they with the round, the ſquare, or forked pile,
The looſe gave ſuch a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of theſe archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his ſwifteſt ſpeed upon,
Which they did boil and roaſt, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine ſauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to reſt, his merry men and he
Slept many a ſummer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots chefts, and churls abundant ſtore,
What oftentimes he took, he ſhar'd amongſt the poor:
No lordly biſhop came in luſty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his paſs muſt pay:
The widow in diſtreſs he graciously reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd: (O)

He from the huſband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his miſtreſs dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever conſtant known, which whereſoe'er ſhe came,
Was ſovereign of the woods; chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, ſhe wander'd here and there,
Amongſt the foreſts wild; Diana never knew
Such pleaſures, nor ſuch harts as Mariana flew."*

That our hero and his companions, while they lived in the woods, had recourſe to robbery for their better ſupport is neither to be concealed nor to be denyed. Teſtimonies to this purpoſe, indeed, would be equally endleſs and unneceſſary. Fordun, in the fourteenth century, calls him, "*ille famoſiſſimus ſicarius*," that moſt celebrated robber, and Major terms him and Little John, "*famatiſſimi latrones.*" But it is to be remembered, according to the confeſſion of the latter hiſtorian, that, in theſe exertions of power, he took away the goods of rich men only; never killing any perſon, unleſs he was attacked or reſiſted: that he would not ſuffer a woman to be maltreated; nor ever took any thing from the poor, but charitably fed them with the wealth he drew from the abbots. I diſapprove, ſays he, of the rapine of the man; but he was the moſt humane and the prince of all robbers(*O). In alluſion, no doubt, to this irregular and predatory courſe of life, he has had the honour to be compared to the illuſtrious Wallace, the champion and deliverer of his country; and that, it is not a little remarkable, in the latters own time (P).

Our hero, indeed, ſeems to have held biſhops, abbots, prieſts, and monks, in a word, all the clergy, regular or ſecular, in decided averſion.

"Theſe byſhoppes and thyſe archebyſhoppes,
Ye ſhall them bete and bynde,"

was an injunction carefully impreſſed upon his followers:

* Draytons *Polyolbion*, ſong xxvi.

and, in this part of his conduct, perhaps, the pride, avarice, uncharitableneſs, and hypocriſy of theſe clerical drones, or pious locuſts, (too many of whom are ſtill permitted to prey upon the labours of the induſtrious, and are ſupported, in pampered luxury, (Q) at the expence of thoſe whom their uſeleſs and pernicious craft tends to retain in ſuperſtitious ignorance and irrational ſervility,) will afford him ample juſtification. The abbot of Saint Marys, in York, (R) from ſome unknown cauſe, appears to have been diſtinguiſhed by particular animoſity; and the ſherif of Nottinghamſhire, (S) who may have been too active and officious in his endeavours to apprehend him, was the unremitted object of his vengeance.

Notwithſtanding, however, the averſion in which he appears to have held the clergy of every denomination, he was a man of exemplary piety, according to the notions of that age, and retained a domeſtic chaplain (frier Tuck no doubt) for the diurnal celebration of the divine myſteries. This we learn from an anecdote preſerved by Fordun, as an inſtance of thoſe actions which the hiſtorian allows to deſerve commendation. One day, as he heard maſs, which he was moſt devoutly accuſtomed to do, (nor would he, in whatever neceſſity, ſuffer the office to be interrupted,) he was eſpyed by a certain ſherif and officers belonging to the king, who had frequently before moleſted him, in that moſt ſecret receſs of the wood where he was at maſs. Some of his people, who perceived what was going forward, adviſed him to fly with all ſpeed, which, out of reverence to the ſacrament, which he was then moſt devoutly worſhiping, he abſolutely refuſed to do. But the reſt of his men having fled for fear of death, Robin, confiding ſolely in him whom he reverently worſhiped, with a very few, who by chance were preſent, ſet upon his enemies, whom he eaſyly vanquiſhed; and, being enriched with their ſpoils and ranſom, he always held the miniſters of the church and maſſes in greater

veneration ever after, mindful of what is vulgarly ſaid:

Him god does ſurely hear
Who oft to th' maſs gives ear. (T)

They who deride the miracles of Moſes or Mahomet are at full liberty, no doubt, to reject thoſe wrought in favour of Robin Hood. But, as a certain admirable author expreſſes himſelf, "an honeſt man and of good judgment believeth ſtill what is told him, and that which he finds written."

Having, for a long ſeries of years, maintained a ſort of independant ſovereignty, and ſet kings, judges, and magiſtrates at defiance, a proclamation was publiſhed, offering a conſiderable reward for bringing him in either dead or alive; which, however, ſeems to have been productive of no greater ſucceſs than former attempts for that purpoſe (U). At length, the infirmities of old age increaſing upon him, and deſirous to be relieved, in a fit of ſickneſs, by being let blood, he applyed for that purpoſe to the prioreſs of Kirkleys-nunnery in Yorkſhire, his relation, (women, and particularly religious women, being, in thoſe times, ſomewhat better ſkilled in ſurgery than the ſex is at preſent,) by whom he was treacherously ſuffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the 31ſt year of king Henry III. and (if the date aſſigned to his birth be correct) about the 87th of his age. (V) He was intered under ſome trees, at a ſhort diſtance from the houſe; a ſtone being placed over his grave, with an inſcription to his memory (W).

Such was the end of Robin Hood: a man who, in a barbarous age, and under a complicated tyranny, diſplayed a ſpirit of freedom and independence, which has endeared him to the common people, whoſe cauſe he maintained, (for all oppoſition to tyranny is the cauſe of the

people,) and, in ſpite of the malicious endeavous of pitiful monks, by whom hiſtory was conſecrated to the crimes and follies of titled ruffians and ſainted idiots, to ſuppreſs all record of his patriotic exertions and virtuous acts, will render his name immortal.

> " *Dum juga montis aper. fluviot dum piſcis amabit,*
> *Dumque thymo paſcentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,*
> *Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*"

With reſpect to his perſonal character: it is ſufficiently evident that he was active, brave, prudent, patient; poſſeſſed of uncommon bodyly ſtrength, and conſiderable military ſkill; juſt, generous, benevolent, faithful, and beloved or revered by his followers or adherents for his excellent and amiable qualities. Fordun, a prieſt, extols his piety, and piety, by a prieſt, is regarded as the perfection of virtue; Major (as we have ſeen) pronounces him the moſt humane and the prince of all robbers; and Camden, whoſe teſtimony is of ſome weight, calls him "*prædonem mitiſſimum*," the gentleſt of thieves. As proofs of his univerſal and ſingular popularity: his ſtory and exploits have been made the ſubject as well of various dramatic exhibitions (X), as of innumerable poems, rimes, ſongs and ballads (Y): he has given riſe to divers proverbs (Z); and to ſwear by him, or ſome of his companions, appears to have been a uſual practice (AA): his ſongs have been prefered, on the moſt ſolemn occaſions, not only to the pſalms of David, but to the new teſtament (BB); his ſervice to the word of god (CC): he may be regarded as the patron of archery (DD): and, though not actually canonized, (a ſituation to which the miracles wrought in his favour, as well in his lifetime as after his death, and the ſupernatural powers he is, in ſome parts, ſuppoſed to have poſſeſſed (EE), give him an indiſputable claim,) he obtained the principal diſtinction of ſainthood, in having a feſtival allotted to him, and ſolemn games inſtituted in honour of his memory, which were celebrated till the

latter end of the ſixteenth century; not by the populace only, but by kings or princes and grave magiſtrates; and that as well in Scotland as in England; being conſidered, in the former country, of the higheſt political importance, and eſſential to the civil and religious liberties of the people, the efforts of government to ſuppreſs them frequently producing tumult and inſurrection (FF): his bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, his cap, and one of his ſlippers, were preſerved, with peculiar veneration, till within the preſent century (GG); and not only places which afforded him ſecurity or amuſement, but even the well at which he quenched his thirſt, ſtill retain his name (HH): a name which, in the middle of the preſent century, was confered as an honorable diſtinction upon the prime miniſter to the king of Madagaſcar (II).

After his death his company was diſperſed (JJ). Hiſtory is ſilent in particulars: all that we can, therefor, learn is, that the honour of Little Johns death and burial is contended for by rival nations (KK); that his grave continued long "celebrous for the yielding of excellent whetſtones;" and that ſome of his deſcendants, of the name of *Nailor*, which he himſelf bore, and they from him, were in being ſo late as the laſt century (LL).

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

REFERED TO IN THE

FOREGOING LIFE.

(a) "FORMER biographers, &c."] Such, that is, as have already appeared in print, ſince a ſort of manuſcript life in the Sloane library will appear to have been of ſome ſervice. The firſt of theſe reſpectable perſonages is the author, or rather compiler, of "The noble birth and gallant atchievements of that remarkable outlaw Robin Hood; together with a true account, of the many merry extravagant exploits he played; in twelve ſeveral ſtories: newly collected by an ingenious antiquary. London, printed by W. O." [William Onley.] 4to. black letter, no date. Theſe "ſeveral ſtories," in fact, are only ſo many of the ſongs in the common *Garland* tranſproſed; and the "ingenious antiquary," who ſtrung them together, has known ſo little of his trade, that he ſets out with informing us of his heros baniſhment by king Henry the *eighth*. The above is ſuppoſed to be the "ſmall merry book" called *Robin Hood*, mentioned in a liſt of "books, ballads, and hiſtories, printed for and ſold by William Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-lane", (about 1680,) preſerved in one of the volumes of old ballads (part of Bagfords collection) in the Britiſh muſeum.

Another piece of biography, from which much will not be expected, is, "The lives and heroick atchievements of the renowned Robin Hood, and *James Hind*, two noted robbers and highwaymen. London, 1752." 8vo. This, however, is probably nothing more than an extract from Johnſons *Lives of the highwaymen*, in which, as a ſpecimen of the authors hiſtorical authenticity, we have the life and actions of that noted robber, SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

The principal if not ſole reaſon why our hero is never once mentioned by Matthew Paris, *Benedictus abbas*, or any other ancient Engliſh hiſtorian, was moſt probably his avowed enmity to churchmen; and hiſtory, in former times, was written by none but monks. From the ſame motives that Joſephus is pretended to have ſuppreſſed all mention of Jeſus Chriſt, they were unwilling to praiſe the actions which they durſt neither miſrepreſent nor deny. Fordun and Major, however, being foreigners, have not been detered by this profeſſional ſpirit from rendering homage to his virtues.

(A) "—was born at Locksley in the county of Nottingham."] "Robin Hood," ſays a MS. in the Britiſh Muſeum, (*Bib. Sloan.* 715.) written, as it ſeems, toward the end of the ſixteenth century, "was borne at Lockesley in Yorkſhyre, or after others in Notinghamſhire." The writer here labours under manifeſt ignorance and confuſion, but *the firſt row of the rubric* will ſet him right:

> "In *Lockſly town*, in merry *Nottinghamſhire*,
> In merry ſweet Lockſly town,
> There bold Robin Hood was *born* and was bied,
> Bold Robin of famous renown."*

Dr. Fuller (*Worthies of England*, 1662, p. 320.) is doubtful as to the place of his nativity. Speaking of the "Memorable Perſons" of Nottinghamſhire, "Robert Hood," ſays he, "(if not by *birth*) by his chief *abode* this country-man."

The name of ſuch a town as *Locksley*, or *Loxley* (for ſo, we ſometimes find it ſpelled), in the county of Nottingham or of York, does not, it muſt be confeſſed, occur either in ſir Henry Spelmans *Villare Anglicum*, in Adams's *Index villaris*, in Whatleys *Englands gazetteer*,†

* See part II. ballad 1.

† All three mention a *Loxley* in Warwickſhire, and another in Staffordſhire ("near Needwood-foreſt; the manor and ſeat of the Kinardsleys").

in Thoroton's *Hiſtory of Nottinghamſhire*, or in the *Nomina villarum Eboracenſium* (York, 1768, 8vo). The ſilence of theſe authorities is not, however, to be regarded as a concluſive proof that ſuch a place never exiſted. The names of towns and villages, of which no trace is now to be found but in ancient writings, would fill a volume.

(B)—" in the reign of king Henry the ſecond, and about the year of Chriſt 1160.] " Robin Hood," according to the Sloane MS. " was borne . . . in the dayes of Henry the 2nd, about the yeare 1160." This was the 6th year of that monarch; at whoſe death (*anno* 1189) he would, of courſe, be about 29 years of age. Thoſe writers are therefor pretty correct who repreſent him as *playing his pranks* (Dr. Fullers phraſe) in the reign of king Richard the firſt, and, according to the laſt named author, " about the year of our lord 1200."* Thus Major (who is followed by Stowe, *Annales* 1592, *p.* 227.) " *Circa hæc tempora* [ſci. *Ricardi I.*] *ut auguror*, &c." A MS. note in the Muſeum (*Bib. Har.* 1233.) not, in Mr. Wanleys opinion, to be relyed on, places him in the ſame period, " *Temp.* Rich. I. " *Nor is Fordun altogether out of his reckoning in bringing him down to the time of Henry III. as we ſhall hereafter ſee; and with him agrees that " noble clerke maiſter Hector Boece," who in the nineteeth chapter of his " threttene buke, "ſays, " About this tyme was that waithman Robert Hode with his ſallow litil Johne, &c." (*Hyſtory of Scotland*, Edin. 1541. fo.) A modern writer, (*Hiſtory of Whitby*, by Lionel Charlton, York, 1779, 4to.) though of no authority in this point, has done well enough to ſpeak of him as living " in the days of abbot Richard and Peter his ſucceſſor; " that is, between the years 1176 and 1211. The author of the two plays up-

* It is 1100 in the original, but that is clearly an error of the preſs.

on the ſtory of our hero, of which a particular account will be hereafter given, makes him contemporary with king Richard, who, as well as his brother prince John, is introduced upon the ſcene; which is confirmed by another play, quoted in note (D). Warner, alſo, in his *Albions England*, 1602. p. 132. refers his exiſtence to "better daies, firſt Richards daies." This, to be ſure, may not be ſuch evidence as would be ſufficient to decide the point in a court of juſtice; but neither judge nor counſel will diſpute the authority of that oracle of the law ſir Edward Coke, who pronounces that "This Robert Hood lived in the reign of king R. I." (3 *Inſtitute*, 197.)

We muſt not therefore regard what is ſaid by ſuch writers as the author of "George a Greene, the pinner of Wakefield," 1599, (ſee note (G) who repreſents our hero as contemporary with king Edward IV. and the compiler of a fooliſh book called "The noble birth, &c. of Robin Hood," (ſee note (a) who commences it by informing us of his baniſhment by king Henry VIII. As well indeed might we ſuppoſe him to have lived before the time of Charlemagne, becauſe ſir John Harington, in his translation of the *Orlando furioſo*, 1590. p. 391. has made

> "Duke 'Ammon in great wrath thus wiſe 'to' ſpeake,
> *This is a tale indeed of* Robin Hood,
> Which to beleeve, might ſhow my wits but weake:"

or to imagine his ſtory muſt have been familiar to Plutarch, becauſe in his *Morals*, translated by Dr. Philemon Holland, 1603. p. 644. we read the following paſſage: "Evenſo [*i. e.* as the crane and fox ſerve each other in Æſop], when learned men at a table plunge and drowne themſelves (as it were) in ſubtile problemes and queſtions interlaced with logicke, which the vulgar ſort are not able for their lives to comprehend and conceive; whiles they alſo againe for their part come in with their *fooliſh ſongs*, and *vain ballads* of Robin-hood and little John, telling *tales of a tubbe*, or of a *roaſted horſe*, and ſuch like."

Who, indeed, would be apt to think that his ſkill in archery was known to Virgil? And yet, as interpreted by our facetious friend Mr. Charles Cotton, he tells us, that

> "Cupid was a little tyny,
> Cogging, lying, peeviſh nynny;
> But with a bow the ſhit-breecht elf
> Would ſhoot like ROBIN HOOD himſelf."

In a word, if we are to credit translators, he muſt have exiſted before the ſiege of Troy: for thus, according to one of Homers:

> "Then came a choice companion
> Of ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN,
> Who many a buck and many a doe,
> In *Sherwood foreſt*, with his bow,
> Had nabb'd; believe me it is true, ſir,
> The fellows Chriſtian name was TEUCER."
>
> Iliad, by Bridges, 4to. p. 231.

This laſt ſuppoſition indeed, has even the reſpectable countenance of dan Geoffrey Chaucer:

> "Pandarus anſwerde, it may be well inough,
> And held with him of all that ever he ſaied,
> But in his hart he thought, and ſoft lough,
> And to himſelfe full ſoberly he ſaied,
> From *baſſellwood* there JOLLY ROBIN plaied,
> Shall come all that thou abideſt here,
> Ye, farewell all the ſnow of ferne yere."
>
> TROILUS (B. 5.) Speghts edition, 1602.

(C) "His extraction was noble, and his true name ROBERT FITZOOTH".] In "an olde and auncient pamphlet," which Grafton the chronicler had ſeen, it was written that "This man diſcended of a noble parentage." The Sloane MS. ſays "He was of .... parentage;" and though the material word is illegible, the ſenſe evidently requires *noble*. So, likewiſe, the Harleian note: "It is ſaid that he was of noble blood." Leland alſo has expreſsly termed him "*nobilis*." (*Collectanea*, I. 54.) The fol-

lowing account of his family will be found ſufficiently particular. Ralph Fitzothes or Fitzooth, a Norman, who had come over to England with William Rufus, married Maud or Matilda, daughter of Gilbert de Gaunt earl of Kyme and Lindſey, by whom he had two ſons: Philip, afterward earl of Kyme, that earldom being part of his mothers dowry, and William. Philip the elder, dyed without iſſue; William was a ward to Robert de Vere earl of Oxford, in whoſe houſehold he received his education, and who, by the kings expreſs command, gave him in marriage to his own niece, the youngeſt of the three daughters of the celebrated lady Roiſia de Vere, daughter of Aubrey de Vere, earl of Guiſnes in Normandy, and lord high chamberlain of England under Henry I. and of Adeliza, daughter to Richard de Clare, earl of Clarence and Hertford, by Payn de Beauchamp baron of Bedford her ſecond huſband. The offspring of this marriage was, our hero, ROBERT FITZOOTH, commonly called ROBIN HOOD. (See Stukeleys *Palæographia Britannica*, No. I. *paſſim*.)

A writer in the *Gentlemans magazine*, for March 1793, under the ſignature D. H. pretends that *Hood* is only a corruption of "*o' th'-wood*, q. d. *of Sherwood*." This, to be ſure, is an abſurd conceit; but, if the name were a matter of conjecture, it might be probably enough refered to ſome particular ſort of *hood* our hero wore by way of diſtinction or diſguiſe. See Scots *Diſcoverie of witchcraft*, 1584. p. 522. It is unneceſſary to add that *Hood* is a common ſurname at this day.

(D) "He is frequently ſtiled . . EARL OF HUNTINGDON, a title to which, for the latter part of his life at leaſt, he actually appears to have had ſome ſort of pretenſion."] In Graftons "olde and auncient pamphlet," though the author had, as already noticed, ſaid "this man diſcended of a noble parentage," he adds, "or rather beyng of a baſe ſtocke and linage, was for his manhood and chivalry advaunced to the noble dignitie of an erle,"

In the MS. note (*Bib. Har.* 1233) is the following paſſage: "It is ſaid that he was of noble blood no leſſe then an earle." Warner, in his *Albions England*, already cited, calls him "a county." The titles of Mundys two plays are: "The downfall," and "The death of ROBERT EARLE OF HUNTINGTON." He is likewiſe introduced in that character in the ſame authors *Metropolis coronata*, hereafter cited. In his epitaph we ſhall find him expreſsly ſtiled "ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGTUN."

In "A pleaſant commodie called *Looke about you*," printed in 1600, our hero is introduced, and performs a principal character. He is repreſented as the young earl of Huntington, and in ward to prince Richard, though his brother Henry, the young king, complains of his having "had wrong about his wardſhip." He is deſcribed as

"A gallant youth, a proper gentleman;"

and is ſometimes called "pretty earle," and "little wag."

"*Fau.* But welcome, welcome, and young HUNTINGTON,
Sweet ROBYN HUDE, honors beſt flowing bloome."

"——an honourable youth,
Vertuous and modeſt, Huntingtons right heyre."

And it is ſaid that

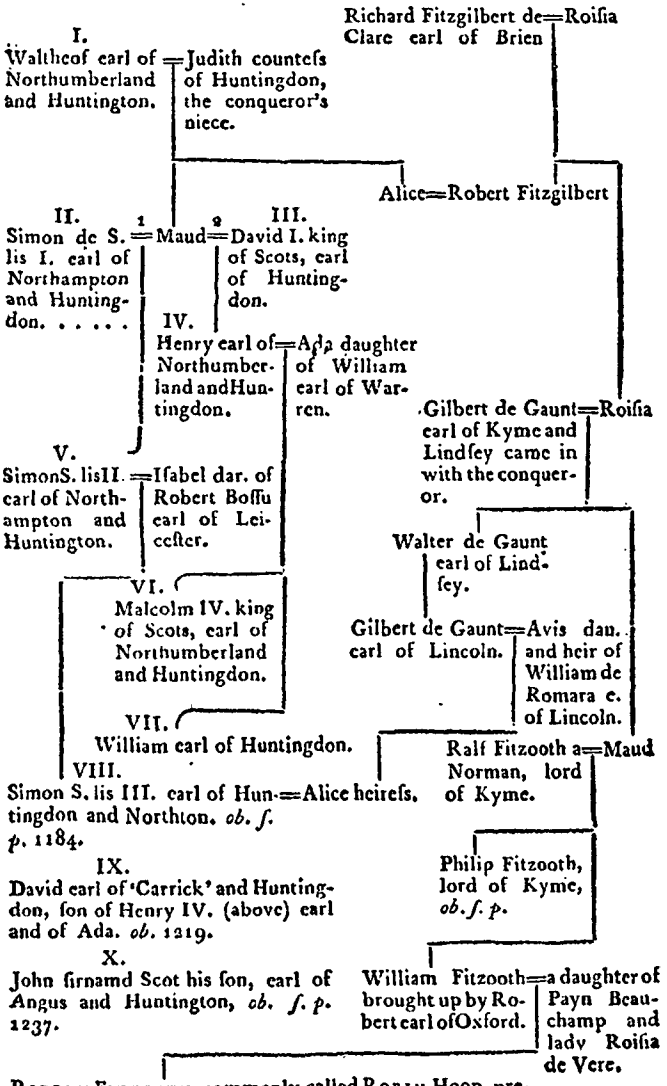
"*His father* GILBERT was the ſmoothſt fac't lord
"That ere bare armes in England or in Fraunce."

In one ſcene, "Enter Richard and Robert with coronets."

"*Rich.* Richard the Prince of England, with his ward,
The noble ROBERT HOOD, EARLE HUNTINGTON,
Preſent their ſervice to your majeſtie."

Dr. Percys objection, that the moſt ancient poems make no mention of this earldom, but only call him a yeoman, will be conſidered in another place. How he founded his pretenſions to this title will be ſeen in his pedigree. Here it is.

" The pedigree of Robin Hood earl of Huntington.


Richard Fitzgilbert de Clare earl of Brien
Roisia
I.
Waltheof earl of Northumberland and Huntington.
Judith countess of Huntingdon, the conqueror's niece.
Alice
Robert Fitzgilbert
II.
Simon de S. lis I. earl of Northampton and Huntingdon. . . . . .
1
Maud
2
III.
David I. king of Scots, earl of Huntingdon.
IV.
Henry earl of Northumberland and Huntingdon.
Ada daughter of William earl of Warren.
Gilbert de Gaunt earl of Kyme and Lindsey came in with the conqueror.
Roisia
V.
Simon S. lis II. earl of Northampton and Huntington.
Isabel dar. of Robert Bossu earl of Leicester.
Walter de Gaunt earl of Lindsey.
VI.
Malcolm IV. king of Scots, earl of Northumberland and Huntingdon.
Gilbert de Gaunt earl of Lincoln.
Avis dau. and heir of William de Romara e. of Lincoln.
VII.
William earl of Huntingdon.
Ralf Fitzooth a Norman, lord of Kyme.
Maud
VIII.
Simon S. lis III. earl of Huntingdon and Northton. ob. f. p. 1184.
Alice heiress.
Philip Fitzooth, lord of Kyme, ob. f. p.
IX.
David earl of 'Carrick' and Huntingdon, son of Henry IV. (above) earl and of Ada. ob. 1219.
X.
John firnamd Scot his son, earl of Angus and Huntington, ob. f. p. 1237.
William Fitzooth brought up by Robert earl of Oxford.
a daughter of Payn Beauchamp and lady Roisia de Vere.
Robert Fitzooth, commonly called Robin Hood, pretended earl of Huntington, ob. 1274 [1247]."*

* Stukeleys *Palæographia Britannica*, No. II. p. 115. In an interleaved copy of *Robin Hoods garland* formerly belonging to Dr. Stukeley, and now in the poſſeſſion of Francis Douce eſquire, oppoſite the 2d page of the 1ſt ſong, is the following note in his own hand:

" Guy earl of Warwick.

George Gamwell of Gamwell hall *magna* eſq. — Joanna = Fitz Odoth

Robin Fitz Odoth

Gamwell the kings foreſter in Yorkſhire, mentioned in Camden.

See my anſwer No. II. of lady Roiſia, where is Robin Hoods TRUE PEDIGREE."

The doctor ſeems, by this pedigree, to have founded our heros pretenſions on his deſcent from Roiſia, ſiſter of Robert Fitzgilbert, huſband of Alice, youngeſt daughter of Judith counteſs of Huntingdon; which, whatever it might do in thoſe times, would ſcarcely be thought ſufficient to ſupport ſuch a claim, at preſent. Beſide, though John the Scot dyed without iſſue, he left three ſiſters, all marryed to powerful barons, either in Scotland or in England, none of whom, however, aſſumed the title. It is, therefor, probable, after all, that Robin Hood derived his earldom in ſome other way.

Dr. Stukeley, whoſe learned labours are ſufficiently known and eſteemed, was a profeſſed antiquary, and a beneficed clergyman of the church of England. He has not, it is true, thought it neceſſary to cite any ancient or other authority in ſupport of the above repreſentations; nor is it in the editors power to ſupply the deficiency. Perhaps, indeed, the doctor might think himſelf intitled to expect that his own authority would be deemed ſufficient: upon that, however, they muſt be content to reſt. Mr. Parkin, who publiſhed "A reply to the peeviſh, weak, and malevolent objections brought by Dr. Stukeley, in his *Origines Royſtonianæ*, No. 2. (Norwich, 1748. 4to.) terms "his pedigree of Robin Hood quite jocoſe, an original indeed!" (ſee pp. 27, 32.)

Otho and *Fitz-Otho*, it muſt be conſeſſ d, were common names among the Anglo-Normans, but no ſuch name as *Othes*, *Ooth*, *Fitz-Othes*, or *Fitz-Ooth*, has been elſewhere met with. *Philip de Kime*, alſo, was certainly a conſiderable landholder in the county of Lincoln, in the time of king Henry II. but it no where appears, except from Dr. Stukeley, that his ſurname was *Fitz-Ooth*.

The doctor likewiſe informs us that the arms of Ralph Fitzooth, and conſequently of our hero, were "*g.* two bends engrailed, *o.*"

(E) " In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant diſpoſition, &c."] Graftons pamphlet, after ſuppoſing him to have been " advaunced to the noble dignitie of an erle," continued thus: " But afterwardes he ſo prodigally exceeded in charges and expences, that he fell into great debt, by reaſon whereof, ſo many actions and ſutes were commenced againſt him whereunto he anſwered not, that by order of lawe he was outlawed."* Leland muſt undoubtedly have had good authority for calling him " *nobilis ille exlex.*"† Fordun ſuppoſes him in the number of thoſe deprived of their eſtates by K. Hen. III. " *Hoc intempore,*" ſays he, " *de* exheredatis *ſurrexit & caput erexit ille famoſiſſimus ſiccarius* Robertus Hode *&* littill Johanne *cum eorum complicibus.*" (p. 774.) The Sloane MS. ſays he was " ſo ryotous that he loſt or ſould his patrimony & for debt became an outlawe:" and the Harleian note mentions his " having waſted his eſtate in riotous courſes." The former authority, however, gives a different, though, it may be, leſs credible, account of his being obliged to abſcond. It is as follows: " One of his firſt exployts was the going abrode into a forreſt & bearing with him a bowe of exceeding great ſtrength he fell into company with certayne rangers or woodmen, who fell to quarrel with him, as making ſhowe to uſe ſuch a bowe as no man was able to ſhoote withall. Wherto Robin replyed that he had two better then that at Lockeſley, only he bare that with him nowe as a byrding bowe. At length the ' contention' grewe ſo hote that there was a wager layd about the kyllyng of a deere a greate diſtance of, for performance whereof Robin offered to lay his head to a certayne ſome of money, the advantage of which raſh ſpeach the others preſently tooke. So the marke being found out, one of them, both to make his hart faynt and hand unſteady, as he was about to ſhoote

* Graftons chronicle. p. 85. † *Collec.* I. 54.

urged him with the loſſe of head if he myſt the marke. Notwithſtanding Robyn kyld the deare, and gave every man his money agayne, ſave to him which at the poynt of ſhooting ſo upbraided him with danger to looſe his hed for that wager; & he ſayd they would drinke togeyther: whereupon the others ſtomached the matter and from quarelling they grewe to fighting with him. But Robin, getting him ſomewhat of, with ſhooting diſpatch them, and ſo fled away; and then betaking himſelfe to lyve in the woods, *&c.*"*

That he lurked or inſeſted the woods is agreed by all. "*Circa hæc tempora*," ſays Major, "*Robertus Hudus Anglus & parvus Joannes, latrones famatiſſimi, in nemoribus latuerunt.*"

Dr. Stukeley ſays that "Robin Hood took to this wild way of life, in imitation of his grandfather Geoffrey de Mandeville, who being a favorer of Maud empreſs, K. Stephen took him priſoner at S. Albans, and made him give up the tower of London, Walden, Pleſſis, &c. upon which he lived on plunder." (*MS. note in his copy of* Robin Hoods garland.)

(F) "Of theſe he chiefly affected Barnſdale, *&c.*"] "Along on the lift hond," ſays Leland, "a iii. miles of betwixt Milburne and Feribridge I ſaw the wooddi and famoſe forreſt of *Barneſdale*, wher thay ſay that Robyn Hudde lyvid like an owtlaw." *Itinerary*, V. 101.

"They haunted about *Barnſdale forreſt*, *Compton* [r. *Plompton*] *parke*,† and ſuch other places." *MS. Sloane.*

* See *Robin Hoods progreſs to Nottingham*, part II. ballad 2.

† Plompton park, upon the banks of the Peterill, in Cumberland, was formerly very large, and ſet apart by the kings of England for the keeping of deer. It was diſafforeſted or diſparked, by Henry the 8th. See Camdens *Britannia*, by biſhop Gibſon, who ſeems to confound this park with Inglewood foreſt, a diſtrict of ſixteen miles in length, reaching from Carliſe to Penrith, where the kings of England uſed to hunt, and Edward I. is reported to have killed 200 bucks in one day. *Ibi.*

"His principal reſidence," ſays Fuller, "was in *Shirewood forreſt* in this county [Notts], though he had another haunt (he is no fox that hath but one hole) near the ſea in the North-riding in Yorkſhire, where *Robin Hoods bay* ſtill retaineth his name: not that he was any pirat, but a land-thief, who retreated to thoſe unſuſpected parts for his ſecurity." *Worthies of England*, p. 320.

In Thorotons *Nottinghamſhire*, p. 505. is ſome account of the ancient and preſent ſtate of Sherwood foreſt; but one looks in vain, through that dry detail of land-owners, for any particulars relating to our hero. "In *anno domini* 1194. king Richard the firſt, being a hunting in the forreſt of Sherwood, did chaſe a hart out of the forreſt of Sherwood into Barneſdale in Yorkſhire, and becauſe he could not there recover him, he made proclamation at Tickill in Yorkſhire, and at divers other places there that no perſon ſhould kill, hurt, or chaſe the ſaid hart, but tha the might ſafely retorne into forreſt againe, which hart was afterwards called a *hart-royall proclaimed*. (Manwoods *Foreſt laws*, 1598, p. 25. from "an auncient recorde" found by him in the tower of Nottingham caſtle.)*

(*F) "Here he either found, &c."] After being outlawed, Grafton tells us, "for a lewde ſhift, as his laſt refuge, [he] gathered together a companye of royſters and cutters,† and practiſed robberyes and ſpoyling of the

* Drayton, (*Polyolbion*, ſong 26.) introduces Sherwood in the character of a nymph, who, out of diſdain at the preference ſhewn by the poet to a ſiſter-foreſt,

> "All ſelf praiſe ſet apart, determineth to ſing
> That luſty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
> Within her compaſs liv'd, and when he liſt to range,
> For ſome rich booty ſet, or elſe his air to change,
> To Sherwood ſtill retir'd, his only ſtanding court."

† Cutters.] See the gloſſary to volume I. The word is ſometimes uſed as ſynonimous with bravos or aſſaſſins. So in the old play of *Arden of Feverſham*, b. l. n. d.

> "And they are *cutters* and may *cut* your throat."

kinges ſubjects, and occupied and frequented the foreſtes or wild countries." See alſo the following note.

(G) "LITTLE JOHN, WILLIAM SCADLOCK, GEORGE A GREEN, pinder of Wakefield, MUCH a millers ſon, and a certain monk or friar named TUCK."] Of theſe the preeminence is inconteſtably due to *Little John*, whoſe name is almoſt conſtantly coupled with that of his gallant leader, "*Robertus Hode* & littill Johanne," are mentioned together by Fordun, as early as 1341; and later inſtances of the connection would be almoſt endleſs. After the words, "for debt became an outlaw," the Sloane MS. adds: "then joyninge to him many ſtout fellowes of lyke diſpoſition, amongſt whom one called *Little John* was principal or next to him, they haunted about Barnſdale forreſt, &c." See notes (KK) (LL).

With reſpect to *frier Tuck*, "thogh ſome ſay he was an other kynd of religious man, for that the order of freyrs was not yet ſprung up," *(MS. Sloan.)* yet as the Dominican friers (or friers preachers) came into England in the year 1221, upward of 20 years before the death of Robin Hood, and ſeveral orders of theſe religious had flouriſhed abroad for ſome time, there does not ſeem much weight in that objection: nor in fact, can one pay much regard to the term *frier*, as it ſeems to have been the common title given by the vulgar (more eſpecially after the reformation) to all the regular clergy, of which the friers were at once the loweſt and moſt numerous. If *frier Tuck* be the ſame perſon who, in one of the oldeſt ſongs, is called *The curtal frier of Fountainsdale*, he muſt neceſſaryly have been one of the monks of that abbey, which was of the Ciſtertian order. However this may be, *frier Tuck* is frequently noticed, by old writers, as one of the companions of Robin Hood, and as ſuch was an eſſential character in the morris-dance, (ſee note (H). He is thus mentioned by Skelton, laureat, in his "goodly interlude" of *Magnificence*, written about the year 1500, and with an evident alluſion to ſome

game or practice now totally forgotten and inexplicable,

> " Another bade ſhave halfe my berde,
> And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke,
> And wolde have made me *frere Tucke*,
> To preche oute of the pylery hole."

In the year 1417, as Stow relates, " one by his counterfeite name, called *frier Tucke*, with manie other malefactors, committed many robberies in the counties of Surrey & Suſſex, whereupon the king ſent out his writs for their apprehenſion." (*Annales*, 1592.)

George a Green is *George o'the Green*, meaning perhaps the *town-green*, in which the *pound* or *pinfold* ſtood of which he had the care. He has been particularly celebrated, and " As good as George a Green" is ſtill a common ſaying. Drayton, deſcribing the progreſs of the river Calder, in the weſt-riding of Yorkſhire, has the following lines:

> " It chanc'd ſhe in her courſe on ' Kirkley' caſt her eye,
> Where merry Robin Hood, that honeſt thief, doth lie;
> Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield ſtood,
> She doth not only think of luſty Robin Hood,
> But of his merry man, the pindar of the town
> Of Wakefield, George a Green, whoſe fames ſo far are blown
> For their ſo valiant fight, that every freemans ſong
> Can tell you of the ſame, quoth ſhe, be talk'd on long
> For ye were merry lads, and thoſe were merry days."

Thus, too, Richard Brathwayte, in his poetical epiſtle " to all true-bred northerne ſparks of the generous ſociety of the Cottoneers" (*Strappado for the divell*, 1615):

> " But haſte, my muſe, in colours to diſplay
> Some auncient cuſtomes in their high-roade way,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> At leaſt ſuch places labour to make knowne
> As former times have honour'd with renowne.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The firſt whereof that I intend to ſhow
> Is merry Wakefield, and her pindar too,

Which fame hath blaz'd with all that did belong,
Unto that towne in many gladſome ſong,
The pindars valour, and how firme he ſtood
In th' townes defence 'gainſt th' rebel Robin Hood;
How ſtoutly he behav'd himſelfe, and would,
In ſpite of Robin, bring his horſe to th' fold,
His many May-games which were to be ſeene
Yearly preſented *upon Wakefield greene*,
Where lovely Jugge and luſtie Tib would go,
To ſee Tom-lively turne upon the toe;
Hob, Lob, and Crowde the fidler would be there,
And many more I will not ſpeake of here.
Good god! how glad hath been this *hart* of mine,
To ſee that towne, which hath, in former time,
So flouriſh'd and ſo gloried in her name,
Famous by th' pindar who firſt rais'd the fame!
Yea, I have paced ore *that greene* and ore
And th' more I ſaw't I tooke delight the more,
" For where we take contentment in a place,
" A whole daies walke ſeemes as a cinquepace.
Yet as there is no ſolace upon earth,
Which is attended evermore with mirth,
But when we are tranſported moſt with gladneſſe,
Then ſuddenly our joy's reduc'd to ſadneſſe;
So far'd with me to ſee the pindar gone,
And of thoſe jolly laddes that were not one
Left to ſurvive: I griev'd more then He ſay:—
(But now for Bradford I muſt haſt away.)

. . . . . .

Unto thy taſk, my muſe, and now make knowne,
The jolly ſhoo-maker of Bradford towne,
His gentle-craft ſo rais'd in former time
By princely journey-men his diſcipline,
" Where he was wont with paſſengers to quaffe,
" But ſuffer none to carry up their ſtaffe
Upon their ſhoulders, whilſt they paſt through town,
For if they did he ſoon would beat them downe;
(So valiant was the ſouter) and from hence
Twixt Robin Hood and him grew th' difference;
Which, cauſe it is by moſt ſtage-pacts writ,
For brevity I thought good to omit."

In the latter part of this extract, honeſt Richard evidently alludes to " A pleaſant conceyted comedie of George a Greene, the pinner of Wakefield; as it was

ſundry times acted by the ſervants of the right honourable the earle of Suſſex," 1599, 4to. which has been erroneously aſcribed to Heywood the epigrammatiſt, and is reprinted, with other traſh, in the late edition of Dodſleys *Old plays*; only it unluckily happens that *Robin Hood* is almoſt the only perſon who has NO difference with the *ſouter* (or ſhoe-maker) *of Bradford*. The play in ſhort, (or at leaſt that part of it which we have any concern with) is founded on the ballad of *Robin Hood and the pinder of Wakefield*, (ſee part II. ſong 3,) which it directly quotes, and is in fact a moſt deſpicable performance. King Edward *(the fourth)* having taken king James of Scotland priſoner, after a moſt bloody battle near Middleham-caſtle, from which of 30,000 Scots not 5000 had eſcaped, comes with his royal captive in diſguiſe to Bradford, where they meet *Robin Hood* and *George a Green*, who have juſt had a ſtout affray: and, after having read this, and a great deal more ſuch nonſenſical ſtuff, captain Groſe ſagaciously "ſuppoſes, that this play has little or no foundation in hiſtory;" and very gravely ſits down, and debates his opinion in form.

"The hiſtory of George a Green, pindar of the town of Wakefield", 4to. no date, is a modern production, chiefly founded on the old play juſt mentioned, of neither authority nor merit.

Our gallant pinder is thus facetiously commemorated by *Drunken Barnaby:*

"*Hinc diverſo curſo, ſero*
Quod audiſſem de pindero
Wakefeeldenſi; *gloria mundi,*
Ubi ſocii ſunt jucundi,
Mecum ſtatui peragrare
Georgii ſuſtem *viſitare.*'

"Turning thence, none could me hinder
To ſalute the *Wakefield pindar*;
Who indeed is the world's glory,
With his comrades never ſorry.
This was the cauſe, leſt you ſhould miſs it,
George's club I meant to viſit.

" *Veni* Wakefield *peramœnum*,
Ubi quærens Georgium Greenum,
Non inveni, ſed in lignum
Fixum reperi Georgii *ſignum*,
Ubi allam bibi feram
Donce Georgio *fortior eram.*"

" Strait at Wakefield I was ſeen a,
Where I ſought for *George a Green a*;
But could find not ſuch a creature,
Yet on a ſign I ſaw his feature,
Where ſtrength of ale had ſo much ſtir'd me,
That I grew ſtouter far than *Jordie.*"

Beſides the companions of our hero enumerated in the text, and whoſe names are moſt celebrated and familiar, we find thoſe of *William of Goldsbrough*, (mentioned by Grafton,) *Right-hitting Brand*, (by Mundy,), and *Gilbert with the white hand*, who is thrice named in the *Lyttell geſte of Robyn Hode*, (I. 52. 71.) and is likewiſe noticed by biſhop Gawin Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour*, printed at Edinburgh in 1579, but written before 1518:

" Thair ſaw I Maitlaind upon auld Beird Gray,
Robene Hude, and *Gilbert with the quhite 'hand*,'
How Hay of Nauchton ſlew, in Madin land."*

As no mention is made of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough and William of Cloudeſlie, either in the ancient legend, or in more than one of the numerous ſongs of Robin Hood, nor does the name of the latter once occur in the old metrical hiſtory of thoſe famous archers, reprinted in Percys *Reliques*, and among *Pieces of ancient popular poetry*, it is to be concluded that they flouriſhed at different periods, or at leaſt had no connection with each other. In a poem, however, intitled " Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and YOUNG William of

* *Scotiſh poems*, i. 122. The laſt verſe is undoubtedly ſenſe as it now ſtands; but a collation of MSS. would probably authoriſe us to read:

" *Quhom* Hay of Nauchton *ſlew* in Madin land."

Cloudeſley, the ſecond part," 1616. 4to. b. l. (*Bib. Bod. Art. L.* 71. being a more modern copy than that in *Selden C.* 39, which wants the title, but was probably printed with the firſt part, which it there accompanies, in 1605; differing conſiderably therefrom in ſeveral places; and containing many additional verſes;) are the following lines (not in the former copy):

"Now beare thy fathers heart, my boy,
Said William of Cloudeſley then,
When i was young i caſt'd not for
The brags of ſturdieſt men.
The pinder of Wakefield, George a Green,
I try'd a ſommers day,
Yet he nor i were victors made
Nor victor'd went away.
Old Robin Hood, nor Little John,
Amongſt their merry men all,
Nor fryer Tuck, ſo ſtout and young,
My courage could appall."

(H) "MARIAN".] Who or whatever this lady was, it is obſervable that no mention of her occurs either in the *Lytell geſte of Robyn Hode*, or in any other poem or ſong concerning him, except a comparatively modern one of of no merit (ſee part II. ſong 24). She is an important character, however, in the two old plays of *The death* and *downfall of Robert earl of Huntington*, written before 1600, and is frequently mentioned by dramatic or other writers about that period. The morris dance, ſo famous of old time, was (as is elſewhere noticed) compoſed of the following conſtituent characters: *Robin Hood, Little John, frier Tuck*, and *maid Marian*.

In the *Firſt part of K. Henry IV.* Falſtaff ſays to the hoſteſs,—"There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, *maid Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee:" upon which Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that "*Maid Marian* is a man dreſſed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris." "In the *ancient ſongs of Robin Hood*," ſays Percy,, "frequent

mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine." I could quote," adds he, " many paſſages IN MY OLD MS. to this purpoſe, but ſhall produce only one :*

" Good Robin Hood was living then,
Which now is quite forgot,
And ſo was fayre *maid Marian*, &c."

Mr. Steevens, too, after citing the old play of *The downfall of Robert earl of Huntington*, 1601, to prove " that *maid Marian* was originally a name aſſumed by *Matilda*, the daughter of *Robert lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a ſtate of outlawry," obſerves, that " Shakſpeare ſpeaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded ſtate, when ſhe was repreſented by a ſtrumpet or a clown" : and refers to figure 2 in the plate at the end of the play, with Mr. Tollets obſervations on it. The widow, in ſir W. Davenants *Love and honour*, ſays : " I have been *miſtreſs Marian* in a *maurice* ere now ;" and Mr. Warton quotes an old piece, intitled " Old Meg of Herefordſhire for a *maid Marian*, and Hereford town for a morris-dance : or 12 morris-dancers in Herefordſhire of 1200 years old," London, 1609, quarto : which is dedicated, he ſays, to one Hall, a celebrated tabourer in that country. See note (FF).

* Without " the ancient ſongs," to which the doctor refers, are confined to his " old MS." he evidently aſſerts what he would probably find it difficult to prove. As for the paſſage he produces, it ſeems nothing to the purpoſe; as, in the firſt place, it is apparently not " ancient"; and, in the ſecond, it is apparently not from a " ſong of Robin Hood."

† Mr. Warton, having obſerved that " The play of ROBIN and MARIAN is ſaid to have been performed by the ſchool-boys of Angiers, according to annual cuſtom, in the year 1392 : The boys were *deguiſiez*, ſays the old French record ; and they had among them UN FILLETTE *deſguiſee* ; (*Carpent. Du Cange. v.* ROBINET-PENTECOSTE.)" adds " Our old character of *Mayd Marian* may be hence illuſtrated." (*His. En po. i.* 245.) This, indeed, ſeems ſufficiently plauſible; but unfortunately the *Robin* and *Marian* of *Angiers* are not the *Robin* and *Marian* of *Sherwood*. The play is ſtill extant. See *Fabliaux ou contes*, Paris, 1781, ii. 144.

(I) " His company, *&c.*"] See the entire paſſage quoted from Major in a ſubſequent note. " By ſuch bootyes as he could get," ſays the writer of the Sloane MS. " his company encreaſt to an hundred and a halfe."

(J)—" the words of an old writer."] The author of the Sloane manuſcript; which adds: " after ſuch maner he procured the pynner of Wakefeyld to become one of his company, and a freyr called Muchel [r. Tuck]... Scarlock he induced upon this occaſion: one day meeting him as he walket ſolitary & like to a man forlorne, becauſe a mayd to whom he was affyanced was taken from [him] by the violence of her frends, & given to another that was old & welthy, whereupon Robin, underſtanding when the maryage-day ſhould be, came to the church as a *begger*, & having his own company not far of, which came in ſo ſoone as they hard the ſound of his horne, he tooke the bryde perforce from him that [bare] in hand to have marryed her, & cauſed the preiſt to wed her & Scarlocke togeyther." (See part II. ſong 8.) This MS. of which great part is merely the old legend or *Lytell geſte of Robyn Hode* turned into proſe, appears to have been written before the year 1600.

(K) " In ſhooting, *&c.*"] *MS. Sloan.* Graſton alſo ſpeaks of our heros " excellyng principally in archery or ſhooting, his manly courage agreeyng thereunto."

Their archery, indeed, was unparalleled, as both Robin Hood and Little John have frequently ſhot an arrow a meaſured mile, or 1760 yards, which, it is ſuppoſed, no one, either before or ſince, was ever able to do. " Tradition," ſays maſter Charlton, " informs us that in one of ' Robin Hoods' peregrinations, he, attended by his truſty mate Little John, went to dine [at Whitby-abbey] with the abbot Richard, who, having heard them often famed for their great dexterity in ſhooting with the long bow, begged them after dinner to ſhew him a ſpecimen thereof; when, to oblige the abbot, they went up to the

top of the abbey, whence each of them ſhot an arrow, which fell not far from Whitby-laths, but on the contrary ſide of the lane; and in memorial thereof, a pillar was ſet up by the abbot in the place where each of the arrows was found, which are yet ſtanding in theſe our days; that field where the pillar for Robin Hood's arrow ſtands being ſtill called *Robin Hood's field*, and the other where the pillar for Little John's arrow is placed, ſtill preſerving the name of *John's field*. Their diſtance from Whitby abbey is MORE THAN A MEASURED MILE, which ſeems very far for the flight of an arrow, and is a circumſtance that will ſtagger the faith of many; but as to the credibility of the ſtory, every reader may judge thereof as he thinks proper; only I muſt here beg leave to obſerve that theſe very pillars are mentioned, and the fields called by the aforeſaid names, in the old deeds for that ground, now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Thomas Watſon." (*Hiſtory of Whitby*, York, 1779. p. 146.)*

* "The quarry from whence king Wolfere fetched ſtones for his royal ſtructure [*i. e.* Peterborough] was undoubtedly that of Bernach near unto Stamford....And I find in the charter of K. Edward the Confeſſor, which he granted to the abbot of Ramſey, that the abbot of Ramſey ſhould give to the abbot and convent of Peterburgh 4000 eeles in the time of Lent, and in conſideration thereof the abbot of Peterburgh ſhould give to the abbot of Ramſey as much freeſtone from his pitts in Bernack, and as much ragſtone from his pitts in Peterburgh as he ſhould need. Nor did the abbot of Peterburgh from theſe pits furniſh only that but other abbies alſo, as that of St. Edmunds-Bury: in memory whereof there are two long ſtones yet ſtanding upon a balk in Caſtor-field, near unto Gunwade-ferry; which erroneous tradition hath given out to be draughts of arrows from Alwalton church-yard thither; the one of Robin Hood, and the other of Little John; but the truth is, they were ſet up for witneſſes, that the carriages of ſtone from Bernack to Gunwade-ferry, to be conveyed to S. Edmunds-Bury, might paſs that way without paying toll; and in ſome old terrars they are called S. Edmunds ſtones. Theſe ſtones are nicked in their tops after the manner of arrows, probably enough in memory of S. Edmund, who was ſhot to death with arrows by the Danes." Guntons *Hiſtory of the church of Peterburgh*, 1686, p. 4.

Dr. Meredith Hanmer, in his *Chronicle of Ireland*, (p. 179.) ſpeaking of Little John, ſays, "There are memorable acts reported of him, which I hold not for truth, that he would ſhoot an arrow A MILE OFF, and a great deale more; but them," adds he, "I leave among the lyes of the land."*

(L) "An outlaw, in thoſe times, being deprived of protection, owed no allegiance, &c."] Such a character was, doubtleſs, at the period treated of, in a very critical ſituation; it being equally as legal and meritorious to hunt down and diſpatch him as it was to kill a wolf, the head of which animal he was ſaid to bear. "*Item forisfacit*," ſays Bracton, (who wrote about the time,) *omnia que pacis ſunt, quia a tempore quo utlagatus eſt* CAPUT GERIT LUPINUM, *ita ut impune ab omnibus interfici poſſit. (l. 2. c. 35.)* In the great roll of the Exchequer, in the 7th year of king Richard I. is an allowance by writ, of two marks, to Thomas de Preſtwude, for bringing to Weſtminſter the head of William de Elleford an

* "In this relation," Mr. Walker obſerves, "the doctor not only evinces his credulity, but diſplays his ignorance of archery; for the ingenious and learned Mr. Barrington, than whom no man can be better informed on the ſubject, thinks that eleven ſcore and ſeven yards is the utmoſt extent that an arrow can be ſhot from a long bow." (*Archæologia*, vol. VII.) According to tradition, he adds, Little John ſhot an arrow from the Old-bridge, Dublin, to the preſent ſite of St. Michaels church, a diſtance not exceeding, he believes, that mentioned by Mr. Barrington. (*Hiſtorical eſſay on the dreſs of the ancient and modern Iriſh*, p. 129.)

What Mr. Barrington "thinks" may be true enough, perhaps, of the Toxopholite-ſociety and other modern archers; but people ſhould not talk of ROBIN HOOD *who never ſhot in his bow*. The above ingenious writers cenſure of Dr. Hanmers *credulity* and *ignorance*, ſeems to be miſapplyed; ſince he cannot be ſuppoſed to believe what he *holds not for truth*, and actually *leaves among the lyes of the land*.

See alſo the old ſong, printed in the appendix, p. 207. Drayton, a well-informed and intelligent man, who wrote before archery had fallen into complete diſuſe, ſays—

"At marks full *forty ſcore* they us'd to prick and rove."

outlaw. (See Madoxes *Hiſtory of the Exchequer*, 136.) Thoſe who received or conſorted with a perſon outlawed were ſubject to the ſame puniſhment. Such was the humane policy of our enlightened anceſtors!

(M)

" ——— how,
. . . . they could diſcourſe
The freezing hours away!"]

(*Cymbeline*, act 3, ſcene 3.) The chief ſubjects of our heros converſation are ſuppoſed, by a poetical genius of the 16th century, to have been the commendation of a foreſt-life, and the ingratitude of mankind.

" I have no tales of Robin Hood, though mal-content was he
In better daies, firſt Richards daies, and liv'd in woods as we
A Tymon of the world; but not devoutly was he ſoe,
And therefore praiſe I not the man: but for from him did groe
Words worth the note, a word or twaine of him ere hence we goe.
Thoſe daies begot ſome mal-contents, the principall of whome
A county was, that with a troope of yomandry did rome,
Brave archers and deliver men, ſince nor before ſo good,
Thoſe took from rich to give the poore, and manned Robin Hood.
He fed them well, and lodg'd them ſafe in pleaſant caves and bowers,
Oft ſaying to his merry men, What juſter life than ours?
Here uſe we tallents that abroad the churles abuſe or hide,
Their coffers excrements, and yeat for common wants denide.
We might have ſterved for their ſtore, & they have dyc'ſt our bones,
Whoſe tongues, driftes, harts, intice, meane, melt, as ſyrens, foxes, ſtones,
Yea even the beſt that betterd them heard but alooſe our mones.
And redily the churles could prie and prate of our amis,
Forgetfull of their owne. . . .
I did amis, not miſſing friends that wiſht me to amend:
I did amend, but miſſed friends when mine amis had end:
My friends therefore ſhall finde me true, but I will truſt no frend.
Not one I knewe that wiſht me ill, nor any workt me well,
To loſe, lacke, live, time, frends, in ynke, an hell, an hell, an hell!
Then haupie we (quoth Robin Hood) in merry Sherwood that dwell.*

* Warners *Albions England*, 1602, p. 132. It is part of the hermits ſpeech to the earl of Lancaſter.

It has been conjectured, however, that, in the winter-ſeaſon, our hero and his companions ſeverally quartered themſelves in villages or country-houſes more or leſs remote, with perſons of whoſe fidelity they were aſſured. It is not improbable, at the ſame time, that they might have tolerably comfortable habitations erected in the woods.

Archery, which our hero and his companions appear to have carryed to a ſtate of perfection, continued to be cultivated for ſome ages after their time, down, indeed, to that of Henry VIII. or about the year 1540, when, owing to the introduction of artillery and matchlock-guns, it became neglected, and the bowmen of Creſſy and Agincourt utterly extinct: though it may be ſtill a queſtion whether a body of expert archers would not, even at this day be ſuperior to an equal number armed with muſkets. The loſs ſuſtained from this change by the people at large ſeems irreparable. Anciently, the uſe of the bow or bill qualified every man for a ſoldier; and a body of peaſants, led on by a Tyler or a Cade, was not leſs formidable than any military force that could be raiſed to oppoſe them: by which means the people from time to time preſerved the very little liberty they had, and which their tyrants were conſtantly endeavouring to wreſt from them: See how the caſe ſtands at preſent: the ſovereign, let him be who or what he will, (kings have been tyrants and may be ſo again,) has a ſtanding army, well diſciplined and accoutred, while the ſubjects or people are abſolutely defenceleſs: as much care having been taken, particularly ſince "the glorious revolution," to deprive them of arms as was formerly beſtowed to enforce their uſe and practice. The following extract from Hales *Hiſtoria placitorum coronæ* (i. 118.) will ſerve to ſhew how familiar the bow and arrow was in the 14th century. "*M.* 22. *E.* 3. *Rot.* 117. *coram rege Ebor.* This was the caſe of Henry Veſcy, who had been indicted before the ſheriff *in turno ſuo* . . . of divers felonies, whereupon the ſheriff *mandavit commiſſionem ſuam Henrico de Clyderawe & aliis*

ad capiendum prædictum H. Veſcy, *& ſalvo ducendum uſque caſtrum de Ebor.*' Veſcy would not ſubmit to an arreſt, but fled, *& inter fugiendum* ſhot with his bow and arrows at his purſuers, but in the end was kild by Clyderawe :" to which may be added a remarkable paſſage in Hariſons " Deſcription of England," (prefixed to Holinſheds chronicle, 1587,) to prove how much it had declined in the 16th. " In times paſt," ſays he, " the cheefe force of England conſiſted in their long bowes. But now we have in maner generallie given over that kind of artillerie, and for long bowes in deed doo practiſe to ſhoot compaſſe for our paſtime; which kind of ſhooting can never yeeld anie ſmart ſtroke, nor beat down our enemies, as our countriemen were woont to doo at everie time of need. Certes the Frenchmen and Rutters* deriding our new archerie in reſpect of their corſlets, will not let, in open ſkirmiſh, if anie leiſure ſerve, to turne up their tailes, and crie, Shoote, Engliſh; and all becauſe our ſtrong ſhooting is decaied and laid in bed. But if ſome of our Engliſhmen now lived that ſerved king Edward the third in his warres with France, the breech† of ſuch a varlet ſhould have beene nailed to his bum with one arrow, and an other fethered in his bowels, before he ſhould have turned about to ſee who ſhot the firſt." (p. 198.) Biſhop Latimer, in his ſixth ſermon before K. Edward VI. gives an intereſting account how the ſons of yeomen were, in his infancy, trained up to the bow.

(N)

" All clad in Lincoln green—"]

This ſpecies of cloth is mentioned by Spenſer (*Faerie qucene*, VI. ii. 5.)

" All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
Of *Lincolne greene*, belay'd with ſilver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets ſprad,
And by his ſide his hunters horne he hanging had."

* Flemings. † Breeches.

It is likwiſe noticed by our poet himſelf, in another place:

" Swains in ſhepherds gray, and gyrles in *Lincolne greene.*"*

See *Polyolbion*, ſong XXV. where the marginal note ſays, " *Lincolne* anciently dyed the beſt *green* in England." Thus *Coventry* had formerly the reputation of dying the beſt *blue*. See Rays *Proverbs*, p. 178. *Kendal green* is equally famous, and appears to have been cloth of a ſimilar quality. This colour was adopted by foreſters to prevent their being too readyly diſcovered by the deer. See Sir John Wynnes *Hiſtory of the Gwedir family*, (Barringtons *Miſcellanies*,) p. 419. Thus the Scotiſh highlanders uſed to wear brown plaids to prevent their being diſtinguiſhed among the heath. It is needleſs to obſerve that *green* has ever been the favourite dreſs of an *archer*, *hunter*, &c. See note (DD). † We now call it a Saxon or graſs green:

" His coat is of a *Saxon green*, his waiſtcoat's of a plaid." *O. ſong.*

Lincoln green was well known in France in or before the thirteenth century. Thus, in an old *fabliau*, transproſed by M. Le Grand (*Fabliaux ou contes*, iv. 12.) " *Il mit donc ſon ſurcot fourré d'écureuil, & ſa belle robe* d'ESTANFORT teinte en verd." *Eſtanfort* is Stamford, in Lincolnſhire. This cloth is, likewiſe, often mentioned by the old Scotiſh poets, under the names of *Lincum ſicht*, *Lincum twyne*, &c. and appears to have been in

* Thus alſo in part II. ballad 1.

" She got on her holyday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light *Lincolne green.*"

† In the ſign of *The* green man *and* ſtill, we perceive a *huntſman*, in a *green coat*, ſtanding by the ſide of a *ſtill*; in alluſion, as it has been facetiously conjectured, to the partiality ſhewn by that deſcription of gentry to a morning dram. The genuine repreſentation, however, ſhould be the *green-man*, (or *man who deals in green herbs*,) with a bundle of *pepper-mint*, or *penny-royal*, under his arm, which he brings to have *diſtilled*.

univerſal requeſt: and yet, notwithſtanding this cloud of evidence, miſter John Pinkerton has had the confidence to aſſert that "no particular cloth was ever made at Lincoln." (See *Ancient Scotiſh poems*, ii. 430.) But, indeed, this worthy gentleman, as Johnſon ſaid of Goldſmith, only ſtumbles upon truth by accident.

(O)

"From wealthy abbots cheſts, *&c.*"]

"But who," exclaims Dr. Fuller, having cited this paſſage, "made him a judge? or gave him a commiſſion to take where it might be beſt ſpared, and give where it was moſt wanted?" That ſame power, one may anſwer, which authoriſes kings to take where it can be *worſt* ſpared, and give it where it is *leaſt* wanted. Our hero, in this reſpect, was a knight-errant; and wanted no other commiſſion than that of Juſtice, whoſe cauſe he militated. His power, compared with that of the king of England, was, by no means, either equally uſurped, or equally abuſed: the one reigned over ſubjects (or ſlaves) as a maſter (or tyrant), the other poſſeſſed no authority but what was delegated to him by the free ſuffrage of his adherents, for their general good: and, as for the reſt, it would be abſurd to blame in Robin what we ſhould praiſe in Richard. The latter, too, warred in remote parts of the world againſt nations from which neither he nor his ſubjects had ſuſtained any injury; the former at home againſt thoſe to whoſe wealth, avarice, or ambition, he might fairly attribute not only his own misfortunes, but the miſery of the oppreſſed and enſlaved ſociety he had quitted. In a word, every man who has the power has alſo the authority to purſue the ends of juſtice; to regulate the gifts of fortune, by transfering the ſuperfluities of the rich to the neceſſities of the poor; by relieving the oppreſſed, and even, when neceſſary, deſtroying the oppreſſor. Theſe are the objects of the ſocial union; and every individual may, and to the utmoſt of his power ſhould, endeavour to promote them. Had our Robin Hood been, like Mc Donald of Barriſdale, a

reader of Virgil, he, as well as that gallant chief, might have inſcribed on his baldric,

> " *Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacis componere mores,*
> *Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos.*" *

(*O) " But it is to be remembered," *&c.*] The paſſage, from Majors work, which has been already quoted, is here given entire (except as to a ſingle ſentence introduced in another place). *Circa hæc tempora* [*ſ. Ricardi I.*] *ut auguror, Robertus Hudus & Parvus Joannes latrones famatiſſimi, in nemoribus latuerunt, ſolum opulentum virorum bona diripientes. Nullum niſi eos invadentem vel reſiſtentem pro ſuarum rerum tuitione occiderunt. Centum ſagittarios ad pugnam aptiſſimos Robertus latrociniis aluit quos* 400 *viri fortiſſimi invadere non audebant. Fæminam nullam opprimi permiſit, nec pauperum bona ſurripuit, verum eos ex abbatum bonis ablatis opipare pavit. Viri rapinam improbo, ſed latronum omnium humaniſſimus & princeps erat.*" (*Majoris Britanniæ hiſtoria. Edin.* 1740. p. 128.)

Stowe, in his *Annales*, 1592, p. 227. gives an almoſt

* See Pennants *Tour in Scotland MDCCLXXII.* part I p. 404. The original reading, whether altered by miſtake or deſign, is—

" —— *paciſque* imponere morem."

One might, to the ſame purpoſe, addreſs our hero in the words of Plautus: (*Trinummus*, Act IV. ſcene i.)

" *Atque hanc tuam gloriam jam ante auribus acceperam, & nobiles apud homines,*
Pauperibus te parcere ſolitum, divites damnare atque domare.
Abi, laudo. ſcis ordine, ut æquom'ſt,
Tractare homines, hoc dis dignum'ſt, ſemper mendicis modeſti ſint."

" —— I've head before
This commendation of you, and from great ones,
That you were wont to ſpare the indigent,
And cruſh the wealthy.—I applaud your juſtice
In treating men according to their merits.—
'Tis worthy of the gods to have reſpect
Unto the poor."

literal verſion of the above paſſage; Richard Robinſon verſifies it *; and Camden ſlightly refers to it.

(P)—" has had the honour to be compared to the illuſtrious Wallace, *&c.*"] In the firſt volume of Pecks intended ſupplement to the *Monaſticon*, conſiſting of collections for the hiſtory of Præmonſtratenſian monaſteries, now in the Britiſh Muſeum, is a very curious riming Latin poem, with the following title: " *Prioris Alnwicenſis de bello Scotico apud Dumbarr, tempore regis Edwardi I. dictamen ſive rithmus Latinus, quo de* WILLIELMO WALLACE, Scotico illo ROBIN WHOOD, *plura ſed invidioſe canit:*" and in the margin are the following date and reference: *22. Julii* 1304. *32. E.* 1. *Regiſt. Prem. fol.* 59. a." This, it may be obſerved, is the firſt known inſtance of our heros name being mentioned by any writer whatever; and affords a ſtrong and reſpectable proof of his early popularity.

(Q)—" ſupported in pampered luxury."] A well-drawn character of a lordly prelate of our own days may be found in *The adventures of Hugh Trevor*, a novel, by Thomas Holcroft (one of the perſons who had the honour to be indicted for high-treaſon in 1794). The ſacred functions of theſe auguſt dignitaries ſeem pretty accurately delineated in the following *jeu d'eſprit*, inſcribed, many years ago, on the epiſcopal ſeat in a certain cathedral:

* " Richard Cœur de Lyon cald a king and conquerour was,
With Phillip king of France who did unto Jeruſalemm paſſe:
. . . . . .
In this kings time was Robyn Hood, that archer and outlawe,
And little John his partener eke, unto them which did drawe
One hondred tall and good archers, on whom foure hondred men,
Were their power never ſo ſtrong, could not give onſet then;
The abbots, monkes, and carles rich theſe onely did moleſt,
And reſkewd woemen when they ſaw of theeves them ſo oppreſt;
Reſtoring poore mens goods, and eke abundantly releeved
Poore travellers which wanted food, or were with ſicknes greeved."
Third aſſertion, &c. (quoted elſewhere).

" This is the throne of the biſhop of Durham;
Who has fifteen thouſand a year, and odd,
For eating and drinking,
And farting and ſtinking,
And ſaying *The peace of god.*"

This inſcription, though calculated for the meridian of Durham, may ſerve as well for Canterbury, or Wincheſter. Mr. Hutchinſon, the induſtrious hiſtorian of the northern palatinate, who has unfortunately omitted ſo intereſting an anecdote in the life of biſhop Talbot, will be eager, no doubt, to avail himſelf of it, in a future edition of his equally voluminous and important labours.

(R)—" the abbot of St. Marys in York"] " In the year 1088 Alan earl of Richmond founded here a ſtately abbey for black monks to the honour of St. Olave; but it was afterwards dedicated to the bleſſed virgin by the command of king William Rufus. Its yearly revenues at the ſuppreſſion amounted to 1550*l.* 7*ſ.* 9*d.* *Dugd.* 2850*l.* 1*ſ.* 5*d.* *Speed.*" Willis's *Mitred abbeys*, i. 214. The abbots in our heros time were—

Robert de Harpſham (el. 1184) *ob.* 1198.
Robert de Longo Campo. *ob.* 1239.
William Rondele. *ob.* 1244.
Tho. de Wharterhille. *ob.* 1258.

(S)—" the ſherif of Nottinghamſhire"] Ralph Murdach was ſherif of Derby and Nottinghamſhires in the 1ſt year of king Richard I. and for the 7 years preceding, and William Brewerre in his 6th year, between which and the 1ſt no name appears on the roll. See Fullers *Worthies*, &c.

(T)—" an anecdote preſerved by Fordun, &c."] " *De quo eciam quædam commendabilia recitantur, ſicut patuit in hoc, quod cum ipſe quondam in Barniſdale iram* [f. *ob iram*] *regis & fremitum principis, miſſam, ut ſolitus erat, devotiſſime audiret, nec aliqua neceſſitate volebat interrumpere officium, quadam die cum audiret miſſam, à quodam vicecomite & miniſtris regis, ſæpius per prius ipſum infeſtantibus, in illo ſecretiſſimo loco nemorali, ubi miſſæ interfuit,*

exploratus, venientes ad eum qui de ſuis hoc perceperunt, ut omni anniſu fugeret ſuggeſſerunt, qui, ob reverentiam ſacramenti, quod tunc devotiſſime venerabatur, omnino facere recuſavit. Sed cetris ſuis, ob metum mortis trepidantibus, Robertus tantum confiſus in eum, quem coluit reveritus, cum pauciſſimis, qui tunc forte ei affuerunt, inimicos congreſſus & eos de facili devicit, & de eorum ſpoliis ac redemptione ditatus, miniſtros eccleſiæ & miſſas ſemper in majori veneratione ſemper & de poſt habere præelegit, attendens quod vulgariter dictum eſt:

Hoc deus exaudit, qui miſſam ſæpius audit."

(J. De Fordun Scotichronicon, à Hearne. Ox. 1722. p. 774.)

This paſſage is found in no other copy of Forduns chronicle than one in the Harleian library. Its ſuppreſſion in all the reſt may be fairly accounted for on the principle which is preſumed to have influenced the conduct of the ancient Engliſh hiſtorians. See note (a).

(U)—" a proclamation was publiſhed, &c."] " The king att laſt," ſays the Harleian MS. " ſett furth a proclamation to have him apprehended, &c." Graſton, after having told us that he " practiſed robberyes, &c." adds, " The which beyng certefyed to the king, and he beyng greatly offended therewith, cauſed his proclamation to be made that whoſoever would bryng him quicke or dead, the king would geve him a great ſumme of money, as by the recordes in the Exchequer is to be ſeene: But of this promiſe no man enjoyed any benefite. For the ſayd Robert Hood, being afterwardes troubled with ſickneſſe, &c." (p. 85.) See note (L).

(V) " At length, the infirmities of old age increaſing upon him, &c."] Thus Grafton: " The ſayd Robert Hood, beyng troubled with ſickneſſe, came to a certain nonry in Yorkſhire called Bircklies [r. Kircklies], where deſiryng to be let blood, he was betrayed and bled to death." The Sloane MS. ſays that " [Being] dyſtempered with could and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloud being corrupted, therfore, to be eaſed of his payne by let-

ſing bloud, he repayred to the priores of Kyrkeſly, which ſome ſay was his aunt, a woman very ſkylful in phyſique & ſurgery; who, perceyving him to be Robyn Hood, & waying howe ſel an enimy he was to religious perſons, toke reveng of him for her owne howſe and all others by letting him bleed to death. It is alſo ſayd that one ſir Roger of Doncaſter, bearing grudge to Robyn for ſome injury, incyted the priores, with whome he was very familiar, in ſuch a maner to diſpatch him." See the *Lytell geſte of Robyn Hode*, ad finem. The Harleian MS. after mentioning the proclamation "ſett furth to have him apprehended" adds, "at which time it happened he fell ſick at a nunnery in Yorkſhire called Birkleys [r. Kirkleys]; & deſiring there to be let blood, hee was beytrayed & made bleed to death."

Kirkleys, Kirklees or Kirkleghes, formerly Kuthale, in the deanry of Pontefract, and archdeaconry of the weſt riding of Yorkſhire, was a Ciſtercian, or, as ſome ſay, a Benedictine nunnery, founded, in honour of the virgin Mary and St. James, by Reynerus Flandrenſis in the reign of king Henry II. Its revenues at the diſſolution were ſomewhat about £.20 and the ſite was granted (36 Hen. 8.) to John Taſburgh and Henry Savill, from whom it came to one of the anceſtors of Sir George Armytage bart. the preſent poſſeſſor. The remains of the building (if any) are very inconſiderable, and its regiſter has been ſearched after in vain. See Tanners *Notitia*, p. 674. Thoreſbys *Ducatus Leodienſis*, p. 91. Hearnes "Account of ſeveral antiquities in and about the univerſity of Oxford," at the end of Lelands *Itinerary*, vol. ii. p. 128.

In 1706 was diſcovered, among the ruins of the nunnery, the monument of *Eliſabeth de Staynton* prioreſs; but it is not certain that this was the lady from whom our hero experienced ſuch kind aſſiſtance. See Thoreſby and Hearne *ubi ſupra*.

"One may wonder," ſays Dr. Fuller, "how he eſcaped the hand of juſtice, dying in his bed, for ought is

found to the contrary: but it was becauſe he was rather a *merry* than a *miſchievous* thief (complementing paſſengers out of their purſes) never murdering any but *deer*, and .... 'feaſting' the vicinage with his veniſon." (*Worthies*, p. 320.) See the following note.

(W) "He was interred under ſome trees at a ſhort diſtance from the houſe; a ſtone being placed over his grave with an inſcription to his memory. "*Kirkley monaſterium monialium*, ubi Ro: Hood nobilis ille exlex ſepultus." Lelands *Collectanea*, i. 54. "Kirkleys Nunnery, in the woods whereof Robin Hoods grave is, is between Halifax and Wakefield upon Calder." *Letter from* Jo. Savile *to* W. Camden, *Illuſ. viro epiſ.* 1691.

> "——————— as Caldor comes along,
> It chanc'd ſhe in her courſe on 'Kirkley' caſt her eye,
> Where merry Robin Hood, that honeſt thief, doth lie."
> (Poly-Olbion, Song 28)

See alſo Camdens *Britannia*, 1695, p. 709.

In the ſecond volume of Dr. Stukeleys *Itinerarium curioſum* is an engraving of "The proſpect of Kirkley's abby, where Robin Hood dyed, from the footway leading to Heartishead church, at a quarter of a mile diſtance. A. The New Hall. B. The Gatehouſe of the Nunnery. C. *The trees among which Robin Hood was buryed.* D. The way up the Hill were this was drawn. E. Bradley wood. F. Almondbury hill. G. Caſtle field. Drawn by Dr. Johnſton among his Yorkſhire antiquitys. p. 54. of the drawings. E. Kirkall, ſculp." It makes plate 99 of the above work, but is unnoticed in the letter preſs.

According to the Sloane MS. the prioreſs, after "letting him bleed to death, buryed him under a great ſtone by the hywayes ſyde:" which is agreeable to the account in Graftons chronicle, where it is ſaid that, after his death, "the prioreſſe of the ſame place cauſed him to be buried by the highway ſide, where he had uſed to rob and ſpoyle thoſe that paſſed that way. And vpon his grave the ſayde prioreſſe did lay a very fayre ſtone,

wherein the names of *Robert Hood*, *William of Goldeſborough*, and others were graven. And the cauſe why ſhe buryed him there was, for that the common paſſengers and travailers, knowyng and ſeeyng him there buryed, might more ſafely and without feare take their jorneys that way, which they durſt not do in the life of the ſayd outlawes. And at eyther ende of the ſayde tombe was erected a croſſe of ſtone, which is to be ſeene there at this preſent."

" Near unto '*Kirklees*' the noted *Robin Hood* lies buried under a grave-ſtone that yet remains near the park, but the inſcription ſcarce legible." Thoresbys *Ducatus Leodienſis*, p. 91. In the *Appendix*, p. 576. is the following note, with a reference to " page 91 :"

" Amongſt the papers of the learned Dr. Gale, late dean of Yorke, was found this epitaph of Robin Hood :

Hear underneath dis laitl ſtean
lais robert earl of Huntingtun
near arcir ver as hie sa geud
an pipl kauld im robin heud
sick utlaws as hi an is men
vil england nivr si agen.

obiit 24 [r. 14] kal dekembris 1247.

The genuineneſs of this epitaph has been queſtioned. Dr. Percy, in the firſt edition of his " Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry," (1765,) ſays " It muſt be confeſſed this epitaph is ſuſpicious, becauſe in the moſt ancient poems of Robin Hood, there is no mention of this imaginary earldom." This reaſon, however, is by no means concluſive, the moſt ancient poem now extant having no pretenſion to the antiquity claimed by the epitaph : and indeed the doctor himſelf ſhould ſeem to have afterward had leſs confidence in it, as, in both the ſubſequent editions, thoſe words are omitted, and the learned critic merely obſerves that the epitaph *appears* to him *ſuſpicious*. It will be admitted that the bare ſuſpicion of this ingenious

writer, whoſe knowlege and judgment of ancient poetry are ſo conſpicuous and eminent, ought to have conſiderable weight. As for the preſent editors part, though he does not pretend to ſay that the language of this epitaph is that of Henry the thirds time, nor indeed to determine of what age it is, he can perceive nothing in it from whence one ſhould be led to pronounce it ſpurious, *i. e.* that it was never inſcribed on the grave-ſtone of Robin Hood. That there actually was ſome inſcription upon it in Mr. Thoreſbys time, though then ſcarce legible, is evident from his own words: and it ſhould be remembered, as well that the laſt century was not the æra of impoſition, as that Dr. Gale was both too good and too learned a man either to be capable of it himſelf or to be liable to it from others.*

That induſtrious chronologiſt and topographer, as well as reſpectable artiſt and citizen, maſter Thomas Gent, of York, in his "Liſt of religious houſes," annexed to "The ancient and modern ſtate of" that famous city, 1730, 12mo. p. 234, informs us that he had been told, "That his [Robin Hoods] tombſtone, having his effigy thereon, was order'd, not many years ago, by a certain knight to be placed as a harth-ſtone in his great hall. When it was laid over-night, the next morning it was 'ſurprizingly' removed [on or to] one ſide; and ſo three times it was laid, and as ſucceſſively turned aſide. The knight, thinking he had done wrong to have brought it thither, order'd it ſhould be drawn back again; which was performed by a pair of oxen and four horſes, when twice the number could ſcarce do it before. But as this," adds the ſagacious writer, "is a ſtory only, it is left to the reader, to judge at pleaſure." *N. B.* This is the ſecond inſtance of a miracle wrought in favor of our hero!

In Goughs *Sepulchral monuments*, p. cviii. is "the fi-

* That dates, about this period, were frequently by *ides* and *kalends*, ſee Madoxes *Formulare Anglicanum*, (Diſſertation) p. xxx.

gure of the ſtone over the grave of Robin Hood [in Kirklees park, being a plain ſtone with a ſort of croſs fleuree thereon] now broken and much defaced, the inſcription illegible. That printed in Thoreſby *Ducat. Leod.* 576, from Dr. Gale's papers, was never on it.* The late ſir Samuel Armitage, owner of the premiſes, cauſed the ground under it to be dug a yard deep, and found it had never been diſturbed; ſo that it was probably brought from ſome other place, and by vulgar tradition aſcribed to Robin Hood" (refers to "Mr. Watſons letter in Antiquary ſociety minutes"). This is probably the tomb-ſtone of Eliſabeth de Staynton, mentioned in the preceding note.

The old epitaph is, by ſome anonymous hand, in a work entitled "*Sepulchrorum inſcriptiones:* or a curious collection of 900 of the moſt remarkable epitaphs," Weſtminſter, 1727, (vol. ii. p. 73.) thus not inelegantly paraphraſed:

"Here, underneath this little ſtone,
Thro' Death's aſſaults, now lieth one,
Known by the name of Robin Hood,
Who was a thief, and archer good;
Full thirteen (r. thirty) years, and ſomething more,
He robb'd the rich to feed the poor:
Therefore, his grave bedew with tears,
And offer for his ſoul your prayers."†

* That this epitaph had been printed, or was well known, at leaſt, long before the publication of Mr. Thoreſbys book, if not before either he or Dr. Gale was born, appears from the "true tale of Robin Hood" by Martin Parker, written, if not printed, as early as 1631. (See volume I. p. 127.) The Arabic figures muſt have been inſerted by the copyiſt for the Roman numerals; otherwiſe there will be an end of its pretenſion to authenticity. (N. B. *The note in the preceding page was detached from the preſent by miſtake.*)

† In "The travels of Tom Thumb over England and Wales" [by Mr. Robert Dodſley], p. 106. is another though inferior verſion.

"Here, under this memorial ſtone,
Lies Robert earl of Huntingdon;

(X) "Various dramatic exhibitions."] The earlyeſt of theſe performances now extant is, "The playe of Robyn Hode, very proper to be played in Maye games," which is inſerted in the appendix to this work, and may probably be as old as the 15th century. That a different play, however, on the ſame ſubject has formerly exiſted, ſeems pretty certain from a ſomewhat curious paſſage in "The famous chronicle of king Edward the firſt, ſirnamed Edward Longſhankes, &c." by George Peele, printed in 1593.

"*Lluellen* . . . . . weele get the next daie from Brecknocke the BOOKE OF ROBIN HOOD, the *frier* he ſhall inſtruct us in his cauſe, and weele even here . . . wander like irregulers up and down the wilderneſſe, ile be *maiſter of miſrule*, ile be *Robin Hood* that once, couſin 'Rice', thou ſhalt be *little John*, and hers frier David, as fit as a die for *frier Tucke*. Now, my ſweet Nel, if you will make up the meſſe with a good heart for *maide Marian*, and doe well with Lluellen under the green-woode trees, with as good a wil as in the good townes, why *plena eſt curia*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mortimor, ſolus.

Mortimor . . . . , Maiſters, have after gentle Robin Hood,
You are not ſo well accompanied I hope,
But if a *potter* come to plaie his part,
Youle give him ſtripes or welcome good or worſe. *Exit.*

Enter Lluellen, Meredith, frier, Elinor, and their traine. They are all clad in greene, &c. *ſing*, &c. Blyth and bonny, *the ſong ended, Lluellen ſpeaketh.*

Luellen. Why ſo, I ſee, my mates of olde,
All were not lies that Bedlams [beldams] told;
Of Robin Hood and little John,
Frier Tucke and maide Marian."

Mortimer, as a *potter*, afterwards fights the frier with "flailes."

As he, no archer e'er was good,
And people call'd him Robin Hood;
Such outlaws as his men and he
Again may England never ſee."

2. " The downfall of Robert earle of Huntington, afterwaid called Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde: with his love to chaſte Matilda, the lord Fitzwaters daughter, afterwardes his faire maide Marian. Acted by the right honourable, the earle of Notingham, lord high admirall of England, his ſervants. ¶ Imprinted at London, for William Leake, 16[illegible]1." 4to. b. l.

3. " The death of Robert, earle of Huntington, otherwiſe called Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde: with the lamentable tragedie of chaſte Matilda, his faire maid Marian, poyſoned at Dunmowe, by king John. Acted, &c. ¶ Imprinted, &c. [as above] 160[illegible]" 4to. b. l.

Theſe two plays, uſually called *the firſt* and *ſecond part of Robin Hood*, were always, on the authority of Kirkman, falſely aſcribed to Thomas Heywood, till Mr. Malone fortunately retrieved the names of the true authors, Anthony Mundy and Henry Chettle.* As they ſeem partly founded on traditions long ſince forgotten, and refer occaſionally to documents not now to be found, at any rate, as they are much older than moſt of the common ballads upon the ſubject, and contain ſome curious and poſſibly authentic particulars not elſewhere to be met with, the reader will excuſe the particularity of the account and length of the extracts here given.

* In " a large folio volume of accounts kept by Mr. Philip Henſlowe, who appears to have been proprietor of the Roſe theatre near the Bankſide in Southwark," he has entered—

" Feb. 1597-8. " The firſt part of Robin Hood, by Anthony Mundy.

The ſecond part of the downfall of earl Huntington, ſirnamed Robinhood, by Anthony Mundy and Henry Chettle."

In a ſubſequent page is the following entry: " Lent unto Robarte Shawe, the 18 of Novemb. 1598, to lend unto Mr. Cheattle, upon the mending of *the firſt part of Robart Hoode*, the ſum of x s." and afterwards—" For mending of *Robin Hood* for the corte." See Malones edition of " The plays and poems of William Shakſpeare," 1790. vol. I. part II. (Emendations and additions.)

The *firſt part*, or *downfall of Robert earle of Huntington*, is ſuppoſed to be performed at the court and command of Henry the 8th; the poet Skelton being the dramatiſt, and acting the part of *chorus*. The introductory ſcene commences thus:

" *Enter ſir John Eltam, and knocke at Skeltons doore.*

Sir John. Howe, maiſter Skelton! what, at ſtudie hard?
opens the doore.

Skelt. Welcome and wiſht for, honeſt ſir John Eltam,—
Twill trouble you after your great affairs,
(i. e. *the ſurveying of certain maps which his majeſty had employed him in*;)
To take the paine that I intended to intreate you to,
About rehearſall of your promis'd play.
Elt. Nay, maſter Skelton; for the king himſelfe,
As wee were parting, bid mee take great heede
Wee faile not of our day: therefore I pray
Sende for the reſt, that now we may rehearſe,
Skel. O they are readie all, and dreſt to play.
What part play you?
Elt. Why, I play little John,
And came of purpoſe with this greene ſute.
Skel. Holla, my maſters, little John is come.

At every doore all the players runne out; ſome crying where? where? *others* Welcome, ſir John: *among other the boyes and clowne.*

Skel. Faith, little Tracy, you are ſomewhat forward.
What, our maid Marian leaping like a lad!
If you remember, Robin is your love,
Sir Thomas Mantle yonder, not ſir John.
Clow. But, maſter, ſir John is my fellowe, for I am Much the millers ſonne. Am I not?
Skel. I know yee are ſir:—
And, gentlemen, ſince you are thus prepar'd,
Goe in, and bring your dumbe ſcene on the ſtage,
And I, as prologue, purpoſe to expreſſe
The ground whereon our hiſtorie is laied.

Exeunt, manet Skelton.

Trumpets ſounde, [1] *enter firſt king Richard with drum and auncient, giving Ely a purſe and ſcepire, his mother and brother John, Cheſter, Leſter, Lacie, others at the*

kings appointment, doing reverence. The king goes in: presently Ely aſcends the chaire, Cheſter, John, and the queene part diſpleaſantly. [2] *Enter* ROBERT, EARLE OF HUNTINGTON, *leading Marian; followes him Warman, and after Warman, the prior; Warman ever flattering and making curtſie, taking gifts of the prior behinde and his maſter before. Prince John enters, offereth to take Marian; Queen Elinor enters, offering to pull Robin from her; but they infolde each other, and ſit downe within the curteines.* [3] *Warman with the prior, ſir Hugh Lacy, lord Sentloe, and ſir Gilbert Broghton folde hands, and drawing the curteins, all (but the prior) enter, and are kindely received by* Robin Hoode."

During the exhibition of the ſecond part of the dumb-ſhew, Skelton inſtructs the audience as follows :

" This youth that leads yon virgin by the hand
Is *our earle Robert*, or *your Robin Hoode*,
That in thoſe daies, was *earle of Huntington*;
The ill-fac't miſer, brib'd in either hand,
Is Warman, once the ſteward of his houſe,
Who, Judas like, betraies his liberall lord,
Into the hands of that relentleſſe prior,
Calde Gilbert Hoode, uncle to Huntington.
Thoſe two that ſeeke to part theſe lovely friends,
Are Elenor the queene, and John the prince,
She loves earle Robert, he maide Marian,
But vainely; for their deare affect is ſuch,
As only death can ſunder their true loves.
Long had they lov'd, and now it is agreed,
This day they muſt be troth-plight, after wed;
At Huntingtons faire houſe a feaſt is helde,
But envie turnes it to a houſe of teares.
For thoſe falſe gueſtes, conſpiring with the prior;
To whom earle Robert greatly is in debt,
Meane at the banquet to betray the earle,
Unto a heavie writ of outlawry:
The manner and eſcape you all ſhall ſee.

. . . . . .

Looke to your entrance, get you in, ſir John.
My ſhift is long, for I play frier Tucke;
Wherein, if Skelton hath but any lucke,
Heele thanke his hearers oft with many a ducke.

For many talk of Robin Hood that never ſhot in his bowe,
But Skelton writes of Robin Hood what he doth truly knowe."

After ſome Skeltonical rimes, and a ſcene betwixt the prior, the ſherif, and juſtice Warman, concerning the outlawry, which appears to be proclaimed, and the taking of earl Huntington at dinner, "*Enter Robin Hoode, little John following him; Robin having his napkin on his ſhoulder, as if hee were ſodainly raiſed from dinner.*" He is in a violent rage at being outlawed, and Little John endeavours to pacify him. Marian being diſtreſſed at his apparent diſorder, he diſſembles with her. After ſhe is gone, John thus addreſſes him:

"Now muſt your honour leave theſe mourning tunes,
And thus by my areede you ſhall provide:
Your plate and jewels ile ſtraight packe up,
And toward Notingham convey them hence.
At Rowford, Sowtham, Wortley, Hothersfield,
Of all your cattell mony ſhall be made,
And I at Mansfield will attend your comming;
Where weele determine which waie's beſt to take.
Rob. Well, be it ſo, a gods name, let it be;
And if I can, Marian ſhall come with mee.
John. Elſe care will kill her; therefore if you pleaſe,
At th'utmoſt corner of the garden wall,
Soone in the evening waite for Marian,
And as I goe ile tell her of the place.
Your horſes at the Bell ſhall readie bee,
I meane Belſavage,* whence, as citizens
That 'meane' to ride for pleaſure ſome ſmall way,
You ſhall ſet foorth."

The company now enters, and Robin charges them with the conſpiracy, and rates their treacherous proceed-

* That is, the inn ſo called, upon Ludgate-hill. The modern ſign, which however ſeems to have been the ſame 200 years ago, is *a bell* and *a wild man*; but the original is ſuppoſed to have been *a beautiful Indian*; and the inſcription, *La belle ſauvage*. Some, indeed, aſſert that the inn once belonged to a lady *Arabella Savage*; and others, that its name, originally *The* bell *and* ſavage, aroſe (like *The George and blue boar*) from the junction of two inns, with thoſe reſpective ſigns. *Non noſtrûm eſt tantas componere lites.*

ing. Little John in attempting to remove the goods is ſet upon by Warman and the ſherif; and during the fray "*Enter prince John, Ely and the prior, and others.*" Little John tells the prince, he but defends the box containing his own gettings; upon which his royal highneſs obſerves,

"You do the fellow wrong; his goods are his:
You only muſt extend upon the earles.
Prior. That was, my lord, but nowe is Robert Hood,
A ſimple yeoman as his ſervants were."

Ely gives the prior his commiſſion, with directions to make ſpeed, leſt "in his country-houſes all his heards be ſolde;" and gives Warman a patent "for the high ſheriffewick of Nottingham." After this, "Enter Robin like a citizen;" and then the queen and Marian diſguiſed for each other. Robin takes Marian, and leaves the queen to prince John, who is ſo much enraged at the deception that he breaks the head of Elys meſſenger. Sir Hugh, brother to lord Lacy, and ſteward to Ely, who had been deeply concerned in Huntingtons ruin is killed in a brawl, by prince John, whom Ely orders to be arreſted; but the prince, producing letters from the king, revoking Elys appointment, "lifts up his drawne ſworde" and "*Exit, cum Leſter and Lacy,*" in triumph. Then, "*Enter Robin Hoode, Matilda, at one door, little John, and Much the millers ſonne at another doore.*" After mutual congratulations, Robin aſks if it be

"—— poſſible that Warmans ſpite
Should ſtretch ſo farre, that he doth hunt the lives
Of bonnie Scarlet, and his brother Scathlock.
Much. O, I, ſir. Warman came but yeſterday to take charge of the jaile at Notingham, and this daie, he ſaies, he will hang the two outlawes. . . .
Rob. Now, by my honours hope, . . .
He is too blame: ſay, John, where muſt they die?
John. Yonder's their mothers houſe, and here the tree,
Whereon, poore men, they muſt forgoe their lives;
And yonder comes a lazy lozell frier,
That is appointed for their confeſſor,

Who, when we brought your monie to their mothers,
Was wiſhing her to patience for their deaths."

Here "*Enter frier Tucke*;" ſome converſation paſſes, and the frier ſkeltonizes; after which he departs, ſaying,

" ——— let us goe our way,
Unto this hanging buſineſſe; would for mee
Some reſcue or repreeve might ſet them free.
Rob. Heardſt thou not, little John, the friers ſpeach?
John. He ſeemes like a good fellow, my good lord.
Rob. He's a good fellowe, John, upon my word.
Lend me thy horne, and get thee in to Much,
And when I blowe this horne, come both and helpe mee.
John. Take heed, my lord; the villane Warman knows
And ten to one, he hath a writ againſt you. [you,
Rob. Fear not: below the bridge a poor blind man doth
With him I will change my habit, and diſguiſe, [dwell,
Only be readie when I call for yre,
For I will ſave their lives, if it may bee. . . .

Enter Warman, Scarlet and Scathlock bounde, frier Tuck as their confeſſor, officers with halberts.

War. Maſter frier, be briefe, delay no time.
Scarlet and Scatlock, never hope for life;
Here is the place of execution,
And you muſt anſwer lawe for what is done.
Scar. Well, if there be no remedie, we muſt:
Though it ill ſeemeth, Warman, thou ſhouldſt bee,
So bloodie to purſue our lives thus cruellie.
Scat. Our mother fav'd thee from the gallows, Warman,
His father did preferre thee to thy lord:
One mother had wee both, and both our fathers
To thee and to thy father were kinde friends. . . .
War. Ye were firſt outlaws, then ye prooved theeves. . . .
Both of your fathers were good honeſt men;
Your mother lives their widowe in good fame:*
But you are ſcapethrifts, unthrifts, villanes, knaves,
And as ye liv'd by ſhifts, ſhall die with ſhame."

To them enters Ralph, the ſheriffs man, to acquaint

* She is called the widow Scarlet; ſo that Scathlocke was the elder brother. In fact, however, it was mere ignorance in the author to ſuppoſe the Scathlocke and Scarlet of the ſtory diſtinct perſons, the latter name being an evident corruption of the former; *Scathlock, Scadlock, Scarlock, Scarlet.*

him that the *carnifex*, or executor of the law, had fallen off his "curtall" and was "cripplefied" and rendered incapable of performing his office; ſo that the ſherif was to become his deputy. The ſherif inſiſts that Ralph ſhall ſerve the turn, which he refuſes. In the midſt of the altercation, "*Enter Robin Hoode, like an old man,*" who tells the ſherif that the two outlaws had murdered his young ſon, and undone himſelf; ſo that for revenge ſake he deſires they may be delivered to him. They denying the charge, "Robin whiſpers with them," and with the ſherif's leave, and his mans help, unbinds them: then, ſounds his horn; and "*Enter little John, Much . . . Fight; the frier, making as if he helpt the ſheriffe, knockes down his men, crying,* Keepe the kings peace. *Sheriffe* [perceiving that it is "the outlawed earle of Huntington"] *runnes away, and his men.*" (See the ballad of "Robin Hood reſcuing the widows ſons," part II. num. xxiii.)

"*Fri.* Farewell, earle Robert, as I am true frier,
I had rather be thy clarke, then ſerve the prior.
Rob. A jolly fellowe! Scarlet, knoweſt thou him?
Scar. Hee is of Yorke, and of Saint Maries cloiſter;
There where your greedie uncle is lord prior. . . .
Rob. Here is no biding, maſters; get yee in. . . .
John, on a ſodaine thus I am reſolv'd,
To keepe in Sherewoodde till the kings returne,
And being outlawed, leade an outlawes life. . . .
John, I like your honours purpoſe exceeding well.
Rob. Nay, no more honour, I pray thee, little John;
Henceforth I will be called Robin Hoode,
Matilda ſhall be my maid Marian."

Then follows a ſcene betwixt old Fitzwater and prince John, in the courſe of which the prince, as a reaſon to induce Fitzwater to recall his daughter Matilda, tells him that ſhe is living in an adulterous ſtate, for that

"—Huntington is excommunicate,
And till his debts be paid, by Romes decree,
It is agreed, abſolv'd he cannot be;
And that can never be.—So never wife, *&c.*"

Fitzwater, on this, flies into a paſſion, and accuſes the

prince of being already marryed to "earle Chepſtowes daughter." They "*fight*; *John falles.*" Then enter the queen, &c. and John ſentences Fitzwater to baniſhment: after which, "*Enter Scathlocke and Scarlet, winding their hornes, at ſeverall doores. To them enter Robin Hoode, Matilda, all in greene, . . . Much, little John; all the men with bowes and arrowes.*"*

. . . . . .

Rob. Wind once more, jolly huntſmen, all your horns,
Whoſe ſhrill ſound, with the ecchoing wods aſſiſt,
Shall ring a ſad knell for the fearefull deere,
Before our feathered ſhafts, deaths winged darts,
Bring ſodaine ſummons for their fatall ends.
Scar. Its ful ſeaven years ſince we were outlawed firſt,
And wealthy Sherewood was our heritage:
For all thoſe yeares we raigned uncontrolde,
From Barnſdale ſhrogs to Notinghams red cliffes.
At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome gueſts;
Good George a Greene at Bradford was our friend,
And wanton Wakefields pinner lov'd us well.†
At Barnſley dwels a potter, tough and ſtrong,
That never brookt we brethren ſhould have wrong.
The nunnes of Farnsfield (pretty nunnes they bee)
Gave napkins, ſhirts, and bands to him and mee.
Bateman of Kendall gave us Kendall greene;
And Sharpe of Leedes ſharpe arrows for us made.
At Rotherham dwelt our bowyer, god him bliſſe,
Jackſon he hight, his bowes did never miſſe.
This for our goode, our ſcathe let Scathlocke tell,
In merry Mansfield how it once befell.
Scath. In merry Mansfield, on a wreſtling day,
Prizes there were, and yeomen came to play,
My brother Scarlet and myſelfe were twaine; *

* In "The booke of the inventary of the goods of my lord admeralles men tacken the 10 of Marche in the yeare 1598," are the following properties for Robin Hood and his retinue, in this identical play:

"*Item*, vi grene cottes for Roben Hoode, and iiii knaves ſewtes,
Item, i hatte for Robin Hoode, i hobihorſe.
Item, Roben Hoodes ſewte.
Item, the fryers truſſe in *Roben Hoode*."
Malones *Shak.* II. ii. (Emen. & ad.)

† *George a Greene* and *Wakefields pinner*, were one and the ſame perſon. The *Shoemaker of Bradford* is anonymous.

Many reſiſted, but it was in vaine,
For of them all we wonne the maſtery,
And the gilt wreathes were given to him and me.
There by ſir Doncaſter of 'Hothersfield,'
We were bewraid, beſet, and forſt to yield;
And ſo borne bound, from thence to Notingham,
Where we lay doom'd to death till Warman came."

Some cordial expreſſions paſs between Robin and Matilda. He commands all the yeomen to be cheerful; and orders little John to read the articles.

" *Joh.* Firſt, no man muſt preſume to call our maſter,
By name of earle, lorde, baron, knight, or ſquire:
But ſimply by the name of Robin Hoode.—
That faire Matilda henceforth change her name,
'And' by maid Marians name, be only cald.
Thirdly, no yeoman following Robin Hoode
In Sherewod, ſhall uſe widowe, wife, or maid,
But by true labour, lufſull thoughts expell.
Fourthly, no paſſenger with whom ye meete,
Shall yee let paſſe till hee with Robin feaſte:
Except a poaſt, a carrier, or ſuch folke,
As uſe with loone to ſerve the market townes.
Fiftly, you never ſhall the poore man wrong.
Nor ſpare a prieſt, a uſurer, or a clarke.
Laſtly, you ſhall defend with all your power
Maids, widowes, orphants, and diſtreſſed men.
All. All theſe we vowe to keepe, as we are men.
Rob. Then wend ye to the greenewod merrily,
And let the light roes bootleſſe from yee runne,
Marian and I, as ſoveraigns of your toyles,
Will wait, within our bower, your bent bowes ſpoiles.
Exeunt winding their hornes."

In the next ſcene, we find frier Tucke feignedly entering into a conſpiracy with the prior and ſir Doncaſter, to ſerve an execution on Robin, in diſguiſe. Jinny, the widow Scarlets daughter, coming in, on her way to Sherwood, is perſuaded by the frier to accompany him, "diſguiſed in habit like a pedlers mort." Fitzwater enters like an old man:—ſees Robin ſleeping on a green bank, Marian ſtrewing flowers on him; pretends to be blind and hungry, and is regaled by them. In anſwer to a queſtion why the fair Matilda (Fitzwaters daughter) had changed her name, Robin tells him it is

" Becauſe ſhe lives a ſpotleſſe maiden life;
And ſhall, till Robins outlawe life have ende,
That he may lawfully take her to wife;
Which, if king Richard come, will not be long."

" Enter frier Tucke and Jinny like pedlers ſinging," and afterward " Sir Doncaſter and others weaponed."— The frier diſcovers the plot, and a fray enſues. The ſcene then changes to the court, where the prior is informed of ſix of his barns being deſtroyed by fire, and of the different execrations of all ranks upon him, as the undoer of " the good lord Robert, earle of Huntington;" that the convent of St. Marys had elected " Olde father Jerome" prior in his place; and laſtly a herald brings his ſentence of baniſhment, which is confirmed by the entrance of the prior. Leſter brings an account of the impriſonment of his gallant ſovereign, king Richard, by the duke of Auſtria, and requires his ranſom to be ſent. He then introduces a deſcription of his matchleſs valour in the holy land. John not only refuſes the ranſom money, but uſurps the ſtile of king: upon which Leſter grows furious, and rates the whole company. The following is part of the dialogue:

" *Joh. (to Leſter)* Dareſt thou attempt thus proudly in [our ſight?
Leſt. What is't a ſubject dares, that I dare not?
Salſ. Dare ſubjects dare, their ſoveraigne being by?
Leſt. O god, that my true ſoveraigne were ny!
Qu. Leſter, he is.
Leſt. Madam, by god, you ly.
Cheſt. Unmanner'd man.
Leſt. A plague of reverence!"

After this, and more on the ſame ſubject, the ſcene returns to the foreſt; where Ely, being taken by Much, " like a countryman with a baſket", is examined and detected by Robin, who promiſes him protection and ſervice. On their departure:

" *Joh.* Skelton, a worde or two beſide the play.
Fri. Now, ſir John Eltam, what ill you would ſay.

Jhon. Methinks I ſee no *jeaſts of Robin Hoode,*
No *merry morices of frier Tuck,*
No *pleaſant ſkippings up and downe the wodde,*
No *hunting ſongs,* no *courſing of the bucke:*
Pray god this play of ours may have good lucke,
And the king's majeſtie mislike it not!
Fri. And if he doe, what can we doe to that?
I promis'd him a play of Robin Hoode,
His honorable life, in merry Sherewod;
His majeſtie himſelfe ſurvaid the plot,
And bad me boldly write it, it was good.
For *merry jeaſts, they have bene ſhowne before:*
As *how the frier fell into the well,*
For love of Jinny, that faire bonny bell:
How Greeneleaſe rob'd the ſheriffe of Notingham,
And other mirthful matter, full of game."

"*Enter Warman baniſhed.*" He laments his fall, and applies to a couſin, on whom he had beſtowed large poſſeſſions, for relief; but receives nothing, except reproaches for his treachery to his noble maſter. The jailor of Notingham, who was indebted to him for his place, refuſes him even a ſcrap of his dogs meat, and reviles him in the ſevereſt terms. Good-wife Tomſon, whoſe huſband he had delivered from death, to his great joy, promiſes him a caudle, but fetches him a halter; in which he is about to hang himſelf, upon ſome tree in the foreſt, but is prevented by Fitzwater, and ſome of Robin Hoods men, who crack a number of jokes upon him: Robin puts an end to their mockery, and proffers him comfort and favour. Then enters frier Tucke, with an account of ſir Doncaſter and the prior being ſtriped and wounded in their way to Bawtrey: Robin out of love to his uncle haſtens to the place. After this, "*Enter prince John, ſolus, in green, bowe and arrowes.*

John. Why this is ſomewhat like, now may I ſing,
As did the Wakefield pinder in his note;
At Michaelmas commeth my covenant out,
My maſter gives me my fee:
Then Robin Ile weare thy Kendall greene,
And wend to the greenewodde with thee."*

* See the ballad of "The jolly pinder of Wakefield," Part II. Num. III.

He aſſumes the name of Woodnet, and is detected by Scathlocke and frier Tucke. The prince and Scathlocke fight, Scathelocke grows weary, and the frier takes his place. Marian enters, and perceiving the frier, parts the combatants. Robin enters, and John ſubmits to him. Much enters, running, with information of the approach of "the king and twelve and twenty ſcore of horſes." Robin places his people in order. The trumpets ſound, the king and his train enter, a general pardon enſues, and the king confirms the love of Robin and Matilda. Thus the play concludes, Skelton promiſing *the ſecond part*, and acquainting the audience of what it ſhould conſiſt.

The *ſecond part*, or *death of Robert earle of Huntington*, is a purſuit of the ſame ſtory. The ſcene, ſo far as our hero is concerned, lyes in Sherwood. A few extracts may not be unacceptable.

"*Sc. iiii. Winde hornes. Enter king, queene, &c. Frier Tuck carrying a ſtags head, dauncing.*" The frier has been ſent for to read the following inſcription upon a copper ring round the ſtags neck:

> "When Harold Hare-foote raigned king,
> About my necke he put this ring."

The king orders "head, ring and all" to be ſent to Nottingham caſtle, to be kept for monuments. Fitzwater tells him, he has heard "an olde tale,"

> "That Harold, being Goodwins ſonne of Kent,*
> Hunted for pleaſure once within this wood,
> And ſingled out a faire and ſtately ſtagge,
> Which, foote to foote, the king in running caught;
> And ſure this was the ſtagge.
> *King.* It was no doubt.
> *Chaſter.* But ſome, my lord, affirme,
> That Julius Cæſar, many years before,
> Tooke ſuch a ſtagge, and ſuch a poeſie writ:"†

* Fitzwater confounds one man with another; Harold Harefoot was the ſon and ſucceſſor of Canute the great.

† This tradition is refered to, and the inſcription given in Mr. Rays *Itineraries*, 1760. p. 153.—"We rode through a buſhet

Upon which his majeſty very ſagaciously remarks,

"It ſhould not be in Julius Cæſars time:
There was no Engliſh uſed in this land

or common called Rodwell-hake, two miles from Leeds, where (according to the vulgar tradition) was once found a ſtag, with a ring of braſs about its neck, having this inſcription;

When Julius Cæſar here was king,
About my neck he put this ring;
Whoſoever doth me take,
Let me go for Cæſar's ſake."

In *The midwife*, or *Old woman's magazine*, (vol. i. p. 250.) Mrs. Midnight, in a letter "To the venerable ſociety of antiquarians," containing a deſcription of Cæſars camp, on Windſor foreſt, has the following paſſage: "There have been many extraordinary things diſcovered about this camp. One thing, I particularly remember, was a deer of about ſixteen hundred years old . . . . . This deer it ſeems was a favourite of Cæſar's, and on that account he bedecked her neck with a golden collar and an inſcription, which I ſhall by and by take notice of; ſhe had been frequently taken, but when the hunters, the peaſants and poor people ſaw the golden collar on her neck, they readily let her go again. However, as ſhe continually increaſed in ſtrength and in bulk, as well as in age, after the courſe of about fifteen or ſixteen centuries, the fleſh and ſkin were entirely grown over this collar, ſo that it could not be diſcover'd till after ſhe was kill'd, and then to the ſurprize of the virtuoſi, it appear'd with this inſcription:

When Julius Cæſar reigned here,
Then was I a little deer;
If any man ſhould me take,
Let me go for Cæſar's ſake.

"This collar, which is of pure gold, I am told weighs thirty ounces, and as the blood of the creature ſtill appears freſh upon it, I believe it may be as valuable as any of your *gimcracks*; however, there will be no harm in my ſending of it to you; and if I can procure it, you may depend on my taking the utmoſt care of it." As no notice is announced of this wonderful piece of antiquity in the voluminous and important lucubrations of the above learned body, it moſt probably never came into their poſſeſſion; which is very much to be lamented, as it would have been an admirable companion for *Hardecnutes chamber-pot*, and other ſimilar curioſities.

The original of all theſe ſtories is to be found in Pliny, who ſays: "It is generally held and confeſſed that the ſtagge or hind

Untill the Saxons came, and this is writ
In Saxon characters."

The next quotation may be of ſervice to Dr. Percy, who has been pleaſed to queſtion our heros nobility, becauſe "the moſt ancient poems make no mention of this *earldom*," and the old legend expreſsly aſſerts him "to have been a *yeoman*." It is very true; and we ſhall here not only find his title eſtabliſhed, but alſo diſcover the ſecret of his not being uſually diſtinguiſhed or deſigned by it.

"*Enter Roben Hoode.*

King. How now, *earle Robert!*
Fri. A forſet, a forſet, my liege lord,
My maſters lawes are on record,
The court-roll here your grace may ſee.
King. I pray thee, frier, read them mee
Fri. One ſhall ſuffice, and this is hee.
No man that commeth in this wood,
To feaſt or dwell with Robin Hood,
Shall call him earle, lord, knight, or ſquire,
He no ſuch titles doth deſire,
But Robin Hood, plain Robin Hoode,
That honeſt YEOMAN, *ſtout and good,*
On paine of forfetting a marke,
That muſt be paid to mee his clarke.
My liege, my liege, this lawe you broke,
Almoſt in the laſt word you ſpoke;
That crime may not acquitted bee,
Till frier Tuck receive his fee."

Now, the reaſon that "the moſt ancient poems make no mention of this earldom," and the old legend expreſsly aſſerts him "to have been a yeoman," appears, plainly enough, to be, that as, purſuant to his own injunction, he was never called, either by his followers, or in the vicinity, by any other name than *Robin Hood*, ſo particularly the minſtrels, who were always, no doubt, welcome to Sherwood,*

live long: for an hundred yeer after Alexander the great, ſome were taken with golden collars about their necks, overgrowne now with haire and growne within the ſkin: which collars the ſaid king had done upon them." *Naturall hiſtorie* (by Holland), 1601. (B. 8. c. 32.)

* Robin, in the old legend, expreſſes his regard for this order of men (concerning which the reader may conſult an ingenious "Eſſay"

and liberally entertained by him and his yeomanry, would take ſpecial care never to offend againſt the above law: which puts an end to the diſpute. *Q. E. D.*

Our hero is, at length, poiſoned by a drink which Doncaſter and the prior, his uncle, had prepared for him to give to the king. His departing ſcene, and laſt dying ſpeech are beautiful and pathetic.

" *Rob.* Enough, enough, Fitzwater, take your child.
My dying hand, which no funnes heat can thawe,
Cloſes the powers of all my outward parts;
My freezing blood runnes back unto my heart,
Where it alwayes doth, which it would refuſe:
Only my love a little hinders death,
For he beholds her eyes, and cannot ſmite.

. . . . . .

Mat. O let mee looke for ever in thy eyes,
And lay my warme breath to thy bloodleſſe lips,
If my ſhort can refuſe deaths tyrannies,
Or keep lives breath within thy boſome lockt."

He deſires to be buryed

" At Wakefield, underneath the abbey-wall;

directs the manner of his funeral; and bids his yeomen,

" For holy dirges, ſing 'him' wodmens ſongs."

The king, upon the earls death, expreſſes his ſorrow for the tragical event; ratifies the will; repeats the directions for the funeral; and ſays,

" Fall to your wod ſongs, therefore, yeomen boll,
And deck my corſe with flowers, that lov'd you deare."

The whole concludes with the following ſolemne dirge:

in the *Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry*, (vol. I.) and ſome "Obſervations" in a collection of *Ancient ſongs*, printed in 1790):

" Whether he be meſſengere,
Or a man that rydes can,
Or what he be a poore man,
Of my good he ſhall have ſome."

"Weepe, weepe, ye wod-men waile,
Your hands with ſorrow wring:
Your maſter Robin Hood lies deade,
Therefore ſigh as you ſing.

Here lies his primer, and his beades,
His bent bowe, and his arrowes keene,
His good ſworde and his holy croſſe:
Now caſt on flowers freſh and greene.

And, as they fall, ſhed teares and ſay,
Well a, well a day, well a, well a day!
Thus caſt yee flowers and ſing,
And on to Wakefield take your way."

The poet then proſecutes the legend of Matilda, who is finally poiſoned, by the procurement of king John, in Dunmow-priory.

The ſtory of this lady, whom the author of theſe plays is ſuppoſed to have been the firſt that converted into the character of maid Marian, or connected in any ſhape with the hiſtory of Robin Hood, is thus related by Stow, under the year 1213: "The chronicle of Dunmow ſayth, this diſcord aroſe betwixt the king and his barons, becauſe of Mawd called the faire, daughter to Robert Fitzwalter, whome the king loved, but her father would not conſent; and thereupon enſued warre throughout England ..... Whilſt Mawd the faire remayned at Dunmow, there came a meſſenger unto her from king John about his ſuite in love, but becauſe ſhe would not agree, the meſſenger poyſoned a boyled or potched egge againſt ſhe was hungrie, whereof ſhe died." (*Annales*, 1592.) Two of Draytons *heroical epiſtles* paſs between king John and Matilda. He has alſo written her *legend*.

4. "Robin Hood's penn'orths, by Wm. Haughton."*

5. "Metropolis coronata, the triumphs of ancient drapery: or, rich cloathing of England, in a ſecond yeeres performance. In honour of the advancement of ſir John Jolles, knight, to the high office of lord maior of London, and taking his oath for the ſame authoritie, on

* This play is entered in maſter Henſlowe's account-book with the date of December 1600. See Malone's *Shakſpeare*, Vol. II. Part II. (Emen. & ad.)

Monday being the 30. day of October, 1615. Performed in heartie affection to him, and at the bountifull charges of his worthy brethren the truely honourable ſociety of drapers, the firſt that received ſuch dignitie, in this citie. Deviſed and written by A. M. [Anthony Mundy] citizen and draper of London." 1615. 4to.

This is one of the pageants formerly uſual on Lord-mayors-day, and of which ſeveral are extant, written as well by our author Mundy,* as by Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, and other hackney dramatiſts of that period. They were thought of ſuch conſequence that the city had for ſome time (though probably not till after the reſtoration) a profeſſed laureat for their compoſition; an office which expired with Elkanah Settle in 1723-4. They conſiſted chiefly of machinery, allegorical or hiſtorical perſonages, ſongs and ſpeeches.

"After all theſe ſhewes, thus ordered in their appointed places, followeth another device of huntſmen, all clad in greene, with their bowes, arrowes and bugles, and a new ſlaine deere, carried among them. It favoureth of *earle Robert de la Hude*, ſometime the noble *earle of Huntington*, and ſonne in law (by marriage) to old *Fitz-Alwine*,† raiſed by the muſes all-commanding power, to honour this triumph with his father. During the time of his out-lawed life in the foreſt of merry Shirwood, and elſewhere, while the cruel oppreſſion of a moſt unnatural and covetous brother hung heavy upon him, Gilbert de la Hude lord abbot of Chriſtall [r. Kirkſtall] abbey, who had all or moſt of his lands in mortgage: he

* "The triumphes of reunited Britannia. A pageant in honour of ſir Leonard Holliday lord mayor." 1605.

† Henry Fitz-Alwine Fitz-Lieſtane, gold-ſmith, firſt mayor of London, was appointed to that office by K. Richard I. in 1189, and continued therein till the 15th of K. John, 1214, when he "deceaſed, and was buried in the priorie of the holy trinitie, neare unto Aldgate." (Stows *Survay*, 1598. p. 418.) His relationſhip with Robin Hood is merely poetical, and invented by Mundy "for the nonce;" though it is by no means improbable that they were acquainted, and that our hero might have occaſionally dined at the manſion-houſe on a lord-mayors day.

was commonly called Robin Hood, and had a gallant company of men (out-lawed in the like manner) that followed his downecaſt fortunes; as *little John*, *Scathlocke*, *Much the millers ſon*, *Right-hitting Brand*, *fryar Tuck*, and many more. In which condition of life we make inſtant uſe of him, and part of his brave bowmen, fitted with bowes and arrowes, of the like ſtrength and length, as good records deliver teſtimonie, were then uſed by them in their killing of deere. . . . . .

Afterward, [*viz.* after " Fitz-Alwines ſpeech to the lord maior at night,"] as occaſion beſt preſenteth itſelfe, when the heate of all other employments are calmly overpaſt, earle Robin Hood, with fryer Tuck, and his other brave huntes-men, attending (now at laſt) to diſcharge their duty to my lord, which the buſie turmoile of the whole day could not before affoord: they ſhewe themſelves to him in this order, and earle Robin himſelfe thus ſpeaketh.

The ſpeech ſpoken by earl Robert de la Hude, commonly called Robin Hood.

Since graves may not their dead containe,
Nor in their peaceſull ſleepes remaine,
But triumphes and great ſhowes muſt uſe them,
And we unable to refuſe them;
It joyes me that earle Robert Hood,
Fetcht from the forreſt of merrie Shirwood,
With theſe my yeomen tight and tall,
Brave huntſmen and good archers all,
Muſt in this joviall day partake,
Prepared for your honours ſake.
No ſooner was i rayſde from reſt,
And of my former ſtate poſſeſt
As while i liv'd, but being alone,
And of my yeomen ſeeing not one,
I with my bugle gave a call,
Made all the woods to ring withall.
Immediately came little John,
And Scathlock followed him anon,
With Much the honeſt millers ſonne;
And ere ought elſe could be done,
The frollicke frier came tripping in,
His heart upon a merrie pinne.

Maſter (quoth he) in yonder brake,
A deere is hid for Marians ſake,
Bid Scathlock, John, or honeſt Brand,
That hath the happy hitting hand,
Shoote right and have him: and ſee, my lord,
The deed performed with the word.
For Robin and his bow men bold,
Religiously did ever holde,
Not emptie handed to be ſeene,
Were't but at feasting on a greene;
Much more then, when ſo high a day
Cal'd our attendance: all we may
Is all too little, tis your grace
To winke at weakeneſſe in this caſe,
So ſeem't no let over-long,
And all with our old hunting ſong.

. . . . . .

The ſong of Robin Hood and his huntes-men.

Now wend we together, my merry men all,
Unto the forreſt ſide a:
And there to ſtrike a buck or a doae,
Let our cunning all be tride a.

Then goe we merrily, merrily on,
To the green-wood to take up our ſtand [a],
Where we will lye in waite for our game,
With our beſt bowes all in our hand [a].

What life is there like to bold Robin Hood?
It is ſo pleaſant a thing a:
In merry Shirwood he ſpends his dayes,
As pleaſantly as a king a.

No man may compare with bold Robin Hood,
With Robin Hood, Scathlocke and John [a]:
Their like was never, nor never will be,
If in caſe that they were gone [a].

They will not away from merry Shirwood,
In any place elſe to dwell [a]:
For there is neither city nor towne,
That likes them half ſo well [a].

Our lives are wholly given to hunt,
And haunt the merry greene-wood [a];
Where our beſt ſervice is daily ſpent,
For our maſter Robin Hood [a]."

6. " Robin Hood and his paſtoral May games." 1624.
7. " Robin Hood and his crew of ſoldiers." 1627.

Theſe two titles are inſerted among the plays mentioned by Chetwood, in his *Britiſh theatre*, (p. 67.) as written by anonymous authors in the 16th century to the reſtoration. But neither Langbaine, who mentions both, nor any other perſon, pretends to have ever ſeen either of them. The former, indeed, may poſſibly be " The playe of Robyn Hode," already noticed; and the other is probably a future article. Langbaine, it is to be obſerved, gives no date to either piece; ſo that, it may be fairly concluded, thoſe above ſpecifyed are of Chetwoods own invention, which appears to have been abundantly fertile in every ſpecies of forgery and impoſture.

8. " The ſad ſhepherd, or a tale of Robin Hood:"

The ſtory of our renowned archer cannot be ſaid to have been wholely occupyed by bards without a name; ſince, not to mention Murdy or Drayton, the celebrated Ben Jonſon intended a paſtoral drama on this ſubject, under the above title; but dying, in the year 1637, before it was finiſhed, little more than the two firſt acts has deſcended down to us. His laſt editor (Mr. Whalley), while he regrets that it is but a fragment, ſpeaks of it in raptures, and, indeed, not without evident reaſon, many paſſages being eminently poetical and judicious.

" The perſons of the play," ſo far as concerns our immediate purpoſe, are: [1] " Robin Hood, the chief woodman [*i. e.* foreſter], maſter of the feaſt. [2] Marian, his lady, the miſtreſs. [3] Friar Tuck, the chaplain and ſteward. [4] Little John, bow-bearer. [5, 6] Scarlet, Scathlock,* two brothers, huntſmen. [7] George a Green, huiſher of the bower. [8] Much, Robin Hoods bailiff or acater." The reſt are, the gueſts invited, the witch of Paplewick, her daughter, the ſwin'ard her ſon, Puck Hairy or Robin Goodfellow, their hind, and laſtly a devout hermit. " The ſcene,

* Jonſon was led into this miſtake by the old play of Robin Hood. See before, p. lvii.

Sherwood, conſiſting of a landſcape of a foreſt, hills, valleys, cottages, a caſtle, a river, paſtures, herds, flocks, all full of country ſimplicity; *Robin Hoods bower, his well*, &c." "The argument of the firſt act" is as follows: "Robin Hood, having invited all the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes of the vale of Be'voir to a feaſt in the foreſt of Sherwood, and truſting to his miſtreſs, maid Marian, with her woodmen, to kill him veniſon againſt the day; having left the like charge with friar Tuck his chaplain and ſteward, to command the reſt of his merry men to ſee the bower made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment: 'meets' with his gueſts at their entrance into the wood, and conducts them to his bower: where, by the way, he receives the relation of the THE SAD SHEPHERD Æglamour, who is fallen into a deep melancholy for the loſs of his beloved Earine, reported to have been drowned in paſſing over the Trent, ſome few days before. . . . In the mean time Marian is come from hunting. . . . Robin Hood enquires if ſhe hunted the deere at force, and what ſport he made? how long he ſtood? and what head he bore? all which is briefly anſwered, with a relation of breaking him up, and the raven, and her bone. The ſuſpect had of that raven to be Maudlin the witch of Paplewick, whom one of the huntſmen met i' the morning at the rouzing of the deer, and is confirmed by her being then in Robin Hoods kitchen, i' the chimney corner, broiling the ſame bit which was thrown to the raven at the quarry or fall of the deer. Marian, being gone in to ſhew the deer to ſome of the ſhepherdeſſes, returns diſcontented; ſends away the veniſon ſhe had killed to her they call the witch; quarrels with her love Robin Hood, abuſeth him, and his gueſts the ſhepherds; and ſo departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexity."

By "the argument of the ſecond act" it appears that the witch had "taken the ſhape of Marian to abuſe Robin Hood, and perplex his gueſts." However, upon an explanation of the matter with the true Marian, the trick is found out, the veniſon recovered, and "Robin

Hood diſpatcheth out his woodmen to hunt and take her: which ends the act." The third act was deſigned to be taken up with the chace of the witch, her various ſchemes to elude the purſuers, and the diſcovery of Earine in the ſwineherds enchanted oak. Nothing more of the authors deſign appearing, we have only to regret the imperfect ſtate of a paſtoral drama, which, according to the above learned and ingenious editor, would have done honour to the nation.*

9. " Robin Hood and his crew of ſouldiers, a comedy acted at Nottingham on the day of his SACRed majeſties corronation. *Vivat rex.* The actors names: Robin Hood, commander; Little John, William Scadlocke, ſouldiers; meſſenger from the ſheriffe. London, printed for James Davis, 1661." 4to.

This is an interlude, of a few pages and no merit; alluding to the late rebellion, and the ſubject of the day. The outlaws, convinced by the reaſoning of the ſherifs meſſenger, become loyal ſubjects.

10. " Robin Hood. An opera, as it is perform'd at Lee's and Harpers great theatrical booth in Bartholomew-fair." 1730. 8vo.

11. " Robin Hood." 1751. 8vo.

This was a ballad-farce, acted at Drury-lane theatre; in which the following favourite ſong was originally ſung by Mr. Beard, in the character of Robin Hood.

As blithe as the linnet ſings in the green wood,
So blithe we'll wake the morn;
And through the wide foreſt of merry Sherwood
We'll wind the bugle horn.

The ſheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,
Bold Robin diſdains to fly;
Let him come when he will, we'll, in merry Sherwood,
Or vanquiſh, boys, or die.

* This play appears to have been performed upon the ſtage after the reſtoration. The prologue and epilogue (ſpoken by Mr. Portlock) are to be found in num. 1009 of the Sloane MSS. It was republiſhed, with a continuation and notes, by Mr. Waldron, of Drury-lane theatre, in 1783.

Our hearts they are ſtout, and our bows they are good,
As well their maſters know;
They're cull'd in the foreſt of merry Sherwood,
And never will ſpare a foe.

Our arrows ſhall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
We'll hunt them all o'er the plain;
And through the wide foreſt of merry Sherwood,
No ſhaft ſhall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet, and John, who ne'er were ſubdu'd,
Give each his hand to hold;
We'll range through the foreſt of merry Sherwood,
What ſay my hearts of gold?

12. "Robin Hood; or, Sherwood foreſt: a comic opera. As "performed at the theatre-royal in Covent-garden. By Leonard Mac Nally, eſq." 1784. 8vo.

This otherwiſe inſignificant performance was embelliſhed with ſome fine muſic by Mr. Shield. The melody of one ſong, beginning,

"I've travers'd Judah's barren ſands,"

is ſingularly beautiful. It has been ſince reduced to, and is ſtill frequently acted as, an after-piece.

A drama on the ſubject of Robin Hood, under the title of *The foreſters*, has been long expected from the elegant author of *The ſchool for ſcandal*. The firſt act, ſaid to have been written many years ago, is, by thoſe who have ſeen or heard it, ſpoken of with admiration.

(Y)—"innumerable poems, rimes, ſongs and ballads."] The original and moſt ancient pieces of this nature have all periſhed in the lapſe of time, during a period of between five and ſix hundred years continuance; and all we now know of them is that ſuch things once exiſted. In the *Viſion of Pierce Plowman*, an allegorical poem, thought to have been compoſed ſoon after the year 1360, and generally aſcribed to Robert Langeland, the author introduces an ignorant, idle and drunken ſecular prieſt, the repreſentative, no doubt, of the parochial clergy of that age, in the character of Sloth, who makes the following confeſſion:

" I cannot parfitli mi paternoſter, as the preiſt it ſingeth,
But I can RYMS OF ROBEN HODE, and ' *Randolf* ' *erl of Cheſter*,
But of our lorde or our lady I lerne nothyng at all."*

Fordun, the Scotiſh hiſtorian, who wrote about 1340, ſpeaking of Robin Hood and Little John, and their accomplices, ſays, " of whom the fooliſh vulgar in comedies and tragedies make lewd entertainment, and are delighted to hear the jeſters and minſtrels ſing them above all other ballads:"† and Mair (or Major), whoſe hiſ-

* 1ſt edit. 1550, fo. xxvi, b. (*Randolf* is misprinted *Rand of.*) Subſequent editions, even of the ſame year, reading only " *Randall of Cheſter*," Mr. Warton (*Hiſtory of Engliſh poetry*, ii. 179.) makes this genius, whom he calls a *frier*, ſay " that he is well acquainted with THE *rimes of Randall of Cheſter*;" and theſe rimes he, whimſically enough, conjectures to be the old *Cheſter Whitſun-plays*; which, upon very idle and nonſenſical evidence, he ſuppoſes to have been written by *Randal Higden*, the compiler of the *Polychronicon*. Of courſe, if this abſurd idea were at all founded, THE *rimes of Robin Hood* muſt likewiſe allude to certain Yorkſhire or Nottinghamſhire plays, *written by himſelf*. The " Randolf erl of Cheſter" here meant is Randal Blundeville, the laſt earl of that name, who had been in the holy land, was a great warrior and patriot, and dyed in 1231.

The reading of the original edition is confirmed by a very old manuſcript, in the Cotton library, (*Veſpaſian*, B. XVI.) differing conſiderably from the printed copies, which gives the paſſage thus:

" I can nouzt perfiitli my pater-noſter as a preſt hit ſyngeth:
I can rymes of Robyn Hood, of RONDOLF ERL OF CHESTRE,
Ac of oure lorde ne of oure ladi the leſte that ever was maked."

(See alſo *Caligula*, A. XI.)

The ſpeaker himſelf could have told Mr. Warton he was no *frier:*

" I have ben PRIESTE & PERSON paſſynge thyrty winter,
Yet can I nether ſolfe, ne ſinge, ne ſayntes lyves rede;
But I can find in a fielde or in a furlong an hare,
Better than in *Beatus vir* or in *Beati omnes*
Conſtrue one clauſe well, & kenne it to my pariſhens."

† " *De quibus ſtolidum vulgus hianter in comœdiis & tragœdiis prurienter feſtum faciunt, & ſuper ceteras ' romancias' mimos & bardanos cantitare delectantur.*" Scotichronicon (*à Hearne*), p 774. *Comedies* and *tragedies* are—not dramatic compoſitions, but—poems of a comic or ſerious caſt. *Romancé* in Spaniſh, and *ra-*

tory was publiſhed by himſelf in 1521, obſerves that "The exploits of this Robert are celebrated in ſongs throughout all Britain."* So, likewiſe, Hector Bois (or Boethius), who wrote about the ſame period, having mentioned "that waithman Robert Hode with his fallow litil Johne," adds, "of quhom ar mony fabillis and mery ſportis ſoung amang the vulgar peyyll."† Whatever may have been the nature of the compoſitions alluded to by the above writers, ſeveral of the pieces printed in the preſent collection are unqueſtionably of great antiquity; not leſs, that is, than between three and four hundred years old. The *Lytell geſte*, which is firſt inſerted, is probably the oldeſt thing upon the ſubject we now poſſeſs;‡ but a legend, apparently of the ſame ſpecies, was

mance, in French, ſignify—not a tale of chivalry, but—a vulgar ballad, at this day.

* "*Rebus hujus Roberti geſtis tota Britannia in cantibus utitur.*" Majoris Britanniæ hiſtoria, Edin. 1740. p. 128.

† *Hyſtory of Scotland*, tranſlated by maiſter Johne Bellendene, Edin. 1541. fo. The word "waithman" was probably ſuggeſted to the tranſlator by Andrew of Wyntowns "Orygynale cronykil," written about 1420, which, at the year 1283, has the following lines:

"Lytil Jhon and Robyne Hude
Wayth-men were commendyd gud:
In Yngil-wode and Barnyſdale
Thai oyſyd all this tyme thare trawale."

It ſeems equivalent to the Engliſh *vagabond*, or, perhaps, *outlaw*. *Waith* is *waif*; and it is to be remembered that, in the technical language of the Engliſh courts, a woman is ſaid to be *waived*, and not *outlawed*.

‡ Of this poem there have been, at leaſt, four editions, perhaps more. In "an old book in black letter in the advocates library [Edinburgh], ſent to the faculty by a gentleman from Ayrſhire in 1788," are "Fourteen leaves of fitts, &c. of Robyn Hood, with a priqt of him on horſeback; over which "¶ Here beginneth a geſt of Robyn Hode." See Ames's *Typographical antiquities*, by Herbert, p. 1815.) Moſt of the pieces in this volume appear to have been printed "be Walter Chepman and Andrew Millar in the South-gait of Edinburgh," in or about 1508. The above imperfect "geſte of Robyn Hode" is conjectured to be an edition of the old poem in queſtion; but all endeavours to procure a ſight of or

once extant; of, perhaps, a ſtill earlyer date, of which it is ſome little ſatisfaction to be able to give even the following fragment, from a ſingle leaf, fortunately preſerved in one of the volumes of old printed ballads in the Britiſh muſeum, in a hand-writing as old as Henry the 6ths time. It exhibits the characters of our hero and his *fidus Achates* in the nobleſt point of view.

" He ſayd Robyn Hod . . . . yne the preſon,
And owght off hit was gon.

The potter roſe a non certeyn,
As ſone as he hard Johan call;
Lytyll Johan was redy with a ſword,
And bare hym throw to the wall.

Now will I be jayler, ſayd lytyll Johan,
And take the keys in hond;
He toke the way to Robyn Hod,
And ſone he hyme unbond.

He gaffe hym a good ſwerd in his hond,
His hed ther-with for to kepe;
And ther as the wallis wer loweſt,
Anon down ther they lepe.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

To Robyn . . . . . ſayd:

I have *done* the a god torne for an . .
Quit me when thow may;
I have done the a gode torne, ſayd lytyll [Johan],
Forſothe as I the ſaye;

extract from it have proved unſucceſsful, though the editor even took a journey to Edinburgh chiefly for the purpoſe, and received every poſſible degree of attention and civility from the worthy librarian: the book having been now detained out of the library for ſome yĕars. " Robene Hude and litil Jhone" occurs alſo among the tales enumerated in Wedderburns *Complainte of Scotland*, printed, at Saint-Andrews, in 1549. In a liſt of " bookes printed, and . . . ſold by Jane Bell, at the caſt end of Chriſt-church [1655]," in company with *Frier Ruſh, The frier and the boy*, &c. is " a book of Robin Hood and Little John." Captain Cox of Coventry appears to have had a copy of ſome old edition; ſee Lanchams *Letter from Killingworth*, 1575.

I have browghte the under the gren wod . . .
Farewell & have gode daye.

Nay, be my trowthe, ſayd Robyn,
So ſchall it never bee;
I make the maſter, ſayd Robyn,
Off all my men & me.
Nay, be my trowthe, ſayd lytyll Johan,
So ſchall it never bee."

This, indeed, may be part of the "ſtory of Robin Hood and little John," which M. Wilhelm Bedwell found in the ancient MS. lent him by his much honoured good friend M. G. Withers, whence he extracted and publiſhed "The tfirnament of Tottenham," a poem of the ſame age, and which ſeemed to him to be done (perhaps but tranſcribed) by ſir Gilbert Pilkington, formerly, as ſome had thought, parſon of that pariſh.*

That poems and ſtories on the ſubject of our hero and his companions were extraordinarily popular and common before and during the ſixteenth century is evident from the teſtimony of divers writers. Thus, Alexander Barclay, prieſt, in his tranſlation of *The ſhyp of fo'ys*, firſt printed by Pynſon in 1508, afterward by Wynken de Worde in 1517, and laſtly by John Cawood in 1570, ſays:

"I write no *jeſte* ne *tale* of Robin Hood."

Again:

"For goodlie ſcripture is not worth an hawe,
But tales are loved ground of ribaudry;
And many are ſo blinded with their foly,
That no ſcriptur thinke they ſo true nor gode,
As is *a fooliſh jeſt* of Robin Hode."

Again:

"And of all *fables* and *jeſtes* of Robin Hood,
Or other trifles."

The ſame Barclay, in the fourth of his *Egloges*, ſub-

* "Deſcription of the town of Tottenham-high-croſſe, &c." London, (1631, 4to.) 17, 18, 8vo.

joined to the laſt edition of *The ſhip of folcs*, but originally printed ſoon after 1500, has the following paſſage:

> " Yet would I gladly heare ſome *mery fit*
> Of MAIDE MARION, or els of ROBIN HOOD,
> Or Bentleyes ale, which chaſeth well the blood,
> Of Perte of Norwich, or Sauce of Wilberton,
> Or buckithe Joly * well ſtuffed as a ton."

Robert Braham, in his epiſtle to the reader, prefixed to Lydgates *Troy-book*, 1555, is of opinion that " Caxtons recueil" [of Troy] is " worthye to be numbred amongeſt the *trifelinge tales* and *barrayne luerdries* of ROBYN HODE and Bevys of Hampton." (See Ames's *Typographical antiquities*, by Herbert, p. 849.)

" For one that is ſand blynd," ſays ſir Thomas Chaloner, " woulde take an aſſe for a moyle, or another prayſe a *rime* of ROBYN HODE for as excellent a making as *Troylus* of Chaucer, yet ſhoulde they not ſtraight-waies be counted madde therefore? (Eraſmus's *Praiſe of folye*, ſig. h.)

" If good lyfe," obſerves biſhop Latimer, " do not inſue and folowe upon our readinge to the example of other, we myghte as well ſpende that tyme in reading of prophane hyſtories, of Canterburye tales, or *a fit of* ROBEN HODE." (*Sermons*, ſig. A. iiii.)

The following lines, from a poem in the Hyndford MS. compiled in 1568, afford an additional proof of our heros popularity in Scotland:

> " Thair is no *ſtory* that I of heir,
> Of *Johne* nor ROBENE HUDE,
> Nor zit of Wallace wicht but weir,
> That me thinkes half ſo gude,
> As of thre palmaris, *&c.*"

That the ſubject was not forgotten in the ſucceeding age, can be teſtifyed by Drayton, who is ellewhere quoted, and in his ſixth eclogue makes Gorbo thus addreſs " old Winken de Word:"

* Mr. Warton reads *Toby*; and ſo, perhaps, it may be in former editions.

"Come, ſit we down under this hawthorn-tree,
The morrows light ſhall lend us day enough,
And let us tell of Gawen, or ſir Guy,
Of ROBIN HOOD, or of old Clem a Clough."

Richard Johnſon, who wrote "The hiſtory of Tom Thumbe," in proſe, (London, 1621, 12mo. b. l.) thus prefaces his work: "My merry muſe begets no tales of Guy of Warwicke, &c. nor will I trouble my penne with the *pleaſant glee* of ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, the FRYER, and his MARIAN; nor will I call to mind the luſty PINDER of WAKEFIELD, &c."

In "The Calidonian forreſt," a ſort of allegorical or myſtic tale, by John Hepwith, gentleman, printed in 1641, 4to. the author ſays,

"Let us talke of Robin Hoode,
And little John in merry Shirewoode, &c."*

Of one very ancient, and undoubtedly once very popular, ſong this ſingle line is all that is now known to exiſt:

"Robin Hood in Barnſdale ſtood."

However, though but a line, it is of the higheſt authority in Weſtminſter-hall, where, in order to the deciſion of a knotty point, it has been repeatedly cited, in the moſt ſolemn manner, by grave and learned judges.

* Honeſt Barnaby, who wrote or traveled about 1640, was well acquainted with our heros ſtory.

"*Veni* Nottingham, *tyrones*
Sherwoodenſes *ſunt* latrones,
Inſtar Robin Hood, *& ſervi*
Scarlet & Joannis Parvi;
Paſſim, ſparſim, peculantur,
Cellis, ſylvis depræduntur.

"Thence to Nottingham, where rovers,
Highway riders, Sherwood drovers,
Like old *Robin Hood*, and *Scarlet*,
Or like *Little John* his varlet;
Here and there they ſhew them doughty,
In cells and woods to get their booty."

M. 6 *Jac. B. R. Witham* v. *Barker.* Yelv. 147. *Treſpaſs*, for breaking plaintifs cloſe, *&c. Plea, Liberum tenementum* of ſir John Tyndall, and juſtification as his ſervant and by his command. *Replication*, That it is true it is his freehold, but that long before the time when *&c.* he leaſed to plaintif at will, who entered and was poſſeſſed until, *&c. traverſing*, that defendant entered, *&c.* by command of ſir John. *Demurrer:* and adjudged againſt plaintif, on the ground of the replication being bad, as not ſetting forth any ſeiſin or poſſeſſion in ſir John, out of which a leaſe at will could be derived. For a title made by the plea or replication ſhould be certain to all intents, becauſe it is traverſable. Here, therefor, he ſhould have ſtated ſir Johns ſeiſin, as well as the leaſe at will; which is not done here: "mes tout un come il uſt replie Robin Whood in Barnwood ſtood, abſque hoc q̄ def. p commandement ſir John. Quod nota. Per Fenner, Williams et Crook juſtices ſole en court. Et judgment done accordant. Yelv. p̄ def."

In the caſe of *Buſh* v. *Leake*, *B. R. Trin.* 23 *G.* 3. Buller, juſtice, cited the caſe of *Coulthurſt* v. *Coulthurſt*, *C. B. Paſch.* 12 *G.* 3. (an action on bond) and obſerved "There, a caſe in Yelverton was alluded to, where the court ſaid, you might as well ſay, by way of inducement to a traverſe, *Robin Hood in Barnwood ſtood.*"

It is almoſt unneceſſary to obſerve, becauſe it will be ſhortly proved, that *Barnwood*, in the preceding quotations, ought to be *Barnſdale.** With reſpect to

* There is, in fact, ſuch a place as *Barnwood foreſt*, in Buckinghamſhire; but no one, except Mr. Heaine, has hitherto ſuppoſed that part of the country to have been frequented by our hero. *Barnwood*, in the caſe reported by Yelverton, has clearly ariſen from a confuſion of *Barnſdale* and *green wood*. "Robin Hood in the *greenwood* ſtood" was likewiſe the beginning of an old ſong now loſt (ſee vol. II. p. 46): and it is not a little remarkable that Jefferies, ſerjeant, on the trial of Pilkington and others, for a riot, in 1683, by a ſimilar confuſion, quotes the line in queſtion thus:

"Robin Hood upon *Greendale* ſtood." (*State-trials*, iii. 634.)

With reſpect to *W'hood*, the reader will ſee, under note (P), a remarkable proof of the antiquity of that pronunciation, which actually prevails in the metropolis at this day. See alſo the word "whodes" in note (FF).

This celebrated and important line occurs as the firſt of a fooliſh mock-ſong, inſerted in an old morality, intitled "A new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iiii elementes," ſuppoſed to have been printed by John Raſtall about 1520; where it is thus introduced:

Hu[*manyte*]. —— let us ſome luſty baſet ſyng.
Yng[*norance*]. Nay, ſyr, by the hevyn kyng:
For me thynkyth it ſervyth for no thyng,
All ſuche pevyſh prykeryd ſong.
Hu. Pes, man, pryk-ſong may not be dyſpyſyd,
For therwith god is well pleſyd.

. . . . . .

Yng. Is god well pleaſyd, troweſt thou, therby?
Nay, nay, for there is no reaſon why.
For is it not as good to ſay playnly
Gyf me a ſpade,
As gyf me a ſpa ve va ve va ve vade?
But yf thou wylt have a ſong that is good,
I have one of Robyn Hode,
The beſt that ever was made.
Hu. Then a feleſhyp, let us here it.
Yng. But there is a borden, thou muſt bere it;
Or ellys it wyll not be.
Hu. Than begyn, and care not for . . .

Downe downe downe, &c.

Yng. Robyn Hode in Barnyſdale ſtode,
And lent hym tyl a map;ll thyſtyll;

The following moſt vulgar and indecent rime, current among the peaſantry in the north of England, may have been intended to ridicule the perpetual repetition of "Robin Hood in greenwood ſtood:"

Robin Hood
In green wood ſtood,
With his back againſt a tree;
He fell flat
In a cow-plat,
And all beſhitten was he.

Than cam our lady & ſwete ſaynt Andrewe;
Slepyſt thou, wakyſt thou, Geffrey Coke?*

A c. wynter the water was depe,
I can not tell you how brode;
He toke a goſe nek in his hande,
And over the water he went,

He ſtart up to a thyſtell top,
And cut hym downe a holyn clobbe;
He ſtroke the wren betwene the hornys,
That fyre ſprange out of the pygges tayle.

Jak boy is thy bow i-broke,
Or hath any man done the wryguldy wrange?
He plukkyd muſkyllys out of a wyllowe,
And put them in to his faſhell.

Wylkyn was an archer good,
And well coude handell a ſpade;
He toke his bend bowe in his hand,
And ſet him downe by the fyre.

He toke with hym lx. bowes and ten,
A peſe of befe, another of baken.
Of all the byrdes in mery Englond,
So merely pypys the mery botell."

All the entire poems and ſongs known to be extant will be found in the following collection; but many more may be traditionally preſerved in different parts of the country which would have added conſiderably to its value.† That ſome of theſe identical pieces, or others of

* It is poſſible that, amid theſe abſurdities, there may be other lines of the old ſong of Robin Hood, which is the only reaſon for reviving them.

"O ſleepſt thou, or wakſt thou, Jeffery Cooke?"

occurs, likewiſe, in a medley of a ſimilar deſcription, in *Pammelia*, 1609.

† In *The gentleman's magazine*, for December, 1790, is the firſt verſe of a ſong uſed by the inhabitants of Helſton in Cornwall, on the celebration of an annual feſtivity on the eighth of May, called the *Furry-day*, ſuppoſed Floras day, not, it is imagined, "as many have thought, in remembrance of ſome feſtival inſtituted in honour of

the like nature, were great favourites with the common people in the time of queen Elizabeth, though not much

that goddeſs, but rather from the garlands commonly worn on that day." (See the ſame publication for June and October, 1790.) This verſe was the whole that Mr. Urbans correſpondent could then recollect, but he thought he might be afterwards able "to ſend all that is known of it, for," he ſays, "it formerly was very long, but is now much forgotten." The ſtanza is as follows:

"Robin Hood and Little John
They are both gone to fair O;
And we will go to the merry green-wood,
To ſee what they do there O.
With hel an-tow,
And rum-be-low,
And chearily we'll get up,
As ſoon as any day O,
All for to bring the ſummer home,
The ſummer and the May O."

"After which," he adds, "there is ſomething about the grey gooſe wing; from all which," he concludes, "the goddeſs Flora has nothing to ſay to it." She may have nothing to ſay to the ſong, indeed; and yet a good deal to do with the thing. But the fact is that the firſt *eight* days of May, or the *firſt* day and the *eighth*, ſeem to have been devoted by the Celtic nations to ſome great religious ceremony. Certain ſuperſtitious obſervances of this period ſtill exiſt in the highlands of Scotland, where it is called the *Bel-tein*; *Beltan*, in that country, being a common term for the beginning of May, as "between the Beltans" is a ſaying ſignificant of the *firſt* and *eighth* days of that month. The games of Robin Hood, as we ſhall elſewhere ſee, were, for whatever reaſon, always celebrated in May.—*N. B.* "*Hel-an-tow*," in the above ſtanza, ſhould be *heave and how*. *Heave and how*, and *Rumbelow*, was an ordinary chorus to old ballads; and is at leaſt as ancient as the reign of Edward II. ſince it occurs in the ſtanza of a Scotiſh ſong, preſerved by ſome of our old hiſtorians, on the battle of Bannock-burn.

To lengthen this long note: Among the Harleian MSS. (num. 367.) is the fragment of "a tale of Robin Hood di louge-wife betweene Watt and Jeffry. The morall is the overthrowe of the abbyes; the like being attempted by the Puritane, which is the wolfe, and the politicion, which is the fox, agaynſt the buſhops. Robin Hood, buſhop; Adam Bell, abbot; Little John, colleauges of the univerſity." This ſeems to have been a common mode of ſatyrizing both the old church and the reformers. In another MS. of the

eſteemed, it would ſeem, by the refined critic, may, in addition to the teſtimonies already cited, be infered from a paſſage in Webbes *Diſcourſe of Engliſh poetrie*, printed in 1586. "If I lette paſſe," ſays he, "the unaccountable rabble of ryming ballet-makers, and compylers of ſenceleſſe ſonets, who be moſt buſy to ſtuffe every ſtall full of groſſe deviſes and unlearned pamphlets, I truſt I ſhall with the beſt ſort be held excuſed. For though many ſuch can frame an *alehouſe-ſong* of five or ſixe ſcore verſes, hobbling uppon ſome tune of a *northern jygge*, or ROBYN HOODE, or *La lubber*, &c. and perhappes obſerve juſt number of ſillables, eyght in one line, ſixe in an other, and therewithall an A to make a jercke in the ende, yet if theſe might be accounted poets (as it is ſayde ſome of them make meanes to be promoted to the lawrell) ſurely we ſhall ſhortly have whole ſwarmes of poets; and every one that can frame a booke in ryme, though, for want of matter, it be but in commendations of copper noſes or bottle ale, wyll catch at the garlande due to poets: whoſe potticall (poeticall, I ſhould ſay) heades, I woulde wyſhe, at their worſhipfull comencements, might, in ſteede of lawrell, be gorgiously garniſhed with fayre greene barley, in token of their good affection to our Engliſhe malt." The chief object of this ſatire ſeems to be William Elderton, the drunken ballad-maker, of whoſe compoſitions all but one or two have unfortunately periſhed.*

ſame collection, (N. 207) written about 1532, is a tract intitled "The banckett of John the reve, unto Peirs Ploughman, Laurens Laborer, Thomlyn Tailyor, and Hobb of the Hille, with others:" being, as Mr. Wanley ſays, a diſpute concerning tranſubſtantiation by a Roman catholic. The other, indeed, is much more modern: it alludes to the indolence of the abbots, and their falling off from the original purity in which they were placed by the biſhops, whom it inclines to praiſe. The object of its ſatire ſeems to be the Puritans; but here it is imperfect, though the lines preſerved are not wholly deſtitute of poetical merit.—"Robin Hood and the duke of Lancaſter, a ballad, to the tune of *The abbot of Canterbury*, 1727, is a ſatire on ſir Robert Walpole.

* Chatterton, in his "Memoirs of a ſad dog," repreſents "baron

Moſt of the ſongs inſerted in the ſecond of theſe volumes were common broad-ſheet ballads, printed in the black letter, with wood cuts, between the reſtoration and the revolution; though copies of ſome few have been found of an earlyer date. "Who was the author of the collection, intitled *Robin Hood's garland*, no one," ſays ſir John Hawkins, "has yet pretended to gueſs. As ſome of the ſongs have in them more of the ſpirit of poetry than others, it is probable," he thinks, "it is the work of various hands: that it has from time to time been varied and adapted to the phraſe of the times," he ſays, "is certain." None of theſe ſongs, it is believed, were ever collected into a *garland* till ſome time after the reſtoration; as the earlyeſt that has been met with, a copy of which is preſerved in the ſtudy of Anthony à Wood, was printed by W. Thackeray, a noted ballad-monger, in 1689. This, however, contains no more than *ſixteen* ſongs, ſome of which, very falſely as it ſeems, are ſaid to have been "never before printed." "The lateſt edition of any worth," according to ſir John Hawkins, "is that of 1719." None of the old editions of this *garland* have any ſort of preface: that prefixed to

Otranto" (meaning, the honorable Horace Walpole, now earl of Orford) when on a viſit to "ſir Stentor," as highly pleaſed with *Robin Hoods ramble*, "melodiously chaunted by the knight's groom and dairy-maid, to the excellent muſic of a two-ſtringed violin and bag-pipe," which tranſported him back "to the age of his favourite hero, Richard the third;" whereas, ſays he, "the ſongs of Robin Rood were not in being till the reign of queen Elizabeth." This, indeed, may be in a great meaſure true of thoſe which we now have, but there is ſufficient evidence of the exiſtence and popularity of ſuch-like ſongs for ages preceding; and ſome of theſe, no doubt, were occaſionally modernized or new-written, though moſt of them muſt be allowed to have periſhed.

The late Dr. Johnſon, in controverting the authenticity of *Fingal*, a compoſition in which the author, Mr. Macpherſon, has made great uſe of ſome unqueſtionably ancient Iriſh ballads, ſaid, "He would undertake to write an epick poem on the ſtory of *Robin Hood*, and half England, to whom the names and places he ſhould mention in it are familiar, would believe and declare they had heard it from their earlieſt years." (Boſwells *Journal*, p. 486.)

the modern ones, of Bow or Aldermary church-yard, being taken from the collection of old ballads, 1723, where it is placed at the head of *Robin Hood's birth and breeding*. The full title of the laſt London edition of any note is—"Robin Hood's garland: being a complete hiſtory of all the notable and *merry* exploits performed by him and his men on many occaſions: To which is *added* a *preface*, [*i. e.* the one already mentioned] giving a more full and particular account of his birth, &c. than any hitherto publiſhed. [*Cut of archers ſhooting at a target.*]

I'll ſend this arrow from my bow,
And in a wager will be bound
To hit the mark aright, although
It were for fifteen hundred pound.
Doubt not I'll make the wager good,
Or ne'er believe bold Robin Hood.

Adorned with twenty-ſeven neat and curious cuts adapted to the ſubject of each ſong. London, Printed and ſold by R. Marſhall, in Aldermary church-yard, Bow-lane." 12mo. On the back of the title-page is the following Grub-ſtreet addreſs:

"To all gentlemen archers."

"This garland has been long out of repair,
Some ſongs being wanting, of which we give account;
For now at laſt, by true induſtrious care,
The *ſixteen* ſongs to twenty-ſeven we mount;
Which large addition needs muſt pleaſe, I know,
All the ingenious 'yeomen' of the bow.
To read how Robin Hood and Little John,
Brave Scarlet, Stutely, valiant, bold and free,
Each of them bravely, fairly play'd the man,
While they did reign beneath the green-wood tree;
Biſhops, friars, likewiſe many more,
Parted with their gold, for to increaſe their ſtore,
But never would they rob or wrong the poor."

The laſt ſeven lines are not by the author of the firſt ſix, but were added afterward; perhaps when the *twenty-four* ſongs were increaſed to *twenty-ſeven*.*

* The following note is inſerted in the fourth edition of the

(Y)—" has given riſe to divers proverbs:"] Proverbs, in all countries, are, generally ſpeaking, of very great antiquity; and therfor it will not be contended that thoſe concerning our hero are the oldeſt we have. It is highly probable, however, that they originated in or near his own time, and of courſe have exiſted for upward of 500 years, which is no modern date. They are here arranged, not, perhaps, according to their exact chronological order, but by the age of the authorities they are taken from.

1. *Good even, good Robin Hood.*

The alluſion is to *civility* extorted by *fear*. It is preſerved by Skelton, in that moſt biting ſatire, againſt cardinal Wolſey, *Why come ye not to court?* (Works, 1736, p. 147.)

" He is ſet ſo hye,
In his hierarchy,

Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry, publiſhed in July 1795 (vol. I. p. xcvii):

" Of the 24 ſongs in what is now called " Robin Hood's garland," many are ſo modern as not to be found in Pepys's collection completed only in 1700. In the [editors] folio MS. are ancient fragments of the following, *viz.*—Robin Hood and the beggar.—Robin Hood and the butcher.—Robin Hood and fryer Tucke.—Robin Hood and the pindar.—Robin Hood and queen Catharine, in two parts.—Little John and the four beggars, and " Robine Hood his death." This laſt, which is very curious, has no reſemblance to any that have yet been publiſhed; [it is probably num. XXVIII. of part I.] and the others are extremely different from the printed copies; but they unfortunately are in the beginning of the MS. where half of every leaf hath been torn away."

As this MS. " contains ſeveral ſongs relating to the civil war in the laſt century," the mere circumſtance of its compriſing fragments of the above ballads is no proof of a higher antiquity; any more than its not containing " one that alludes to the reſtoration" proves its having been compiled before that period; or than, becauſe ſome of theſe 24 ſongs are not to be found in Pepys's collection, they are more modern than 1700. If the MS. could be collated, it would probably turn out that many of its contents have been inaccurately and unfaithfully tranſcribed, by ſome illiterate perſon, from printed copies ſtill extant, and, conſequently, that it is, ſo far, of no authority. See the adverti[illegible]ement prefixed.

. . . . . .
That in the chumbre of ſtats
All matters there he mars;
Clapping his rod on the borde,
No man dare ſpeake a word;
For he hath all the ſaying,
Without any renaying:
He rolleth in his recordes,
He ſaith, How ſay ye my lordes?
Is not my reaſon good?
Good even, good Robin Hood."*

2. *Many men talk of Robin Hood that never ſhot in his bow.*

"That is, many diſcourſe (or prate rather) of matters wherein they have no ſkill or experience. This proverb is now extended all over England, though originally of *Nottinghamſhire* extraction, where *Robin Hood* did principally reſide in *Sherwood* forreſt. He was an arch robber, and withal an excellent archer; though ſurely the poet † gives a *twang* to the *looſe of his arrow*, making him ſhoot one a *cloth-yard long, at full forty ſcore mark, for compaſs never higher than the breaſt*, and *within leſs than a foot of the mark*. But herein our author hath verified the proverb, talking at large of Robin Hood, in whoſe bow he never ſhot. Fullers *Worthies*, p. 315.

"One may juſtly wonder," adds the facetious writer, "this archer did not at laſt hit the mark, I mean, *come to the gallows* for his many robberies."

The proverb is mentioned, and given as above, by ſir Edward Coke in his 3d Inſtitute, p. 197. See alſo note (X). It is thus noticed by Jonſon, in "The king's entertainment at Walbeck in Nottinghamſhire, 1633:"

"This is . . . father Fitz-Ale, herald of Derby, &c.
He can fly o'er hills and dales,

* Mr. Warton has mistaken and misprinted this line ſo as to make it abſolute nonſenſe.

"Is not my reaſon good?
Good—even good—Robin Hood."
(*Hiſt. Eng. poet.* vol. ii.)

† *Draytons Poly-Olbion*, ſong 26, p. 122. (*Supra* p. viii.)

And report you more odd tales
Of our out law Robin Hood,
That revell'd here in Sherewood,
And more ſtories of him ſhow,
(Though he *ne'er ſhot in his bow*)
Than an' men or believe, or know

We likewiſe meet with it in *Epigrams*, &c. 1654:

" *In Virtutem.*

" Vertue we praiſe, but practice not her good,
(Athenian like) we act not what we know;
So *many men* doe *talk of Robin Hood*,
Who never yet *ſhot* arrow *in his bow.*"

On the back of a ballad, in Anthony a Woods collection, he has written,

" There be ſome that prate
Of Robin Hood, and of his bow,
Which never ſhot therein, I trow."

Ray gives it thus:

" Many talk of Robin Hood, that never ſhot in his bow,
And many talk of little John, that never did him know;"

which Kelly has varyed, but without authority.

Camden's printer has ſeparated the lines, as diſtinct proverbs (*Remains*, 1674):

" Many ſpeak of Robin Hood that never ſhot in his bow.
" Many a man talks of little John that never did him know."

This proverb likewiſe occurs in *The downfall of Robert earle of Huntington*, 1600, and ſeems alluded to in a ſcarce and curious old tract intitled " The contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell, upon David Dycers Dreame &c." 1560. 4to. b. l.

" Your ſodain ſtormes and thundre claps, your boaſts and braggs
to loude: [cloud.
Hath doone no harme thogh Robin Hood ſpake with you in a
Go learne againe of litell Jhon, *to ſhute in Robyn Hodes bowe*,
Or Dicars dreame ſhall be unhit, and all his wittes, I trowe."*

* In Churchyards " Replication onto Camels objection," he tells the latter;

The Italians appear to have a ſimilar ſaying.

Molti parlan di Orlando
Chi non vidder mai ſuo brando.

3. *To overſhoot Robin Hood.*

"And laſtly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth *as if they had overſhot Robin Hood*, that Plato baniſhed them [*i. e.* poets] out of his commonwealth." Sir P. Sidneys *Defence of poeſie.*

4. *Tales of Robin Hood are good* [*enough*] *for fools.*

This proverb is inſerted in Camdens *Remains*, printed originally in 1605; but the word in brackets is ſupplyed from Ray.

5. *To ſell Robin Hoods pennyworths.*

"It is ſpoken of things ſold under half their value: or if you will, *half ſold half given.* Robin Hood came lightly by his ware, and lightly parted therewith; ſo that he could afford *the length of his bow* for a *yard* of velvet. Whitherſoever he came, he carried a *fair* along with him; chapmen crowding to buy his ſtollen commodities. But ſeeing *The receiver is as bad as the thief*, and ſuch *buyers* are as bad as *receivers*, the cheap pennyworths of plundered goods may *in fine* prove dear enough to their conſciences." Fullers *Worthies*, p. 315.

This ſaying is alluded to in the old north-country ſong of *Randal a Barnaby:*

"All men ſaid, it became me well,
And *Robin Hoods pennyworths I did ſell.*"

6. *Come, turn about, Robin Hood.*

Implying that to challenge or defy our hero muſt have been the *ne plus ultra* of courage. It occurs in *Wit and drollery*, 1661.

"Your knowledge is great, your judgement is good,
The moſt of your ſtudy hath ben of *Robyn Hood*;
And Bevys of Hampton, and ſyr Launcelot de Lake,
Hath taught you full oft your verſes to make."

" Oh Love, whoſe power and might,
No creature ere withſtood,
Thou forceſt me to write,
Come turn about Robin-hood."

7. *As crook'd as Robin Hoods bow.*

That is, we are to conceive, when bent by himſelf. The following ſtanza of a modern Iriſh ſong is the only authority for this proverb that has been met with.

" The next with whom I did engage,
It was an old woman worn with age,
Her teeth were like tobacco pegs,
Beſides ſhe had two bandy legs,
Her back more creak'd than Robin Hoods bow,
Purblind and decrepid, unable to go;
Altho' her years were ſixty three,
She ſmil'd at the humours of *Sweſthe Bue.*"

(AA)—" to ſwear by him, or ſome of his companions, appears to have been a uſual practice."] The earlyeſt inſtance of this practice occurs in a pleaſant ſtory among "Certaine merry tales of the mad-men of Gottam," compiled in the reign of Henry VIII. by Dr. Andrew Borde, an eminent phyſician of that period, which here follows *verbatim*, as taken from an old edition in black letter, without date, (in the Bodleian library,) being the firſt tale in the book.

" There was two men of Gottam, and the one of them was going to the market to Nottingham to buy ſheepe, and the other came from the market; and both met together upon Nottingham bridge. Well met, ſaid the one to the other. Whither be yee going? ſaid he that came from Nottingham. Marry, ſaid he that was going thither, I goe to the market to buy ſheepe. Buy ſheepe! ſaid the other, and which way wilt thou bring them home? Marry, ſaid the other, I will bring them over this bridge. By Robin Hood, ſaid he that came from Nottingham, but thou ſhalt not. By maid Marrion, ſaid he that was going thitherward, but I will. Thou ſhalt not, ſaid the one. I will, ſaid the

other. Ter here! ſaid the one. Shue there! ſaid the other. Then they beate their ſtaves againſt the ground, one againſt the other, as there had beene an hundred ſheepe betwixt them. Hold in, ſaid the one. Beware the leaping over the bridge of my ſheepe, ſaid the other. I care not, ſaid the other. They ſhall not come this way, ſaid the one. But they ſhall, ſaid the other. Then ſaid the other, & if that thou make much to doe, I will put my finger in thy mouth. A turd thou wilt, ſaid the other. And as they were at their contention, another man of Gottam came from the market, with a ſacke of meale upon a horſe, and ſeeing and hearing his neighbours at ſtrife for ſheepe, and none betwixt them, ſaid, Ah fooles, will you never learn wit? Helpe me, ſaid he that had the meale, and lay my ſack upon my ſhoulder. They did ſo; and he went to the one ſide of the bridge, and unlooſed the mouth of the ſacke, and did ſhake out all his meale into the river. Now, neighbours, ſaid the man, how much meale is there in my ſacke now? Marry, there is none at all, ſaid they. Now, by my faith, ſaid he, even as much wit is in your two heads, to ſtrive for that thing you have not. Which was the wiſeſt of all theſe three perſons, judge you."*

"By the bare ſcalp of Robin Hoods fat frier,"

is an oath put by Shakſpeare into the mouth of one of his outlaws in the *Two gentlemen of Verona*, act 4. ſcene 1. "Robin Hoods fat frier" is frier Tuck; a circumſtance of which doctor Johnſon, who ſet about explaining that author with a very inadequate ſtock of information, was perfectly ignorant.

(BB)—"his ſongs have been prefered not only, on the moſt ſolemn occaſion, to the pſalms of David, but in

* See the original ſtory, in which two brothers, of whom one had wiſhed for as many oxen as he ſaw ſtars, the other for a paſture as wide as the firmament, kill each other about the paſturage of the oxen, (from *Camer. oper. ſubſeiſ. cent.* 1. *c.* 92. *p.* 419) in Wanleys *Little world of man*, edition of 1774, p. 426.

fact to the new teſtament."] "[On Friday, March 9th. 1733] was executed at Northampton William Alcock for the murder of his wife. He never own'd the fact, nor was at all concern'd at his approaching death, refuſing the prayers and aſſiſtance of any perſons. In the morning he drank more than was ſufficient, yet ſent and paid for a pint of wine, which being deny'd him, he would not enter the cart before he had his money return'd. On his way to the gallows he ſung part of an OLD SONG OF ROBIN HOOD, with the chorus, *Derry, derry, down,* &c.* and ſwore, kick'd and ſpurn'd at every perſon that laid hold of the cart; and before he was turn'd off, took off his ſhoes, to avoid a well known proverb; and being told by a perſon in the cart with him, it was more proper for him to read, or hear ſome body read to him, than ſo vilely to ſwear and ſing, he ſtruck the book out of the perſons hands, and went on damning the ſpectators, and calling for wine. Whilſt pſalms and prayers were performing at the tree, he did little but talk to one or other, deſiring ſome to remember him, others to drink to his good journey; and to the laſt moment declared the injuſtice of his caſe." (*Gentleman's magazine*, volume III. page 154.)

To this may be added, that at Edinburgh, in 1565, "Sandy Stevin menſtrall" [*i. e.* muſician] was convinced of blaſphemy, alledging, That he would give no moir credit to *The new teſtament*, then to *a tale of Robin-Hood*, except it wer confirmed be the doctours of the church." (Knox's *Hiſtorie of the reformation in Scotland.* Edin. 1732, p. 368.)

William Roy, in a bitter ſatire againſt cardinal Wolſey,

* "*Derry down* is the burden of the old ſongs of the Druids ſung by their Bards and Vaids, to call the people to their religious aſſemblys in the groves. *Doire* in Iriſh (the old Punic) is a grove: corrupted into *Derry*. A famous Druid grove and academy at the place ſince called *Londonderry* from thence." *MS note by Dr. Stukely in his copy of Robin Hood's garland.*

intitled, "Rede me and be nott wrothe For I ſaye nothynge but ſothe," printed abroad, about 1525, ſpeaking of the biſhops, ſays,—

"Their frantyke ſoly is ſo peviſhe,
That they contempne in Engliſhe,
To have *the newe teſtament*;
But as for *tales of Robyn Hode*,
With wother jeſtes nether honeſt nor goode,
They have none impediment."

To the ſame effect is the following paſſage in another old libel upon the prieſts, intitled "I playne Piers which can not flatter, a plowe-man men me call, &c." b. l. n. d. printed in the original as proſe:

"No Chriſten booke
Maye thou on looke,
Yf thou be an Engliſhe ſtrunt,
Thus dothe alyens us loute,
By that ye ſpreade aboute,
After that old ſorte and wonte.
You allowe they ſaye,
Legenda aurea,
Roben Hoode, Bevys, & Gower,
And all bagage he ſyd,
But *gods word* ye may not abyde,
Theſe lyeſe are your churche 'dower.'"*

See, alſo, before, p. lxxvii.

(CC) "His ſervice to the word of god."] "I came once myſelfe," ſays biſhop Latimer, (in his ſixth ſermon before king Edward VI.) "to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I ſent word over night into the town that I would preach there in the morning, becauſe it was a holy day, and methought it was an holidayes worke; the churche ſtode in my way; and I toke my horſſe and my companye and went thither;

* Theſe two ſingular articles, with others here quoted, are in the equally curious and extenſive library of George Steevens eſquire, whoſe liberality in the communication of his literary treaſures increaſes, if poſſible, with their rarity and value.

I thought I ſhould have found a great companye in the churche, and when I came there the churche dore was faſte locked. I tarried there half an houre and more, and at laſt the keye was founde; and one of the pariſhe commes to me, and ſayes, Syr, thys ys a buſye day with us, we cannot heare you; it is ROBYN HOODES DAYE. The pariſhe are gone abroad to gather for ROBYN HOODE, I pray you let them not. I was fayne there to geve place to ROBYN HOODE. I thoughe my rochet ſhould have been regarded, thoughe I were not; but it woulde not ſerve, it was fayne to geve place to ROBYN HOODES MEN.

"It is no laughying matter, my friendes, it is a wepynge matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence for gatherynge for ROBYN HOODE, a traytoure * and a theſe, to put out a preacher, to have his office leſſe eſtemed, to preſer ROBYN HOD before the mynyſtration of GODS word; and all thys hath come of unpreachynge prelates. Thys realme hath been il provided, for that it hath had ſuche corrupte judgementes in it, to prefer ROBYN HODE to GODDES WORDE. Yf the byſhoppes had bene preachers, there ſholde never have bene any ſuch thynge, &c."

(DD)—"may be called the patron of archery."] The bow and arrow makers, in particular, have always held his memory in the utmoſt reverence. Thus, in the old ballad of *Londons ordinary:*

"The hoſiers will dine at the Leg,
The drapers at the ſign of the Bruſh,
The *fletchers* to *Robin Hood* will go,
And the ſpendthrift to Beggars-buſh."†

* The biſhop grows ſcurrilous. "I never heard," ſays Coke, attorney-general, "that *Robin Hood* was a *traitor*; they ſay he was an *outlaw*." (*State-trials*, i. 218.—Raleigh had ſaid, "Is it not ſtrange for me to make myſelf a *Robin Hood*, a Kett, or a Cade?")

† This ballad ſeems to have been written in imitation of a ſong in Heywoods *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630, beginning—

"The gentry to the Kings-head,
The nobles to the crown, &c."

The picture of our hero is yet a common ſign in the country, and, before hanging-ſigns were aboliſhed in London, muſt have been ſtill more ſo in the city; there being at preſent no leſs than a dozen alleys, courts, lanes, *&c.* to which he or it has given a name. (See Baldwins *New complete guide*, 1770.) *The Robin-Hood-ſociety*, a club or aſſembly for public debate, or ſchool for oratory, is well known. It was held at a public houſe, which had once born the ſign, and ſtill retained the name of this great man, in Butcher-row, near Temple-bar.

It is very uſual, in the north of England, for a publican, whoſe name fortunately happens to be *John Little*, to have the ſign of Robin Hood and his conſtant attendant, with this quibbling ſubſcription:

> You gentlemen, and yeomen good,
> Come in and drink with Robin Hood;
> If Robin Hood be not at home,
> Come in and drink with *Little John*.*

An honeſt countryman, admiring the conceit, adopted the lines, with a ſlight, but, as he thought, neceſſary alteration, *viz.*

> If Robin Hood be not at home,
> Come in and drink with—*Simon Webſter*.

Drayton, deſcribing the various enſigns or devices of the Engliſh counties, at the battle of Agincourt, gives to

> " Old NOTTINGHAM, *an archer clad in green*,
> Under a tree with his drawn bow that ſtood,
> Which in a chequer'd flag far off was ſeen;
> *It near the picture of* OLD ROBIN HOOD."

(EE)—" the ſupernatural powers he is, in ſome parts, ſuppoſed to have poſſeſſed."] " In the pariſh of

* In Arnold's *Muſical Harmony*, (ii. 98.) he gives the inſcription, as a catch for three voices, of his own compoſition, thus:

> " My beer is ſtout, my ale is good;
> Pray ſtay and drink with Robin Hood;
> If Robin Hood abroad is gone,
> Pray ſtay and drink with little John."

Halifax is an immenſe ſtone or rock, ſuppoſed to be a druidical monument, there called *Robin Hood's penny-ſtone*, which he is ſaid to have uſed to pitch with at a mark for his amuſement. There is likewiſe another of theſe ſtones, of ſeveral tons weight, which the country-people will tell you he threw off an adjoining hill with a ſpade as he was digging. Every thing of the marvellous kind being here attributed to Robin Hood, as it is in Cornwall to K. Arthur." (Watſon's *Hiſtory of Halifax*, p. 27.)

At Bitchover, ſix miles ſouth of Bakewell, and four from Haddon, in Derbyſhire, among ſeveral ſingular groupes of rocks, are ſome ſtones called *Robin Hoods ſtride*, being two of the higheſt and moſt remarkable. The people ſay Robin Hood lived here.

(FF)—" having a feſtival allotted to him, and ſolemn games inſtituted in honour of his memory, &c."] Theſe games, which were of great antiquity, and different kinds, appear to have been ſolemnized on the firſt and ſucceeding days of May; and to owe their original eſtabliſhment to the cultivation and improvement of the manly exerciſe of archery, which was not, in former times, practiſed merely for the ſake of amuſement.

" I find," ſays Stow, " that in the moneth of May, the citizens of London, of all eſtates, lightlie in every pariſh, or ſometimes two or three pariſhes joyning together, had their ſeverall *mayinges*, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers *warlike ſhewes*, with good *archers*, *morrice-dancers*, and other devices for paſſime all the day long: and towards the evening they had ſtage-playes and bonefires in the ſtreetes. . . . . Theſe greate Mayinges and Maygames, made by the governors and maſters of this citie, with the triumphant ſetting up of the greate ſhafte, (a principall Maypole in Cornhill, before the pariſh church of S. Andrew, therefore called Underſhafte) by meane of an inſurrection of youthes againſt aliaens on Mayday, 1517, the ninth of Henry the eight, have not

beene ſo freely uſed as afore." (*Survay of London*, 1598. p. 72.)

The diſuſe of theſe ancient paſtimes, and the conſequent "neglect of archerie," are thus pathetically lamented by Richard Niccolls, in his *Londons artillery*, 1616:

"How is it that our London hath laid downe
This worthy practife, which was once the crowne
Of all her paſtime, when her *Robin Hood*
Had wont each yeare when *May* did clad the wood.
With luſtie greene, to lead his yong men out,
Whoſe brave demeanour, oft when they did ſhoot
Invited royall princes from their courts,
Into the wilde woods to behold their ſports!
Who thought it then a manly fight and trim,
To ſee a youth of cleane compacted lim, A deſcription
Who, with a comely grace, in his left hand of one drawing
Holding his bow, did take his ſtedfaſt ſtand, a bow.
Setting his left leg ſomewhat foorth before,
His arrow with his right hand nocking ſure,
Not ſtooping, nor yet ſtanding ſtreight upright,
Then, with his left hand little 'bove his ſight,
Stretching his arm out, with an eaſie ſtrength,
To draw an arrow of a yard in length."*

The lines,

"Invited royall princes from their courts
Into the wild woods to behold their ſports,"

may be reaſonably ſuppoſed to allude to Henry VIII. who appears to have been particularly attached, as well to the exerciſe of archery, as to the obſervance of May. Some ſhort time after his coronation, ſays Hall, he "came to Weſtminſter, with the quene, and all their traine: and on a tyme being there, his grace, therles of Eſſex, Wilſhire, and other noble menne, to the numbre of twelve, came ſodainly in a mornyng into the quenes chambre, all appareled in ſhort cotes of Kentiſh Kendal, with hodes on

* This deſcription is finely illuſtrated by an excellent wood cut at the head of one of Anthony à Woods old ballads in the Aſhmolean muſeum. The frontiſpiece to Gervas Markhams *Archerie*, 16..is, likewiſe, a man drawing a bow.

their heddes, and hoſen of the ſame, every one of them his bowe and arrowes, and a ſworde and a bucklar, like outlawes, or 'Robyn' Hodes men; wherof the quene, the ladies, and al other there, were abaſhed, aſwell for the ſtraunge ſight, as alſo for their ſodain commyng: and after certayn daunces and paſtime made thei departed." (*Hen. VIII.* fo. 6, b.) The ſame author gives the following curious account of "A maiynge" in the 7th year of this monarch (1516): "The kyng & the quene, accompanied with many lordes & ladies, roade to the high grounde on Shoters-hil to take the open ayre, and as they paſſed by the way they eſpied a company of tall yomen, clothed all in grene, with grene whodes & bowes & arrowes, to the number of ii.C. Then one of them whiche called hymſelfe *Robyn Hood*, came to the kyng, deſyring hym to ſe his men ſhote, & the kyng was content. Then he whiſteled, & all the ii.C. archers ſhot & loſed at once; & then he whiſteled again, and they likewyſe ſhot agayne; their arrowes whiſteled by craft of the head, ſo that the noyes was ſtraunge and great, and muche pleaſed the kyng, the quene, and all the company. All theſe archers were of the kynges garde, and had thus appareled themſelves to make ſolace to the kynge. Then Robyn Hood deſyred the kyng and quene to come into the grene wood, and to ſe how the outlawes lyve. The kyng demaunded of the quene and her ladyes, if they durſt adventure to go into the wood with ſo many outlawes. Then the quene ſaid, if it pleaſed hym, ſhe was content. Then the hornes blewe tyll they came to the wood under Shoters-hill, and there was an arber made of bowes, with a hal, and a great chamber, and an inner chamber, very well made and covered with floures and ſwete herbes, whiche the kyng muche praiſed. Then ſayd Robyn Hood, Sir, outlawes brekefaſtes is venyſon, and therefore you muſt be content with ſuch fare as we uſe. Then the kyng and quene ſate doune, and were ſerved with venyſon and vyne by Robyn Hood and his men, to their great contentacion. Then the kyng de-

parted and his company, and Robyn Hood and his men them conducted; and as they were returnyng, there met with them two ladyes in a ryche chariot drawen with v. horſes, and every horſe had his name on his head, and on every horſe ſat a lady with her name written . . . , and in the chayre ſate the lady May, accompanied with lady Flora, richely appareled; and they ſaluted the kyng with diverſe goodly ſonges, and ſo brought hym to Grenewyche. At this maiyng was a greate number of people to beholde, to their great ſolace and confort." (fo. lvi, b.)

That this ſort of May-games was not peculiar to London, appears from a paſſage in Richard Robinſons "Third aſſertion Engliſhe hiſtoricall, frendly in favour and furtherance of Engliſh archery:"*

"And, heare becauſe of archery I do by penne explane
The uſe, the proffet, and the praiſe, to England by the ſame,
Myſelfe remembreth of a childe in contreye native mine, (1553)
A *May-game* was of Robyn Hood, and of his traine that time, (7. E. 6.)
To traine up young men, ſtripplings and, eche other younger childe,
In ſhooting, yearely this with ſolempne feaſt was by the guylde
Or brotherhood of townsmen done, with ſport, with joy, and love,
To proffet which in preſent tyme, and afterwaid did prove."

* See "The auncient order ſocietie and unitie laudable of prince Arthure and his knightly armory of the round table . . . Tranſlated and collected by R. R. London, Imprinted by John Wolfe dwelling in Diſtaffe-lane neere the ſigne of the Caſtle. 1583." 4to. b. l. It appears from this publication that on the revival of London archery in queen Elizabeth's time, "the worſhipfull ſocyety of archers," inſtead of calling themſelves after Robin Hood and his companions, took the names of "the magnificent prince Arthure and his knightly traine of the round table." It is, probably, to one of the annual meetings of this identical ſociety, that maſter Shallow alludes in *The ſecond part of K. Henry IV.* "I remember," ſays he, "at Mile-end green, [their uſual place of exercise.]—I was then Sir Dagonet in *Arthur's ſhew*," &c (See alſo Steevens's *Shakſpeare*, 1793. ix. 142.) The ſucceſſors of the above "friendly and frank fellowſhip" aſſumed the ridiculous appellations of duke of Shoreditch, marquis of Clarkenwell, earl of Pancridge, &c. See Woods *Bowmans glory*, 1682.

The games of Robin Hood ſeem to have been occaſionally of a dramatic caſt. Sir John Paſton, in the time of K. Edward IV. complaining of the ingratitude of his ſervants, mentions one who had promiſed never to deſert him, "and ther uppon," ſays he, "I have kepyd hym thys iii yer *to pleye ſeynt Jorge*, and *Robyn Hod and the ſhryf off Notyngham*,* and now when I wolde have good horſe he is goon into *Bernyſdale*, and I withowt a keeper."

In ſome old accounts of the church-wardens of Saint Helens at Abingdon, Berks, for the year 1556, there is an entry *For ſetting up* ROBINS HOODES BOWER; I ſuppoſe, ſays Warton, for a pariſh interlude. (See *Hiſtory of Engliſh poetry*, ii. 175.) †

* Meaning that his ſole or chief employment had been in Chriſtmas or May-games, Whitſun-ales, and ſuch like idle diverſions. See *Original letters*, &c. ii. 134.

† The preciſe purpoſe or meaning of *ſetting up Robin Hoods bower* has not been ſatisfactorily aſcertained. Mr. Hearne, in an attempt to derive the name of "The Chiltern country" (cilzenn, Saxon) from *ſilex*, a flint, has the following words: "*Certe Silceſtriam*, &c. *i. e.* Certainly Silcheſter, in Hampſhire, ſignifies nothing but *the city of flints* (that is, *a city compoſed or built of flint-ſtones*). And what is more, in that very Chiltern country you may frequently ſee houſes built of flints, in erecting which, in ancient times, I ſuppoſe that many perſons involved themſelves deeply in debt, and that, in order to extricate themſelves, they took up money at intereſt of I know not what great men, which ſo far diſturbed their minds that they would become thieves, and do many things in no wiſe agreeable to the Engliſh government. Hence, the nobility ordered that large woods in the Chiltern country ſhould, in a great meaſure, be cut down, leſt they ſhould conceal any conſiderable body of robbers, who were wont to convert the ſame into lurking places. It concerns this matter to call to mind, that of this ſort of robbers was that *Robin* or *Robert Hood*, of whom the vulgar daily ſing ſo many wonderful things. He (being now made an outlaw) before he retired into the north parts, frequently robing in the Chiltern country, lurked in the thickets thereof on purpoſe that he ſhould not be taken. Thence it was, that to us boys, (exhilarating, according to cuſtom, the mind with ſports) certain countrymen, with whom we

In ſome places theſe games were nothing more than a morris-dance, in which *Robin Hood, Little John, Maid Marian,* and *frier Tuck* were the principal perſonages; the others being a clown or fool, the hobby-horſe, (which appears, for ſome reaſon or other, to have been frequently forgot,*) the taborer, and the dancers, who were more or leſs numerous. Thus Warner:

"At Paſke began our *morriſe*, and ere penticoſt our *May*,
Tho *Roben Hood, liell John, frier Tucke*, and *Marian* deftly play,
And lard and ladie gang till kirke with lads and laſſes gay."†

Perhaps the cleareſt idea of theſe laſt-mentioned games, about the beginning of the 16th century, will be derived from ſome curious extracts given by Mr. Lyſons, in his valuable work intitled "The environs of London," (Vol. I. 1792. p. 226) from the contempora-

had accidentally ſome converſation, ſhewed us that ſort of den or retreat (vulgarly called *Robin Hoods bower*) in Maydenhead-thicket: which thicket is the ſame that Leland in his Itinerary, called *Frith*, by which name the Anglo-Saxons themſelves ſpoke of thickets. For although ꝼꝛiꝺ in reality ſignifys *peace*, yet ſince numerous groves with them (as well as before with the Britons) were deemed ſacred, it is by no means to be wondered at that a great wood (becauſe manifeſtly an aſylum) ſhould in the judgment of the Anglo-Saxons be called by no other name than ꝼꝛiꝺeꝼ: and that Maydenhead-thicket was eſteemed among the greater woods Leland himſelf is a witneſs. Rightly therefor did Robin Hood (as ꝼꝛiꝺ-bena) reckon himſelf to abide there in ſecurity. (*Chronicon de Dunſtaple*, p. 387.) What he means by all this is, doubtleſs, ſufficiently obſcure: the mere name, however, of *Robin Hoods bower* ſeems a very feeble authority for concluding that gallant outlaw to have robed or ſkulked in the Chiltern-hundreds.

* See Steevenses *Shakſpeare*, 1793. x. 186.

† *Albions England*, 1602, p. 121. It is part of the "Northerne mans ſpeech againſt the friers." He adds:

"At Baptis-day with ale and cakes bout bonfires neighbours ſtood,
At Martle maſſe wa turnd a crabbe, thilke tolde of *Robin Hood*,
Till after long time myrke."

ry accounts of the "church-wardens of the parish of Kingston upon Thames."

"Robin Hood and May-game.

"23 Hen. 7. To the mynstorell upon May-day	0	0	4
—— For paynting of the mores garments and for sarten gret leveres [57]	0	2	4
—— For paynting of a bannar for Robin Hode	0	0	3
—— For 2 M. & ½ pynnys —	0	0	10
—— For 4 plyts and ½ of lawn for the mores garments — —	0	2	11
—— For orseden [58] for the same —	0	0	10
—— For a goun for the lady —	0	0	8
—— For bellys for the dawnsars —	0	0	12
24 Hen. 7. For little John's cote —	0	8	0
1 Hen. 8. For silver paper for the mores dawnsars — —	0	0	7
—— For Kendall for Robyn Hode's cote	0	1	3

"57 The word livery was formerly used to signify any thing delivered; see the Northumberland houſehold book, p. 60. If it ever bore such an acceptation at that time, one might be induced to suppose, from the following entries, that it here meant a badge, or something of that kind:

15 C. of leveres for Robin Hode	—	—			0	5	0
For leveres, paper and fateyn	—	—	—		0	0	20
For pynnes and leveres	—	—	—	—	0	6	6
For 13 C. of leverys	—	—	—	—	0	4	4
For 24 great lyvereys	—	—	—	—	0	0	4

We are told that formerly, in the celebration of May-games, the youth divided themselves into two troops, the one in winter *livery*, the other in the habit of the spring. See Brands Popular antiquities, p. 261." This quotation is misapplied. *Liveries*, in the present instance, are pieces of *paper* or *fateyn* with some device thereon, which were distributed among the spectators. So in a passage which will be shortly quoted from *Jacke Drums entertainment*: "Well said, my boyes, I must have my lords *liveys*: what is't? a *May-pole*?" See also *Don Quixote*, part 2. chap. 22.

"58 Though it varies considerably from that word, this may be a corruption of *orpiment*, which was much in use for colouring the morris garments." How *orseden* can be a corruption of *orpi-*

—— For 3 yerds of white for the frere's [59] cote — —	0	3	0
—— For 4 yerds of kendall for mayde Marian's [60] huke [61] —	0	3	4
—— For ſaten of ſypers for the ſame huke	0	0	6
—— For 2 payre of glovys for Robin Hod and mayde Maryan —	0	0	3
—— For 6 brode arovys —	0	0	6
—— To mayde Maryan for her labour for two years — —	0	2	0
—— To Fygge the taborer —	0	6	0
—— Rec[d] for Robyn Hod's gadelyng 4 marks [62]			

ment is not very eaſy to conceive: it may as well be ſuppoſed to mean *worſted* or *buckram*.

" 59 The friar's coat was generally of ruſſet, as it appears by the following extracts. . . ." The coat of this mock frier would, doubtleſs, be made of the ſame ſtuff as that of a real one.

" 60 Marian was the aſſumed name of the beloved miſtreſs of Robert earl of Huntingdon, whilſt he was in a ſtate of outlawry, as Robin Hood was his. See Mr Steeven's note to a paſſage in Shakſpere's Henry IV. This character in the morris dances was generally repreſented by a boy. See Strutt's view of cuſtoms and manners, vol. iii. p. 150. It appears by one of the extracts, given above, that at Kingſton it was performed by a woman, who was paid a ſhilling each year for her trouble."

" 61 Mr. Steevens ſuggeſts, with great probability, " that this word may have the ſame meaning as *howve* or *bouve*, uſed by Chaucer for a head-dreſs; maid Marian's head-dreſs was always very fine: indeed ſome perſons have derived her name from the Italian word *morione*, a head-dreſs." Mr. Steevens was never leſs happy than he is in this *very probable* conjecture. The word *howve* or *houve*, in Chaucer, is a mere variation of *hood*: and maid Marians head-dreſs muſt, to be ſure, have been " very fine" when made of 4 yards of broad cloath! A *huke* is a womans gown or habit (Huke. *palla, toga, pallium Belgicis feminis uſitatum.* SKIN.) *Morione*, in Italian, ſignifies a murrion or ſcull-cap; and, it muſt be confeſſed, that they (if any there ever were) who thence derived the proper name of *Marian (Mary)* muſt have been block-heads of the firſt water.

" 62 It appears that this, as well as other games, was made a pariſh concern."

5 Hen. 8. Rec[d] for Robin Hood's gaderyng at Croydon — —	0	9	4
11 Hen. 8. Paid for three broad yerds of roſett for makyng the frer's cote	0	3	6
—— Shoes for the mores daunſars, the frere and mayde Maryan at 7[d] a payre	0	5	4
13 Hen. 8. Eight yerds of fuſtyan for the mores daunſars coats —	0	16	0
A doſyn of gold ſkynnes for the morres [63]	0	0	10
15 Hen. 8. Hire of hats for Robynhode	0	0	16
—— Paid for the hat that was loſt —	0	0	10
16 Hen. 8. Rec[d] at the church-ale and Robynhode all things deducted —	3	10	6
—— Paid for 6 yerds ¼ of ſatyn for Robyn Hode's cotys — —	0	12	6
—— For makyng the ſame —	0	2	0
—— For 3 ells of locram [64] —	0	1	6
21 Hen. 8. For ſpunging and bruſhing Robynhode's cotys —	0	0	2
28 Hen. 8. Five hats and 4 porſes for the daunſars — —	0	0	4½
—— 4 yerds of cloth for the ſole's cote	0	2	0
—— 2 ells of worſtede for mayde Maryans kyrtle — —	0	6	8
—— For 6 payre of double ſollyd ſhowne	0	4	6
—— To the mynſtrele —	0	10	8
—— To the fryer and the piper for to go to Croydon — —	0	0	8

29 Hen. 8. Mem. Lefte in the keping of the wardens nowe beinge.

A fryers cote of ruſſet and a kyrtele of a worſtyde weltyd with red cloth, a mowren's [65] cote of buckram, and 4 morres daunſars cotes of white fuſtian ſpangelyd and

"63 Probably gilt leather, the pliability of which was particularly accommodated to the motion of the dancers."

"64 A ſort of coarſe linen.

"65 Probably a Moor's coat; the word Morion is ſometimes

two gryné ſaten cotes and a dyſardd's [66] cote of cotton and 6 payre of garters with bells."

These games appear to have been diſcontinued at Kirkiton, as a parochial undertaking at leaſt, after the above period, as the induſtrious enquirer found no further entries relating to them.

In an old circular wood cut, preſerved on the title of a penny-hiſtory, (*Adam Bell*, &c.) printed at Newcaſtle in 1772, is the apparent repreſentation of a morris-dance, conſiſting of the following perſonages: 1. A biſhop. 2. Robin Hood. 3. The potter (or begger). 4. Little John. 5. Frier Tuck. 6. Maid Marian. Figures 2 and 4 are diſtinguiſhed by their bows, and different ſize. The frier holds out a croſs; and Marian has flowing hair, and wears a ſort of coronet. But the execution of the whole is too rude to merit a copy.

Some of the principal characters of the Morris ſeem to have gradually diſappeared, ſo that at length it conſiſted only of the dancers, the piper, and the fool. In Mr. Tollets window we find neither Robin Hood nor Little John, though Marian and the frier are there diſtinguiſhed performers. But in the ſcene of one, introduced in the old play of *Jacke Drums entertainment*, firſt printed in 1601, there is not the leaſt ſymptom of any of the four.* "*The taber and pipe ſtrike up a morrice. A ſhoute within:* A lord, a lord, a lord, who!†

uſed to expreſs a Moor.—The morris dance is by ſome ſuppoſed to have been originally derived from Mooriſh-dance. Black buckram appears to have been much uſed for the dreſſes of the ancient mummers. One of the figures in Mr. Tollet's window, is ſuppoſed to be a mottico."

"[66] Dilard is an old word for a fool."

* Neither is any notice taken of them, where the characters of the morris dance are mentioned, in *The two noble kinſmen*, by Shakſpeare and Fletcher.

† This was a uſual cry on occaſions of mirth and jollity. Thus, in the celebration of St. Stephens day, in the Inner-Temple hall, as we find it deſcribed in Dugdales *Origines juridiciales*: "Supper

Ed. Oh, a morrice is come, obſerve our country ſports,
'Tis Whitſon tyde, and we muſt frolick it.

Enter the morrice.

The ſong.

Skip it, and trip it, nimbly, nimbly,
Tickle it, tickle it luſtily,
Strike up the taber, for the wenches favour,
Tickle it, tickle it luſtily.
Let us be ſeen, on Hygate greene,
To dance for the honour of Holloway.
Since we are come hither, let's ſpare for no leather,
To dance for the honour of Holloway.

Ed. Well ſaid, my boyes, I muſt have my lords livory: what is't? a maypole? Troth, 'twere a good body for a courtiers impreza, if it had but this life, *Fruſtra floreſcit.* Hold couſin, hold.
He gives the fool money.

Foole. Thankes, couſin, when the lord my fathers audit comes, wee'l repay you againe. Your benevolence too, ſir.

Mam. What! a lords ſonne become a begger!

Foole. Why not? when beggers are become lords ſons. Come, 'tis but a trifle.

Mam. Oh, ſir, many a ſmall make a great.

Foole. No, ſir, a few great make a many ſmall. Come, my lords, poore and needs hath no law.

S. Ed. Nor neceſſitie no right. Drum, downe with them into the celler. Reſt content, reſt content; one bout more, and th n away.

Foole. 'Spoke' like a true heart: I kiſſe thy foot, ſweet knight. *The morrice ſing and dance and exeunt.*"

Much curious matter on the ſubject of the morris-dance is to be found in "Mr. Tollet's opinion concerning the morris-dancers upon his window." (See Steevens's *Shakſpeare*, v. 425. (edition, 1778) or viii. 596. (edition, 1793). See alſo Mr. Waldrons notes upon the *Sad ſhepherd*, 1783, p. 255. Morris-dancers are ſaid to be

ended, the conſtable-marſhall 'preſenteth' himſelf with drums afore him, mounted upon a ſcaffold, born by four men; and goeth three times round about the barthe, crying out aloud, *A lord, a lord*, &c. Then he deſcendeth and goeth to dance, &c." (p. 156.)

yet annually ſeen in Norfolk,* and make their conſtant appearance in Lancaſhire.†

In Scotland, "*The game of Robin Hood* was celebrated in the month of May. The populace aſſembled previous to the celebration of this feſtival, and choſe ſome reſpectable ‡ member of the corporation to officiate in the character of *Robin Hood*, and another in that of *Little John* his ſquire. Upon the day appointed, which was a Sunday or holyday, the people aſſembled in military array, and went to ſome adjoining field, where, either as actors or ſpectators, the whole inhabitants of the reſpective towns were convened. In this field they probably amuſed themſelves with a repreſentation of Robin Hood's predatory exploits, or of his encounters with the officers of juſtice [rather, perhaps, in feats of archery or military exerciſes].

"As numerous meetings for diſorderly mirth are apt to engender tumult, when the minds of the people came to be agitated with religious controverſy, it was found neceſſary to repreſs the game § of Robin Hood by public

* This county would ſeem to have been famous for their exertions a couple of centuries ago. Will Kemp the player was a celebrated morris dancer; and in the Bodleian library is the following ſcarce and curious tract by him: "Kemps nine daies wonder performed in a dance from London to Norwich. Containing the pleaſure, paines and kind entertainment of William Kemp between London and that city in his late morrice. Wherein is ſomewhat ſet downe worth note; to reprooue the ſlaunders ſpred of him, many things merry, nothing hurtfull. Written by himſelf to ſatisfie his friends. London, printed by E. A. for Nicholas Ling, 1600. 4to. b. l. On the title-page is a wooden-cut figure of Kemp as a morris dancer, preceded by a fellow with a pipe and drum, whom he, in the book, calls Thomas Slye his taborer.—See, in Richard Brathwaytes *Remains after death*, 1618, ſome lines "upon Kempe and his morice with his epitaph."

† "On Monday [July 30] the morris-dancers of Pendleton paid their annual viſit in Salford. They were adorned with all the variety of colours that a profuſion of ribbons could give them, and had a very ſhowy garland." *Star*, Aug. 9. 1792.

‡ "Council regiſter, v. 1. p. 30."

§ "Mary, parliament 6. c. 61. A. D. 1555." "Anentis *Robert*

ſtatute. The populace were by no means willing to relinquiſh their favourite amuſement. Year after year the magiſtrates of Edinburgh were obliged to exert their authority * in repreſſing this game; often ineffectually. In the year 1561, the mob were ſo enraged at being diſappointed in *making a Robin Hood*, that they roſe in mutiny, ſeized on the city-gates, committed robberies upon ſtrangers; and one of the ringleaders being condemned by the magiſtrates to be hanged, the mob forced open the jail, ſet at liberty the criminal and all the priſoners, and broke in pieces the gibbet erected at the croſs for executing the malefactor. They next aſſaulted the magiſtrates, who were † ſitting in the council-chamber, and who fled to the tolbooth for ſhelter, where the mob attacked them, battering the doors, and pouring ſtones thro' the windows. Application was made to the deacons of the corporations to appeaſe the tumult. Remaining, however, unconcerned ſpectators, they made this anſwer: "They will be magiſtrates alone; let them rule the people alone." The magiſtrates were kept in confinement till they made proclamation be publiſhed,

Hude, and abbot of Unreaſon. *Item*, It is ſtatute and ordained, that in all times cumming, na maner of perſon be choſen *Robert Hude*, nor *Little John*, *abbot of unreaſon*, *queenis of Maij*, nor utherwiſe, nouther in burgh, nor to landwart, in onie time to cum; and gif ony proveſt, baillies, councell, and communitie, chuſe ſik ane perſonage as *Robert Hude*, *Little John*, *abbotis of unreaſon*, or *queenis of Maij*, within burgh, the chuſers of ſik fall tine their freedome for the ſpace of five zeires; and utherwiſe ſall be puniſhed at the quenis grace will; and the acceptar of ſik like office ſall be baniſhed fourth of the realme: and gif ony ſik perſones . . . . beis chuſin-out-with burgh, and uthers landward townes, the chuſers ſall pay to our ſoveraine ladie ten poundes, and their perſones [be] put in waird there to remaine during the queenis grace pleaſure." *Abbot of unreaſon* is the character better known in England by the title of abbot or lord of miſrule, "who," ſays Percy, "in the houſes of opulency preſided over the Chriſtmas gambols, and promoted mirth and jollity at that feſtive ſeaſon." Northumberland houſehold book, (notes.) p. 441.

* "Council regiſter, v. 4. p. 4. 30." † "Knox's hiſtory, p. 270."

offering indemnity to the rioters upon laying down their arms. Still, however, ſo late as the year 1592, we find the general aſſembly complaining of the profanation of the ſabbath, by making * of *Robin Hood plays.*" (Arnots *Hiſtory of Edinburgh*, p. 77.)

Notwithſtanding the above repreſentation, it is certain that theſe amuſements were conſiderably upon the decline before the year 1568. This appears from a poem by Alexander Scot, preſerved in the Hyndford MS. (in the advocates library, compiled and written in that identical year,) and inaccurately printed in *The ever-green:*

> " In *May* quhen men zeid everichone
> With *Robene Hoid* and *Littill Johne*,
> To bring in bowis and birkin bobbynis;
> Now all ſic game is faſtlingis gone,
> Bot gif it be amangis clovin Robbynis:"

(GG)—" His bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, his cap, and one of his ſlippers were preſerved till within the preſent century."] " We omitted," ſays Ray, " the ſight of Fountain's abbey, where *Robin Hood's* bow is kept." *(Itineraries*, 1760. p. 161.)

" Having pleaſed ourſelves with the antiquities of 'Notingham,' we took horſe and went to viſit the *well* and ancient CHAIR of Robin Hood, which is not far from hence, within the foreſt of Sherwood. Being placed in the CHAIR, we had a CAP, which they ſay was his, very formally put upon our heads, and having performed the uſual ceremonies befitting ſo great a ſolemnity, we receiv'd the freedom of the chair, and were incorporated into the ſociety of that renowned brotherhood." (Bromes *Travels over England*, &c. 1700, p. 85.)

" On one ſide of this foreſt [*ſci.* of Sherwood] towards Nottingham," ſays the author of " The travels of Tom Thumb over England and Wales," *(i. e.* Robert Dod-

* " Book of univerſal kirk, p. 414." See alſo Keiths *Hiſtory of Scotland*, p. 216.

ſley,) "I was ſhewn a CHAIR, a BOW, and ARROW, all ſaid to have been his [Robin Hoods] property." (p. 81.)

"I was pleaſed with a SLIPPER, belonging to the famous Robin Hood, ſhewn me, fifty years ago, at *St. Anns well*, near Nottingham, a place upon the borders of Sherwood foreſt, to which he reſorted." (*Journey from Birmingham to London, by W. Hutton.* Bir. 1785, p. 174.)

(HII)—"not only places which afforded him ſecurity or amuſement, but even the well at which he quenched his thirſt, ſtill retain his name."] *Robin-Hoods-bay* is both a bay and a village, on the coaſt of Yorkſhire, between Whitby and Scarborough. It is mentioned by Leland as "a fiſcher tounlet of 20. bootes cauſid *Robyn Huddes bay*, a dok or boſom of a mile yn length." (*Itinerary*, i. 53.) "When his robberies," ſays maſter Charlton, "became ſo numerous, and the outcries againſt him ſo loud, as almoſt to alarm the whole nation, parties of ſoldiers were ſent down from London to apprehend him: and then it was, that fearing for his ſafety, he found it neceſſary to deſert his uſual haunts, and, retreating northward, to croſs the moors that ſurrounded Whitby, [one ſide whereof happens, a little unfortunately, to lye open to the ſea,] where, gaining the ſea-coaſt, he always had in readineſs near at hand ſome ſmall fiſhing veſſels, to which he could have refuge, if he found himſelf purſued; for in theſe, putting off to ſea, he looked upon himſelf as quite ſecure, and held the whole power of the Engliſh nation at defiance. The chief place of his reſort at theſe times, where his boats were generally laid up, was about ſix miles from Whitby, to which he communicated his name, and which is ſtil called *Robin Hood, bay*. There he frequently went a fiſhing in the ſummer ſeaſon, even when no enemy appeared to annoy him, and not far from that place he had butts or marks ſet up, where

he uſed to exerciſe his men in ſhooting with the long-bow."*

Near Glouceſter is "a famous hill," called "*Robin Hoods hill*;" concerning which there is a very fooliſh modern ſong. Another hill of the ſame name exiſts in the neighbourhood of Cattleton, Derbyſhire.

"Over a ſpring call'd ROBIN HOODS WELL, (3 or 4 miles [on] this ſide [*i. e.* north] of Doncaſter, and but a quarter of a mile only from 2 towns call'd Skelbrough and Bourwallis) is a very handſome ſtone arch, erected by the lord Carliſle, where paſſengers from the coach frequently drink of the fair water, and give their charity to two people who attend there." (Gents *Hiſtory of York*. York, 1730, p. 234.)†

* *Hiſtory of Whitby* York, 1779, p. 146. "It was always believed," adds the worthy pedagogue, "that theſe butts had been erected by him for that very purpoſe, till the year 1771, when this popular notion was diſcovered to be a miſtake; they being no more than the barrows or *tumuli* thrown up by our pagan predeceſſors on interring their leaders or the other perſons of diſtinction amongſt them. However, notwithſtanding this diſcovery, there is no doubt but Robin Hood made uſe of thoſe houes or butts when he was diſpoſed to exerciſe his men, and wanted to train them up in hitting a mark." Be that as it may, there are a few hillocks of a ſimilar nature not far from Guiſbrough, which likewiſe bear the name of *Robin Hoods butts*; and others, it is imagined, may be met with in other parts.

† Epigram on Robin Hoods well, "a fine ſpring on the road, ornamented by ſir John Vanbrugh;" By Roger Gale, eſq. (*Bib. Topo. Britan.* N°. II. part III. p. 427.)

"*Nympha fui quondam latronibus hoſpita ſylvæ*
Heu nimium ſociis nota. Robine. tuis.
Me pudet innocuos latices fudiſſe ſceleſtis,
Jamque viatori pocula tuta fero,
En pietatis bonos! Comes hanc mihi Carliolenſis
Ædem ſacravit quâ bibis, hoſpes, aquas."

The ſame author (Gent), in his "long and pathetick prologue," ſetting forth "the contingencies, viciſſitudes or changes of this tranſitory life," "ſpoken, for the moſt part, on Wedneſday and Friday on the 18th and 20th of February, 1761, at the deep tragedy of beautiful, eloquent, tender-hearted, but unfortunate Jane Shore, ... uttered and performed at his benefit" . . . (being then

'Though there is no attendance at preſent, nor is the water altogether ſo *fair* as it might and ſhould be, the caſe was otherwiſe in the days of honeſt Barnaby.

' *Veni Doncaſter, &c.*
Neſcit ſitus artem modi,
Puteum Roberti Hoodi
Veni, & liquente vena
Vincto catino catena,*
Tollens ſitim, parcum odi,
Solvens obolum cuſtodi.

" Thence to Doncaſter, &c.
Thirſt knows neither mean nor meaſure,
Robin Hood's well was my treaſure;
In a † common diſh enchained,
I my furious thirſt reſtrained:
And becauſe I drank the deeper,
I paid two farthings to the keeper."

ætatis 70, and far declined into the vale of ſorrow,* has very artfully contrived to introduce our hero and his famous well.

" The concave-hall, 'mongſt ſources never view'd,
Nor heard the goddeſſes in merry mood,
At their choice viands ſing bold *Robin Hood*:†
Whoſe tomb at Kirkleys nunnery diſplay'd,
A falſe, hard-hearted, irreligious maid,
Who bled, and to cold death that earl betray'd.
But fame ſtill laſts, while country folks diſplay
His *limpid fountain*, and loud-ſurging bay."

* " *Viventes venæ, ſpinæ, catinuſque catenæ,*
Sunt Robin Hoodi *nota trophæa ſui.*"

† " A well, thorn, diſh, hung in an iron chain,
For monuments of Robin Hood remain."

* He dyed in 1778, aged 87.

† " *Omnes agnovere deam; lætique receptant*
Alcæum muſæ comitem, ponuntur Iacchi
Crateres; flaveatque ſcyphis Cerealia vina:
Accedunt vultus hilares; feſtique lepores,
Et jocus, et riſus: dulci teſtudine Naias
Pulchra modos variat; furtiſque inſignis et arcu
Hodi *latronis, fluviis bene nota per iſtos,*
Ludicra geſta canit: reſonant laqueavia plauſu."

He mentions it again:

"*Nunc longinquos locos odi,*
Vale fons Roberti Hoodi.

"Now I hate all foreign places
Robin Hoods well, and his chaces."

A different well, ſacred either to Robin Hood, or to St. Ann, has been already mentioned.

(II)—"confered as an honorable diſtinction upon the prime miniſter to the king of Madagaſcar."] The natives of this iland, who have dealings with our people, pride themſelves, it ſeems, in Engliſh names, which are beſtowed upon them at the diſcretion or caprice of the ſailers: and thus a venerable miniſter of ſtate, who ſhould have been called ſir Robert Walpole or cardinal Fleury, acquired the name of Robin Hood. Mr. Ives, by whom he is frequently mentioned, relates the following anecdote:

"The reader will excuſe my giving him another inſtance . . . which ſtill more ſtrikingly diſplays the extreme ſenſibility of theſe iſlanders, in reſpect to their kings dignity. ROBIN HOOD (who ſeemed to act as *prime miniſter*, and negotiated moſt of the king's concerns with our agent-victualler) was one day tranſacting buſineſs with another gentleman of the ſquadron, and they happened to differ ſo much about the value of a certain commodity, that high words aroſe, and at length *Robin Hood* in the greateſt agitation ſtarted from the ground where he was ſitting, and ſwore that he would immediately acquaint the king of Baba with what had paſſed. Our Engliſh gentleman, too much heated with this threat, and the violent altercation which had preceded it, unguardedly replied, "D—n the king of Baba."—The eyes of *Robin Hood* flaſhed like lightning, and in the moſt violent wrath he retorted, "D—n king George." At the ſame inſtant he left the ſpot, hurrying away towards the Madagaſcarian cottages. Our countryman was ſoon ſtruck with the impropriety of his behaviour, followed and over-

took the diſputant, and having made all proper conceſſions, the affair was happily terminated."*

(JJ) "After his death his company was diſperſed."] They, and their ſucceſſors, diſciples or followers, are ſuppoſed to have been afterward diſtinguiſhed, from the name of their gallant leader, by the title of *Roberdſmen*. Lord Coke, who is ſomewhat ſingular in accuſing him of living "by robbery, burning of houſes, felony, waſte and ſpoil, and principally by and with vagabonds, idle wanderers, night-walkers, and draw-latches," ſays that "albeit he lived in Yorkſhire, yet men of his quality took their denomination of him, and were called *Roberdſmen* throughout all England. Againſt theſe men," continues he, "was the ſtatute of Wincheſter made in 13 E. 1. [c. 14.] for preventing of robbery, murders, burning of houſes, &c. Alſo the ſtatute of 5 E. 3. [c. 14] which 'recites' the ſtatute of Wincheſter, and that there had been divers manſlaughters, felonies, and robberies done in times paſt, by people that be called *Roberdſmen*, waſters and draw-latches; and remedy [is] provided by that act for the arreſting of them. At the parliament holden 50 E. 3." he adds, "it was petitioned to the king that ribauds and ſturdy beggars might be baniſhed out of every town. The anſwer of the king in parliament was, touching ribauds: The ſtatute of Wincheſter and the declaration of the ſame with other ſtatutes of *Roberdſmen*, and for ſuch as make themſelves gentlemen, and men of armes, and *archers*, if they cannot ſo prove theirſelves, let them be driven to their occupation or ſervice, or to the place from whence they came." He likewiſe notices the ſtatute of 7 R. 2. [c. 5.] by which it is provided "that the ſtatutes of *roberdſmen* and draw-latches, be firmly holden and kept:" (3 *Inſt.* 197.)

* *Voyage from England to India.* 1773, p. 8. In a ſubſequent page, this great man is employed in a commerce of a more delicate, indeed, but, according to European notions, leſs honorable nature, which he manages with conſummate addreſs.

Theſe *Roberdſmen* are mentioned in *Pierce the ploughmans crede*, written about 1400:

" And right as *Robarteſmen* raken aboute."*

Mr. Warton, who had once thought that the *friers Robertines* were here meant, obſerves that " the expreſſion of *Robin hoodes men*, in biſhop Latimers ſermon, [*ſupra*, p. xcv.] is not without an alluſion to the *bad* ſenſe of *Roberdſmen*." (*H. E. P.* ii. additions, ſig. d. 4.) It does not, however, appear that the latter word has been ever uſed in a *good* one; nor is there, after all, ſufficient ground for concluding that theſe people were ſo named after *Robin Hood*.

(KK)—" the honour of little Johns death and burial is contended for by rival nations."] I. By England. At the village of Hatherſage, about 6 miles from Caſtleton, in Derbyſhire, is Little Johns grave. A few years ago ſome curious perſon cauſed it to be opened, when there were found ſeveral bones of an uncommon ſize which he preſerved; but, meeting afterward with many unlucky accidents, he carefully replaced them; partly at the interceſſion of the ſexton, who had taken them up for him, and who had in like manner been viſited with misfortunes: upon reſtoring the bones all theſe troubles ceaſed. Such is the tradition at Caſtleton. E. Hargrove, in his " Anecdotes of archery," York, 1792, aſſerts, that " the grave is diſtinguiſhed by a large ſtone placed at the head, and another at the feet; on each of which are yet ſome remains of the letters I. L." (p. 26.)† II. By Scotland. " In Murray land" according to that moſt

* They likewiſe ſeem alluded to in the *Viſion*, fo. 1, b.

" And ryſe wyth ribaudy as *Rebertes knaves*."

† " On a looſe paper, in Mr. Aſhmole's hand writing, in the muſeum at Oxford, is the following little anecdote:

" The famous Little John (Robin Hood's companion) lyes buried in Fetherſedge church-yard, in the peak of Derbyſhire, one ſtone at his head, another at his feet, and part of his bow hangs up in the chancell. *Anno* 1652." H. E[llis]." *European magazine*, October 1794. p. 295.

veracious hiſtorian, maiſter Hector Boece, " is the kirke of Pette, quhare the banis of lytill Johne remanis in gret admiratioun of pepill. He hes bene fourtene fut of hycht with ſquare membris effering thairto. Vi. zeris," continues he, " afore the cumyng of this werk to lycht we ſaw his hanche-bane, als mekill as the haill bane of ane man: for we ſchot our arme in the mouth thairof. Be quhilk apperis how ſtrang and ſquare pepill grew in our regioun afore thay were effeminat with luſt and intemperance of mouth."* III. By Ireland. " There ſtandeth," as Stanihurſt relates, " in Oſtmantowne greene an hillocke, named little John his ſhot. The occaſion," he ſays, " proceeded of this.

" In the yeere one thouſand one hundred foure ſcore and nine, there ranged three robbers and outlaws in England, among which Robert Hood and little John weere cheefeteins, of all theeves doubtleſſe the moſt courteous. Robert Hood being betrayed at a nunrie in Scotland called Bricklies, the remnant of the crue was ſcattered, and everie man forced to ſhift for himſelfe. Whereupon little John was faine to flee the realme by ſailing into Ireland, where he ſojornied for a few daies at Dublin. The citizens being doone to underſtand the wandering outcaſt to be an excellent archer, requeſted him hartilie to trie how far he could ſhoot at randon; who yeelding to their beheſt, ſtood on the bridge of Dublin, and ſhot to that mole hill, leaving behind him a monument, rather by his poſteritie to be woondered, than poſſiblie by anie man living to be counterſcored. But as the repaire of ſo notorious a champion to anie countrie would ſoone publiſhed, ſo his abode could not be long concealed: and therefore to eſchew the danger

* *Hiſtorie of Scotland, tranſlatit be maiſter Johne Bellenden*, Edin. 1541. fo. The luxury of his countrymen will appear a ſtrange complaint, in the mouth of a Scotiſhman of the 16th century, to ſuch as believe, with the late Dr. Johnſon, that they learned to plant kail from Cromwells ſoldiers, and that " when they had not kail they probably had nothing." (*Journey to the Weſtern iſlands*, p. 55.) See alſo Boiſe's original work.

of [the] lawes, he fled into Scotland, where he died at a towne or village called Moravie."* Thus Stanihurſt, who is quoted by Dr. Hanmer in his *Chronicle of Ireland*, p. 179. but Mr. Walker, after obſerving that "poor Little John's great practical ſkill in archery could not ſave him from an ignominious fate," ſays, "it appeared, from ſome records in the Southwell family, that he was publi ly executed for robbery on Arbor-hill, Dublin."†

(LL)—"ſome of his deſcendants, of the name of *Nailor, &c.*"] See the preface to the *Hiſtory of George a Green*. As ſurnames were by no means in general uſe at the cloſe of the twelfth century, Little John may have obtained that of *Nailor* from his original profeſſion.

("Ye boaſted worthies of the knuckle,
To Maggs and to the *Nailor* truckle.")

But however this, or the fact itſelf may be, a bow, ſaid to have belonged to Little John, with the name of *Naylor* upon it, is now, as the editor is informed, in the poſſeſſion of a gentleman in the weſt riding of Yorkſhire.

The quotation about *whetſtones* is from the Sloan MS. Thoſe, indeed, who recollect the equivocal meaning of the word may think that this production has not been altogether confined to the grave of Little John.

* *Deſcription of Ireland*, in Holinsheds chronicle, 1587.

† *Hiſtorical eſſay*, &c. p. 129. This allegation demands what the lawyers call a *profert in curiam*. It is, however, certain that there have been perſons who uſurped the name of *Little John*. In the year 1502, "about mydſomer, was taken a felow whyche had rewled many of Robyn Hodes pagentes, which named hymſelfe *Grenelef*." (*Fabyans chronicle*, 1559.) Therefor, beware of counterfeits!

THE END OF THE LIFE, &c.

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ROBIN HOOD.

PART I.

I.

A LYTELL GESTE OF ROBYN HODE.

This ancient legend is printed from the copy of an edition, in 4to. and black letter, by Wynken de Worde, preſerved in the public library at Cambridge; compared with, and, in ſome places, corrected by, another impreſſion (apparently from the former), likewiſe in 4to. and black letter, by William Copland; a copy of which is among the late mr. Garricks old plays, now in the Britiſh Muſeum. The full title of the firſt edition is as follows: "*Here beginneth a mery geſte of Robyn Hode and his meyne, and of the proude ſheryfe of*

Notyngham;" and the printers colophon runs thus: "Explycit. Kynge Edwarde and Robyn hode & Lytell Johan Enprented at London in Flete ſtrete at the ſygne of the ſone by Wynken de Worde." To Coplands edition is added "a newe playe for to be played in Maye games very plaſaunte and full of paſtyme;" which will be found at large in another place. No other copy of either edition is known to be extant; but, by the favour of the reverend dr. Farmer, the editor hath in his hands a few leaves of an old 4to. black letter impreſſion, judged by its late worthy poſſeſſor, than whom no one can decide in theſe matters with more certainty, to be of Raſtalls printing, and older, by ſome years, than the above edition of Wynken de Worde, which yet, though without date, we may ſafely place as high as the year 1520. Among the ſame gentlemans numerous literary curioſities is likewiſe another edition, "printed," after Coplands, "for Edward White," (4to. black letter, no date, but entered in the Stationers books 13 May, 1594) which, as well as the above fragment, hath been collated, and every variation worthy of notice either adopted or remarked in the margin. The only deſertion from all the copies (except in neceſſary corrections) is the diviſion of ſtanzas, the indenting of the lines, the addition of points, the diſuſe of abbreviations, and the occaſional introduction or rejection of a capital letter; liberties, if they may be ſo called, which have been taken with moſt of the other poems in this collection.

LITTLE and lyſten, gentylmen,
That be of frebore blode;
I ſhall you tell of a good yemàn,
His name was Robyn Hode.

Robyn was a proude outlawe,
Whyles he walked on grounde,
So curteyſe an outlawe as he was one
Was never none y founde.

Robyn ſtode in Bernyſdale,
And lened hym to a tree,
And by hym ſtode Lytell Johan,
A good yeman was he;

And alſo dyde good Scathelock,
And Much the millers ſone;
There was no ynche of his body,
But it was worthe a grome.

Than be ſpake hym Lytell Johan
All unto Robyn Hode,
Mayſter, yf ye wolde dyne betyme,
It wolde do you moch good.

Then beſpake good Robyn,
To dyne I have no luſt,
Tyll I have ſome bolde barón,
Or ſome unketh geſt,
That may paye for the beſt;
Or ſome knyght or ſome ſquyere
That dwelleth here by weſt.

V. 25. *The irregularity or defect of the verſification, in this and ſimilar paſſages, is probably owing to the loſs of a line.*

A good maner than had Robyn,
In londe where that he were,
Every daye or he woulde dyne
Thre meſſes wolde he here:

The one in the worſhyp of the ſader,
The other of the holy gooſt,
The thyrde was of our dere lady,
That he loved of all other moſte.

Robyn loved our dere lady,
For doute of dedely ſynne;
Wolde he never do company harme
That ony woman was ynne.

Mayſter, than ſayd Lytell Johan,
And we our borde ſhall ſprede,
Tell us whether we ſhall gone,
And what lyfe we ſhall lede;

Where we ſhall take, where we ſhall leve,
Where we ſhall abide behynde,
Where we ſhall robbe, where we ſhall reve,
Where we ſhall bete and bynde.

Ther of no fors, ſayd Robyn,
We ſhall do well ynough;
But loke ye do no houſbonde harme
That tylleth with his plough;

No more ye ſhall no good yemàn,
That walketh by grene wode ſhawe,
Ne no knyght ne no ſquyer,
That wolde be a good felawe.

Theſe bysſhoppes, and thyſe archebysſhoppes,
Ye ſhall them bete and bynde;
The hye ſheryfe of Notynghame,
Hym holde in your mynde.

This worde ſhall be holde, ſayd Lytyll Johan,
And this leſſon ſhall we lere;
It is ferre dayes, god ſende us a geſt,
That we were at our dynere.

Take thy good bowe in thy hande, ſaid Robyn,
Let Moche wende with the,
And ſo ſhall Wyllyam Scathelocke,
And no man abyde with me.

And walke up to the Sayles,
And ſo to Watlynge ſtrete,*
And wayte after ſome unketh geſt,
Up chaunce ye mowe them mete.

* *This ſeems to have been, and, in many parts, is ſtill the name generally uſed by the vulgar for* ERMING-STREET. *The courſe of the real Watling-ſtreet was from Dover to Cheſter.*

The SAYLES *appears to be ſome place in the neighbourhood of Barnſdale, but no mention of it has elſewhere occurred; though, it is believed, there is a field ſo called not far from Doncaſter.*

Be he erle or ony barón,
Abbot or ony knyght.
Brynge hym to lodge to me,
Hys dyner ſhall be dyght.

They wente unto the Sayles,
Theſe yemen all thre,
They loked eſt, they loked weſt,
They myght no man ſee

But as they loked in Barnyſdale,
By a derne ſtrete,
Then came there a knyght rydynge,
Full ſone they gan hym mete.

All dreri then was his ſemblaunte,
And lytell was hys pryde,
Hys one fote in the ſterope ſtode,
That other waved beſyde.

Hys hode hangynge over hys eyen two,
He rode in ſymple a ray;
A foryer man than he was one
Rode never in ſomers day.

Lytell Johan was curteyſe,
And ſet hym on his kne:
Welcome be ye, gentyll knyght,
Welcome are you to me,

V. 84. all his. *PCC.*

Welcome be thou to grene wood,
Hende knyght and fre;
My mayſter hath a byden you faſtynge,
Sy[illegible], all theſe oure[illegible] thre.

Who is your mayſter? ſayd the knyght.
Johan ſayde, Robyn Hode.
He is a good yeman, ſayd the knyght,
Of hym I have herde moch good.

I graunte, he ſayd, with you to wende,
My brethren all in fere;
My purpoſe was to have deyned to day
At Blythe or Dankaſtere.

Forthe than went this gentyll knyght,
With a carefull chere,
The teres out of his eyen ran,
And fell downe by his lere.

They brought hym unto the lodge dore,
When Robyn gan hym ſe,
Full curteysly dyde of his hode,
And ſet hym on his kne.

Welcome, ſyr knyght, then ſaid Robyn,
Welcome thou arte to me,
I haue abyde you faſtynge, ſyr,
All theſe houres thre.

V. 105. *So R.* [Raſtall.] all thre. *W. C.* [de Worde *and* Copland.] *V.* 108. this. *R.* that. *W. C.* *V.* 111. ere. *R.*

Then anſwered the gentyll knyght,
With wordes fayre and fre,
God the ſave, good Robyn,
And all thy fayre meynè.

They waſhed togyder and wyped bothe,
And ſet tyll theyr dynere;
Brede and wyne they had ynough,
And nombles of the dere;

Swannes and feſauntes they had full good,
And foules of the revere;
There fayled never ſo lytell a byrde,
That ever was bred on brere.

Do gladly, ſyr knyght, ſayd Robyn.
Gramercy, ſyr, ſayd he,
Suche a dyner had I not
Of all theſe wekes thre:

If I come agayne, Robyn,
Here by this countrè,
As good a dyner I ſhall the make,
As thou haſt made to me.

Gramercy, knyght, ſayd Robyn,
My dyner whan I have,
I was never ſo gredy, by dere worthy god,
My dyner for to crave.

But pay or ye wende, ſayd Robyn,
Me thynketh it is good ryght;
It was never the maner, by dere worthy god,
A yeman to pay for a knyght.

I have nought in my cofers, ſayd the knyght,
That I may profer for ſhame.
Lytell Johan, go loke, ſayd Robyn,
Ne let not for no blame.

Tell me trouth, ſayd Robyn,
So god have parte of the.
I have no more but ten ſhillings, ſayd the knyght,
So god have parte of me.

Yf thou have no more, ſayd Robyn,
I wyll not one peny;
And yf thou have nede of ony more,
More ſhall I len the.

Go now forth, Lytell Johan,
The trouthe tell thou me,
Yf there be no more but ten ſhillings,
Not one peny that I ſe.

Lytell Johan ſpred downe his mantell
Full fayre upon the grounde,
And there he founde in the knyghtes cofer
But even halfe a pounde.

V. 147. to pay. *R.* pay. *W. C.* *V.* 150. Robyn. *R.* Robyn Hoode. *W. C.*

Lytyll Johan let it lye full ſtyll,
And went to his mayſter full lowe.
What tydynge Johan? ſayd Robyn
"Syr, the knyght is trewe inough".

Fyll of the beſt wyne, ſayd Robyn,
The knyght ſhall begynne;
Moch wonder thynketh me
Thy clothynge is ſo thynne.

Tell me one worde, ſayd Robyn,
And counſell ſhall it be;
I trowe thou were made a knyght of forſe,
Or elles of yemanry;

Or elles thou haſt ben a ſory houſband,
And leved in ſtroke and ſtryfe;
An okerer, or elles a lechoure, ſayd Robyn,
With wronge haſt thou lede thy lyfe.

I am none of them, ſayd the knyght,
By god that made me;
An hondreth wynter here before,
Myne aunſetters knyghtes have be.

But ofte it hath befal, Robyn,
A man hath be dyſgrate;
But god that ſyteth in heven above
May amend his ſtate.

Within two or thre yere, Robyn, he ſayd,
My neyghbores well it I ende,'
Foure hondreth pounde of good money
I full wel than myght I ſpende

Now have I no good, ſayd the knyght,
But my chyldren and my wyfe;
God hath ſhapen ſuch an ende,
Tyll god ' may amende my lyfe.'

In what maner, ſayd Robyn,
Haſt thou lore thy rychès?
For my grete foly, he ſayd,
And for my kindeneſſe.

I had a ſone, for ſoth, Robyn,
That ſholde have ben my eyre,
When he was twenty wynter olde,
In felde wolde juſte full feyre;

He ſlewe a knyght of Lancaſtſhyre,
And a ſquyre bolde;
For to ſave hym in his ryght
My goodes beth ſette and ſolde;

My londes beth ſet to wedde, Robyn,
Untyll a certayne daye,
To a ryche abbot here beſyde,
Of Saynt Mary abbay.

V. 192. two yere. *R.* *V.* 193. knowe. *PCC.* *V.* 199. it may amende. *PCC.* *V.* 208. lancaſesſhyre. *R.*

What is the ſomme? ſayd Robyn,
Trouthe than tell thou me.
Syr, he ſayd, foure hondred pounde
The abbot tolde it to me.

Now, and thou leſe thy londe, ſayd Robyn,
What ſhall fall of the?
Haſtely I wyll me buſke, ſayd the knyght.
Over the ſalte ſee,

And ſe where Cryſt was quycke and deed,
On the mounte of Caluarè.
Fare well, frende, and have good daye,
It may noo better be——

Teeres fell out of his eyen two,
He wolde haue gone his waye—
Farewell, frendes, and have good day,
I ne have more to pay.

Where be thy friendes? ſayd Robyn.
"Syr, never one wyll me know;
Whyle I was ryche inow at home
Grete boſt then wolde they blowe,

And now they renne awaye fro me,
As beſtes on a rowe;
They take no more heed of me
Then they me never ſawe."

V. 227. not. *W. C.* *V.* 232. by *W. C.* *V.* 233. *So R.* knowe me. *W. C.* *The fragment of Raſtall's edition ends with v.* 238.

For ruthe then wepte Lytell Johan,
Scathelocke and Much 'in fere.'
Fyl of the beſt wyne, ſayd Robyn,
For here is a ſymple chere.

Haſt thou ony frendes, ſayd Robyn,
Thy borowes that wyll be?
I have none, then ſayd the knyght,
But god that dyed on a tree.

Do waye thy japes, ſayd Robyn,
Therof wyll I right none;
Weneſt thou I wyll have god to borowe?
Peter, Poule or Johan?

Nay, by hym that me made,
And ſhope both ſonne and mone,
Fynde a better borowe, ſayd Robyn,
Or mony geteſt thou none.

I have none other, ſayd the knyght,
The ſothe for to ſay,
But yf it be our dere lady,
She fayled me never or this day.

By dere worthy god, ſayd Robyn,
To ſeche all Englond thorowe,
Yet founde I never to my pay,
A moch better borowe.

V. 241. alſo. *PCC.* *V.* 248. Wyne. *PCC.*

Come now forthe, Lytell Johan,
And goo to my treſoure,
And brynge me foure hondred pounde.
And loke that it well tolde be.

Forthe then wente Lytell Johan,
And Scathelocke went before,
He tolde out foure houndred pounde,
By eyghtene ſcore.

Is this well tolde? ſayd lytell Much.
Johan ſayd, What greveth the?
It is almes to helpe a gentyll knyght
That is fall in povertè.

Mayſter, than ſayd Lytell Johan,
His clothynge is full thynne,
Ye muſt gyve the knyght a lyveray,
To 'lappe' his body ther in.

For ye have ſcarlet and grene, mayſter,
And many a ryche aray,
There is no marchaunt in mery Englonde
So ryche I dare well ſaye.

Take hym thre yerdes of every coloure,
And loke that well mete it be.
Lytell Johan tolke none other meſure
But his bowe tre,

V. 279. helpe. *W.* wrappe. *C.*

And of every handfull that he met
He lept ouer fotes thre.
What devilkyns draper, ſayd litell Much,
Thynkyſt thou to be?

Scathelocke ſtoode full ſtyll and lough,
And ſayd, By god allmyght,
Johan may gyve hym the better meſure,
By god, it coſt him but lyght.

Mayſter, ſayd Lytell Johan,
All unto Robyn Hode,
Ye muſt gyve that knight an hors,
To lede home al this good.

Take hym a gray courſer, ſayd Robyn,
And a ſadell newe;
He is our ladyes meſſengere,
God lene that he be true.

And a good palfraye, ſayd lytell Moch,
To mayntayne hym in his ryght.
And a payre of botes, ſayd Scathelocke,
For he is a gentyll knyght.

What ſhalt thou gyve hym, Lytel Johan? ſayd Robyn.
Syr, a payre of gylte ſpores clene,
To pray for all this company:
God brynge hym out of tene!

V. 303. leue. *W.* lende. *C.*

Whan ſhall my daye be, ſayd the knyght,
Syr, and your wyll be?
This daye twelve moneth, ſayd Robyn
Under this grene wode tre

It were grete ſhame, ſayd Robyn,
A knyght alone to ryde,
Without ſquyer, yeman or page,
To walke by hys ſyde.

I ſhall the lene Lytyll Johan my man,
For he ſhall be thy knave;
In a yemans ſteed he may the ſtonde,
Yf thou grete nede have.

THE SECONDE FYTTE.

NOWE is the knyght went on this way,
This game he thought full good,
When he loked on Bernyſdale,
He blyſſed Robyn Hode;

And whan he thought on Bernyſdale,
On Scathelock, Much, and Johan,
He blyſſed them for the beſt company
That ever he in come.

Then ſpake that gentyſl knyght,
To Lytel Johan gan he ſaye,
To morowe I muſt to Yorke toune,
To Saynt Mary abbay;

And to the abbot of that place
Foure hondred pounde I muſt pay:
And but I be there upon this nyght
My londe is loſt for ay.

The abbot ſayd to his covent,
There he ſtode on grounde,
This day twelfe moneth came there a knyght
And borowed foure hondred pounde.

[He borowed foure hondred pounde,]
Upon all his londe fre,
But he come this ylke day
Dyſherytye ſhall he be.

It is full erely, ſayd the pryoure *,
The day is not yet ferre gone,
I had lever to pay an hondred pounde,
And lay it downe a none.

The knyght is ferre be yonde the ſee,
In Englonde is his ryght,
And ſuffreth honger and colde
And many a ſory nyght:

* *The prior, in an abbey, was the officer immediately under the abbot; in priories and conventual cathedrals he was the ſuperior.*

It were grete pytè, ſayd the pryoure,
So to have his londe,
And ye be ſo lyght of your conſeyence
Ye do to him moch wronge.

Thou arte euer in my berde, ſayd the aboot,
By god and ſaynt Rychardè*.
With that cam in a fat heded monke,
The heygh ſelerer;

He is dede or hanged, ſayd the monke,
By god that bought me dere,
And we ſhall have to ſpende in this place
Foure hondred pounde by yere.

The abbot and the hy ſelerer,
Sterte forthe full bolde,
The high juſtyce of Englonde
The abbot there dyde holde.

* *This was a* "*S. Richard king and confeſſour, ſonne to Lotharius king of Kent, who, for the love of Chriſt, taking upon him a long peregrination, went to Rome for devotion to that ſea, and in his way homward, did at Luc., about the year of Criſt, ſeaven hundred and fifty. where his body is kept untill this day with great veneration, in the oratory and chappell of S. Frigidian. and adorned with an epitaph both in verſe and proſe.*" Engliſh Martyrologe, 16 8.

There were other ſaints of the ſame name. as Richard de la Wich, biſhop of Chicheſter canonized in 1262; *and Richard biſhop of St. Andrews in Calabria. See Draytons* Poly Olbion, *Song* 24.

The hye juſtyce and many mo
Had take into their honde
Holy all the knyghtes det,
To put that knyght to wronge.

They demed the knyght wonder ſore,
The abbot and hys meynè:
"But he come this ylke day
Dysheryte ſhall he be."

He wyll not come yet, ſayd the juſtyce,
I dare well under take.
But in ſorowe tyme for them all
The knyght came to the gate.

Than be ſpake that gentyll knyght
Untyll hys meynè,
Now put on your ſymple wedes
That ye brought fro the ſee.

[They put on their ſymple wedes,]
And came to the gates anone,
The porter was redy hymſelfe,
And welcomed them everychone,

Welcome, ſyr knyght, ſayd the porter,
My lorde to mete is he,
And ſo is many a gentyll man,
For the love of the.

The porter ſwore a full grete othe,
By god that made me,
Here be the beſt coreſed horſe
That ever yet ſawe I me.

Lede them into the ſtable, he ſayd,
That eaſed myght they be.
They ſhall not come therin, ſayd the knyght,
By god that dyed on a tre.

Lordes were to mete iſette
In that abbotes hall,
The knyght went forth and kneled downe
And ſalved them grete and ſmall.

Do gladly, ſyr abbot, ſayd the knyght,
I am come to holde my day.
The fyrſt word the abbot ſpake,
Haſt thou brought my pay?

Not one peny, ſayd the knyght,
By god that maked me.
Thou art a ſhrewed dettour, ſayd the abbot;
Syr juſtyce, drynke to me.

What dooſt thou here, ſayd the abbot,
But thou haddeſt brought thy pay?
For god, than ſayd the knyght,
To pray of a lenger daye.

Thy daye is broke ſayd the juſtyce,
Londe geteſt thou none.
"Now, good ſyr juſtyce, be my frende,
And fende me of my ſone.

I am holde with the abbot, ſayd the juſtyce,
Both with cloth and fee.
"Now, good ſyr ſheryf, be my frende."
Nay for god, ſayd he.

"Now, good ſyr abbot, be my frende,
For thy curteyſe,
And holde my londes in thy honde
Tyll I have made the gree;

And I wyll be thy true ſervaunte,
And trewely ſerve the,
Tyl ye have foure hondred pounde
Of money good and free."

The abbot ſware a full grete othe,
By god that dyed on a tree,
Get the londe where thou may,
For thou geteſt none of me.

By dere worthy god, then ſayd the knyght,
That all this worlde wrought,
But I have my londe agayne
Full dere it ſhall be bought;

God that was of a mayden borne
Lene us well to ſpede,
For it is good to aſſay a frende
Or that a man have nede.

The abbot lothely on hym gan loke
And vylaynesly hym gan 'call.'
Out, he ſayd, thou falſe knyght,
Spede the out of my hall.

Thou lyeſt, then ſayd the gentyll knyght,
Abbot in thy hal;
Falſe knyght was I never,
By god that made us all.

Up then ſtode that gentyll knyght,
To the abbot ſayd he,
To ſuffre a knyght to knele ſo longe,
Thou canſt no curteyſye;

In jouſtes and in tournement
Full ferre than have I be,
And put myſelfe as ferre in prees
As ony that ever I ſe.

What wyll ye gyve more? ſayd the juſtyce,
And the knyght ſhall make a releyſe;
And elles dare I ſafly ſwere
Ye holde never your londe in pees.

V. 122. leue. *W.* Sende us. *C.* *V.* 126. loke. *W. C.*

An hondred pounde, ſayd the abbot.
The juſtyce ſaid, Gyve him two.
Nay, be god, ſayd the knyght,
Yet gete ye it not ſoo:

Though ye wolde gyve a thouſande more,
Yet were ‘ye’ never the nere;
Shall there never be myn eyre,
Abbot, juſtyce, ne frere.

He ſterte hym to a borde anone,
Tyll a table rounde,
And there he ſhoke out of a bagge
Even foure hondred pounde.

Have here thy golde, ſyr abbot, ſayd the knyght,
Which that thou lenteſt me;
Haddeſt thou ben curteys at my comynge,
Rewarde ſholdeſt thou have be.

The abbot ſat ſtyll, and ete no more,
For all his ryall chere,
He caſte his hede on his ſholder,
And faſt began to ſtare.

Take me my golde agayne, ſayd the abbot,
Syr juſtyce, that I toke the.
Not a peny, ſayd the juſtyce,
By god that dyed on a tree.

V. 148. grete. *W.* get. *C.* *V.* 150. thou. *PCC.*

" Syr abbot, and ye men of lawe,
Now have I holde my daye,
Now ſhall I have my londe agayne,
For ought that you can ſaye."

The knyght ſtert out of the dore,
Awaye was all his care,
And on he put his good clothynge,
The other he lefte there.

He wente hym forthe full mery ſyngynge,
As men have tolde in tale,
His lady met hym at the gate,
At home in Uteryſdale.

Welcome, my lorde, ſayd his lady;
Syr, loſt is all your good?
Be mery, dame, ſayd the knyght,
And praye for Robyn Hode,

That ever his ſoule be in blyſſe,
He holpe me out of my tene;
Ne had not be his kyndeneſſe,
Beggers had we ben.

The abbot and I acordyd ben,
He is ſerved of his pay,
The good yeman lent it me,
As I came by the way.

This knyght than dwelled fayre at home,
The ſoth for to ſay,
Tyll he had got foure hondreth pounde,
All redy for too paye.

He purveyed hym an hondred bowes,
The ſtrenges [were] welle dyght,
An hondred ſheſe of arowes good,
The hedes burnyſhed full bryght,

And every arowe an elle longe,
With pecocke well y dyght,
Inocked all with whyte ſylver,
It was a ſemly ſyght.

He purveyed hym an hondreth men,
Well harneyſed in that ſtede,
And hymſelfe in that ſame ſete,
And clothed in whyte and rede.

He bare a launsgay in his honde,
And a man ledde his male,
And reden with a lyght ſonge,
Unto Bernyſdale.

As he went at a brydge ther was a wraſtelyng,
And there taryed was he,
And there was all the beſt yemen,
Of all the weſt countree.

V. 207. ſute. *C.*

A full fayre game there was upſet,
A whyte bull up ipygat;
A grete courſer with ſadle and brydil,
With golde burneyſhed full bryght;

A payre of gloves, a rede golde ryngc,
A pype of wyne, in good fay:
What man bereth him beſt I wys,
The pryce ſhall bere away.

There was a yeman in that place,
And beſt worthy was he,
And for he was ferre and frend beſtad,
Iſlayne he ſholde have be.

The knyght had reuth of this yeman,
In place where that he ſtode,
He ſaid that yoman ſholde have no harme,
For love of Robyn Hode.

The knyght preſed into the place,
An hondred folowed hym 'fre,'
With bowes bent, and arowes ſharpe,
For to ſhende that company.

They ſholdred all, and made hym rome,
To wete what he wolde ſay,
He toke the yeman by the honde,
And gave hym all the playe;

V. 218. I up pyght. *H.* up ypyght. *C.* *V.* 234. ferc. *H.* in feie. *C.*

He gave hym fyve marke for his wyne,
There it laye on the molde,
And bad it ſholde be ſette a broche,
Drynke who ſo wolde.

Thus longe taryed this gentyll knyght,
Tyll that playe was done,
So longe abode Robyn faſtynge,
Thre houres after the none.

THE THYRDE FYTTE.

LYTH and lyſten, gentyll men,
All that now be here,
Of Lytell Johan, that was the knyghtes man,
Good myrthe ye ſhall here.

It was upon a mery day,
That yonge men wolde go ſhete,
Lytell Johan fet his bowe anone,
And ſayd he wolde them mete.

Thre tymes Lytell Johan ſhot about,
And alway cleft the wande,
The proude ſheryf of Notyngham
By the markes gan ſtande.

V. 6. ſhote. *W.* *V.* 10. he ſtefte (*ſliced?*) *W.*

The ſheryf ſwore a full grete othe,
By hym that dyed on a tree,
This man is the beſt archere
That yet ſawe I me.

Say me now, wyght yonge man,
What is now thy name?
In what counire were thou born,
And where is thy wonnynge wan?

" In Holderneſſe I was bore,
I wys all of my dame,
Men call me Reynolde Grenelefe,
Whan I am at hame."

" Say me, Reynaud Grenclefe,
Wolte thou dwell with me?
And every yere I wyll the gyve
Twenty marke to thy fee."

I have a mayſter, ſayd Lytell Johan,
A curteys knyght is he,
May ye gete leve of hym,
The better may it bee.

The ſheryfe gate Lytell Johan
Twelve monethes of the knyght,
Therfore he gave him ryght anone
A good hors and a wyght.

V. 19. thou waſt. *C.* waſt thou. *Wb.*

Now is Lytel Johan the ſheryffes man,
He gyve us well to ſpede,
But alway thought Lytell Johan
To quyte hym well his mede.

Now ſo god me helpe, ſayd Lytel Johan,
And be my trewe lewtè,
I ſhall be the worſte ſervaunte to hym
That ever yet had he.

It befell upon a wedneſday,
The ſheryfe on hontynge was gone,
And Lytel Johan lay in his bed,
And was foryete at home.

Therfore he was faſtynge
Tyl it was paſt the none.
Good ſyr ſtuard, I pray the,
Geve me to dyne, ſayd Lytel Johan,

It is to long for Grenelefe,
Faſtynge ſo long to be;
Therfore I pray the, ſtuarde,
My dyner gyve thou me.

Shalt thou never ete ne drynke, ſayd the ſtuarde,
Tyll my lord be come to towne.
I make myn avowe to god, ſayd Lytell Johan,
I had lever to cracke thy crowne.

V. 41. Ge. *W. f.* God.

The butler was ful uncurteys,
There he ſtode on flore,
He ſterte to the buttery,
And ſhet ſaft the dore.

Lytell Johan gave the butler ſuch a ray,
His backe yede nygh on two,
Tho he lyved an hundreth wynter,
The wors he ſholde go.

He ſporned the dore with his fote,
It went up wel and fyne,
And there he made a large lyveray
Both of ale and wyne.

Syth ye wyl not dyne, ſayd Lytel Johan,
I ſhall gyve you to drynke,
And though ye lyve an hondred wynter,
On Lytell Johan ye ſhall thynk.

Lytell Johan ete, and Lytell [Johan] dronke,
The whyle that he wolde.
The ſheryfe had in his kechyn a coke,
A ſtoute man and a bolde.

I make myn avowe to god, ſayd the coke,
Thou arte a ſhrewde hynde,
In an houſholde to dwel,
For to aſk thus to dyne.

And there he hent Lytel Johan
Good ſtrokes thre
I make myn avowe, ſayd Lytell Johan,
Theſe ſtrokes lyketh well me.

Thou arte a bolde man and an hardy,
And ſo thynketh me;
And or I paſſe fro this place,
Aſayed better ſhalt thou be.

Lytell Johan drewe a good ſwerde,
The coke toke another in honde;
They thought nothynge for to fle,
But ſtyffly for to ſtonde.

There they fought ſore to gyder,
Two myle way and more,
Myght neyther other harme done,
The mountenaunce of an houre.

I make myn avowe to god, ſayd Lytell Johan,
And be my trewe lewtè,
Thou art one of the beſt ſwerdemen,
That ever yet ſawe I me.

Coowdeſt thou ſhote as well in a bowe,
To grene wood thou ſholdeſt with me,
And two tymes in the yere thy clothynge
Ichaunged ſholde be;

And every yere of Robyn Hode
  Twenty marke to thy fee.
Put up thy ſwerde, ſayd the coke,
  And felowes wyll we be.

Then he fette to Lytell Johan
  The numbles of a doo,
Good brede and full good wyne,
  They ete and dranke therto.

And whan they had dronken well,
  Ther trouthes togyder they plyght,
That they wolde be with Robyn
  That ylke ſame day at nyght.

The dyde them to the treſure hous,
  As faſt as they myght gone,
The lockes that were of good ſtele
  They brake them everychone;

They toke away the ſylver veſſell,
  And all that they myght get,
Peces, maſars, and ſpones,
  Wolde they non forgete;

Alſo they toke the good pence,
  Thre hondred pounde and three;
And dyde them ſtrayt to Robyn Hode,
  Under the grene wode tre.

V. 121. hyed. *C.*

" God the ſave, my dere mayſtèr,
And Cryſt the ſave and ſe."
And than ſayd Robyn to Lytell Johan,
Welcome myght thou be;

And alſo be that fayre yeman
Thou bryngeſt there with the.
What tydynges fro Notyngham?
Lytell Johan tell thou me.

" Well the greteth the proude ſheryſe,
And ſende the here by me
His coke and his ſylver veſſell,
And thre hondred pounde and thre."

I make myn avow to god, ſayd Robyn,
And to the trenytè,
It was never by his good wyll,
This good is come to me.

Lytell Johan hym there bethought,
On a ſhrewed wyle,
Fyve myle in the foreſt he ran,
Hym happed at his wyll;

Than he met the proud ſheryf,
Huntynge with hounde and horne,
Lytell Johan coud his curteyſye,
And kneled hym beforne:

V. 150. whyle. *W.*

" God the ſave, my dere mayſtèr,
And Cryſt the ſave and ſee."
Raynolde Greneleſe, ſayd the ſheryfe,
Where haſt thou nowe be?

" I have be in this foreſt,
A fayre ſyght can I ſe,
It was one of the fayreſt ſyghtes
That ever yet ſawe I me;

Yonder I ſe a ryght fayre hart,
His coloure is of grene,
Seven ſcore of dere upon an herde
Be with hym all bedene;

His tynde are ſo ſharp, mayſtèr,
Of ſexty and well mo,
That I durſt not ſhote for drede
Leſt they wolde me ſloo."

I make myn avowe to god, ſayd the ſheryf,
That ſyght wolde I fayn ſe.
" Buſke you thyderwarde, my dere mayſtèr,
Anone and wende with me."

The ſheryfe rode, and Lytell Johan
Of fote he was full ſmarte,
And whan they came afore Robyn:
" Lo, here is the mayſter harte!"

V. 163. ſyght. *W.* ſightes. *C.*

Styll ſtode the proude ſheryf,
A for, man was he:
" Wo worthe the, Raynolde Grenleſe
Thou haſt now betrayed me."

I make myn avowe to god, ſayd Lytell Johan,
Mayſter, ye be to blame.
I was myſſerved of my dynere,
When I was with you at hame.

Soone he was to ſuper ſette,
And ſerved with ſylver whyte;
And whan the ſheryf ſe his veſſell,
For ſorowe he myght not ete.

Make good chere, ſayd Robyn Hode,
Sheryfe, for charytè,
And for the love of Lytell Johan,
Thy lyfe is graunted to the.

When they had ſupped well,
The day was all agone,
Robyn commaunded Lytell Johan
To drawe of his hoſen and his ſhone,

His kyrtell and his cote a pye,
That was furred well fyne,
And take him a grene mantèll,
To lappe his body therin.

V. 183. wo the worth. *W.*

Robyn commaunded his wyght yong men,
Under the grene wood tre,
They ſhall lay in that ſame ſorte;
That the ſhervf myght them ſe.

All nyght laye that proud ſheryfe,
In his breche and in his ſherte,
No wonder it was in grene wode,
Tho his ſydes do ſmerte.

Make glad chere, ſayd Robyn Hode,
Sheryfe, for charytè,
For this is our order I wys,
Under the grene wood tre.

This is harder order, ſayd the ſheryfe,
Than ony anker or frere;
For al the golde in mery Englonde
I wolde not longe dwell here.

All theſe twelve monethes, ſayd Robyn,
Thou ſhalte dwell with me;
I ſhall the teche, proud ſheryfe,
An outlawe for to be.

Or I here another nyght lye, ſayd the ſheryfe,
Robyn, nowe I praye the,
Smyte of my hede rather to morne,
And I forgyve it the.

Lete me go, then ſayd the ſheryf,
For ſaynt Charytè,
And I wyll be thy beſt frende
That ever yet had the.

Thou ſhalte ſwere me an othe, ſayd Robyn,
On my bryght bronde.
Thou ſhalt never awayte me ſcathe,
By water ne by londe;

And if thou fynde ony of my men,
By nyght or by day,
Upon thyne othe thou ſhalt ſwere,
To helpe them that thou may.

Now have the ſheryf iſwore his othe,
And home he began to gone,
He was as full of grene wode
As ever was hepe of ſtone.

THE FOURTH FYTTE.

THE ſheryf dwelled in Notynghame,
He was fayne that he was gone,
And Robyn and his mery men
Went to wode anone.

Go we to dyner, ſayd Lytell Johan.
Robyn Hode ſayd, Nay;
For I drede our lady be wroth with me,
For ſhe ſent me not my pay.

Have no dout, mayſter, ſayd Lytell Johan,
Yet is not the ſonne at reſt,
For I dare ſaye, and lawfly ſwere,
The knyght is trewe and truſt.

Take thy bowe in thy hande, ſayd Robyn,
Let Moch wende with the,
And ſo ſhall Wyllyam Scathelock,
And no man abyde with me,

And walke up into the Sayles,
And to Watlynge ſtrete,
And wayte after 'ſome' unketh geſt,
Up chaunce ye may them mete.

Whether he be meſſengere,
Or a man that myrthes can,
Or yf he be a pore man,
Of my good he ſhall have ſome.

Forth then ſtert Lytel Johan,
Half in tray and tene,
And gyrde hym with a full good ſwerde,
Under a mantel of grene.

V. 19. ſuch. *W.*

They went up to the Sayles,
  Theſe yemen all thre,
They loked eſt, they loked weſt,
  They myght no man ſe.

But as 'they' loked in Bernyſdale,
  By the hye waye,
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes,
  Eche on a good palferay.

Then beſpake Lytell Johan,
  To Much he gan ſay,
I dare lay my lyfe to wedde,
  That theſe monkes have brought our pay.

Make glad chere, ſayd Lytell Johan,
  And freſe our bowes of ewe,
And loke your hertes be ſeker and ſad,
  Your ſtrynges truſty and trewe.

The monke hath fifty two men,
  And ſeven ſomers full ſtronge,
There rydeth no bysſhop in this londe
  So ryally, I underſtond.

Brethern, ſayd Lytell Johan,
  Here are no more but we thre;
But we brynge them to dyner,
  Our mayſter dare we not ſe.

V. 33. he. *Old copies.*

Bende your bowes, ſayd Lytell Johan,
Make all yon preſe to ſtonde,
The formoſt monke, his lyf and his deth
Is cloſed in my honde.

Abyde, chorle monke, ſayd Lytell Johan,
No ferther that thou gone;
Yf thou dooſt, by dere worthy god,
Thy deth is in my honde.

And evyll thryfte on thy hede, ſayd Lytell Johan,
Ryght under thy hattes bonde,
For thou haſt made our mayſter wroth,
He is faſtynge ſo longe.

Who is your mayſter? ſayd the monke.
Lytell Johan ſayd, Robyn Hode.
He is a ſtronge theſe, ſayd the monke,
Of hym herd I never good.

Thou lyeſt, than ſayd Lytell Johan,
And that ſhall rewe the;
He is a yeman of the forèſt,
To dyne he hath bode the.

Much was redy with a bolte,
Redly and a none,
He ſet the monke to fore the breſt,
To the grounde that he can gone.

V. 59. you. *W.* Make you yonder preſte. *C.*

Of fyfty two wyght yonge men,
There abode not one,
Saf a lytell page, and a grome
To lede the fomers with Johan.

They brought the monke to the lodge dore,
Whether he were loth or lefe,
For to ſpeke with Robyn Hode,
Maugre in theyr tethe.

Robyn dyde adowne his hode,
The monke whan that he ſe;
The monke was not ſo curteyſe,
His hode then let he be.

He is a chorle, mayſter, by dere worthy god,
Than ſaid Lytell Johan.
Thereof no force, ſayd Robyn,
For curteyſy can he none.

How many men, ſayd Robyn,
Had this monke, Johan?
" Fyfty and two whan that we met,
But many of them be gone."

Let blowe a horne, ſayd Robin,
That felauſhyp may us knowe;
Seven ſcore of wyght yemen,
Came pryckynge on a rowe,

V. 82. yemen. *C.* *V.* 85. Lytell Johan. *O. CC.*

And everych of them a good mantèll,
Of ſcarlet and of raye,
All they came to good Robyn,
To wyte what he wolde ſay.

They made the monke to waſhe and wype,
And ſyt at his denere,
Robyn Hode and Lytel Johan
They ſerved 'him' bothe in fere.

Do gladly, monke, ſayd Robyn,
Gramercy, ſyr, ſaid he.
" Where is your abbay, whan ye are at home,
And who is your avowè ?"

Saynt Mary abbay, ſayd the monke,
Though I be ſymple here.
In what offyce ? ſayd Robyn.
" Syr, the hye ſelerer."

Ye be the more welcome, ſayd Robyn,
So ever mote I the.
Fyll of the beſt wyne, ſayd Robyn,
This monke ſhall drynke to me.

But I have grete mervayle, ſayd Robyn,
Of all this longe day,
I drede our lady be wroth with me,
She ſent me not my pay.

V. 113. them. *O. CC.*

Have no doute, mayſter, ſayd Lytell Johan,
Ye have no nede I ſaye,
This monke it hath brought, I dare well ſwere,
For he is of her abbay.

And ſhe was a borowe, ſayd Robyn,
Betwene a knyght and me,
Of a lytell money that I hym lent,
Under the grene wode tree;

And yf thou haſt that ſylver ibroughte,
I praye the let me ſe,
And I ſhall helpe the eft ſones,
Yf thou have nede of me.

The monke ſwore a full grete othe,
With a ſory chere,
Of the borowehode thou ſpekeſt to me,
Herde I never ere.

I make myn avowe to god, ſayd Robyn,
Monke, thou arte to blame,
For god is holde a ryghtwys man,
And ſo is his dame.

Thou toldeſt with thyn owne tonge,
Thou may not ſay nay,
How thou arte her ſervaunt,
And ſerveſt her every day.

And thou art made her meſſengere,
My money for to pay,
Therfore I cun the more thanke,
Thou arte come at thy day.

What is in your cofers? ſayd Robyn,
Trewe than tell thou me.
Syr, he ſayd, twenty marke,
Al ſo mote I the.

Yf there be no more, ſayd Robyn,
I wyll not one peny;
Yf thou haſt myſter of ony more,
Syr, more I ſhall lende to the;

And yf I fynde more, ſayd Robyn,
I wys thou ſhalte it forgone;
For of thy ſpendynge ſylver, monk,
Therof wyll I ryght none.

Go nowe forthe, Lytell Johan,
And the trouth tell thou me;
If there be no more but twenty marke,
No peny that I ſe.

Lytell Johan ſpred his mantell downe,
As he had done before,
And he tolde out of the monkes male,
Eyght hundreth pounde and more.

V. 154. nade. *W. not in C.* *V.* 177. Eyght pounde. *W.*

Lytell Johan let it lye full ſtyll,
And went to his mayſter in haſt;
Syr, he ſayd, the monke is trewe ynowe,
Our lady hath doubled your coſt.

I make myn avowe to god, ſayd Robyn,
Monke, what tolde I the?
Our lady is the treweſt woman,
That ever yet founde I me.

By dere worthy god, ſayd Robyn,
To ſeche all Englond thorowe,
Yet founde I never to my pay
A moche better borowe.

Fyll of ye beſt wyne, do hym drynke, ſayd Robyn,
And grete well thy lady hende,
And yf ſhe have nede of Robyn Hode,
A frende ſhe ſhall hym fynde;

And yf ſhe nedeth ony more ſylver,
Come thou agayne to me,
And by this token ſhe hath me ſent,
She ſhall have ſuch thre.

The monke was going to London ward,
There to holde grete mote;
The knyght that rode ſo hye on hors,
To brynge hym under fote.

Whether be ye away? ſayd Robyn.
"Syr, to maners in this londe,
Too reken with our reves,
That have done moch wronge."

"Come now forth, Lytell Johan,
And harken to my tale,
A better yeman I knowe none,
To ſeke a monkes male."

How moch is in yonder cther 'cofer?' ſayd Robyn,
The ſoth muſt we ſee.
By our lady, than ſayd the monke,
That were no curteyſye,

To bydde a man to dyner,
And ſyth hym bete and bynde.
It is our olde maner, ſayd Robyn,
To leve but lytell behynde.

The monke toke the hors with ſpore,
No lenger wolde he abyde.
Aſke to drynke, than ſayd Robyn,
Or that ye forther ryde.

Nay, for god, than ſayd the monke,
Me reweth I cam ſo nere,
For better chepe I myght have dyned
In Blythe or in Dankeſtere.

V. 210. corſer. *W.* courſer. *C.*

Grete well your abbot, ſayd Robyn,
And your pryour, I you pray,
And byd hym ſend me ſuch a monke,
To dyner every day.

Now lete we that monke be ſtyll,
And ſpeke we of that knyght,
Yet he came to holde his day
Whyle that it was lyght.

He dyde hym ſtreyt to Bernyſdale,
Under the grene wode tre,
And he founde there Robyn Hode,
And all his mery meynè.

The knyght lyght downe of his good palfrày,
Robyn whan he gan ſee,
So curteysly he dyde adoune his hode,
And ſet hym on his knee.

" God the ſave, good Robyn Hode,
And al this company."
" Welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
And ryght welcome to me."

Than beſpake hym Robyn Hode,
To that knyght ſo fre,
What nede dryveth the to grene wode?
I pray the, ſyr knyght, tell me.

And welcome be thou, gentyl knyght,
Why haſt thou be ſo longe?
"For the abbot and the hye juſtyce
Wolde have had my londe."

Haſt thou thy lond agayne? ſayd Robyn,
Treuth than tell thou me.
Ye, for god, ſayd the knyght,
And that thanke I god and the.

But take not a grefe, I have be ſo longe;
I came by a wraſtelynge,
And there I dyd holpe a pore yemàn,
With wronge was put behynde.

Nay, for god, ſayd Robyn,
Syr knyght, that thanke I the;
What man that helpeth a good yemàn,
His frende than wyll I be.
[knyght,
Have here foure hondred pounde, than ſayd the
The whiche ye lent to me;
And here is alſo twenty marke
For your curteyſy.

Nay, for god, than ſayd Robyn,
Thou broke it well for ay,
For our lady, by her ſelerer,
Hath ſent to me my pay;

V. 254. gayne. *W.*
V. 258. But take not a grefe, ſayd the knyght,
That I have be ſo longe. *O. CC.*

And yf I toke it twyſe,
A ſhame it were to me:
But trewely, gentyll knyght,
Welcom arte thou to me.

Whan Robyn had tolde his tale,
He leugh and had good chere.
By my trouthe, then ſayd the knyght,
Your money is redy here.

Broke it well, ſayd Robyn,
Thou gentyll knyght ſo fre;
And welcome be thou, gentill knyght,
Under my tryſtell tree.

But what ſhall theſe bowes do? ſayd Robyn,
And theſe arowes ifedered fre?
By god, than ſayd the knyght,
A pore preſent to the.

" Come now forth, Lytell Johan,
And go to my treaſure,
And brynge me there foure hondred pounde,
The monke over tolde it me.

Have here foure hondred pounde,
Thou gentyll knyght and trewe,
And bye hors and harnes good,
And gylte thy ſpores all newe:

V. 49. I twyſe. *W.* *V.* 285. thi truſty. *C.*

And yf thou fayle ony ſpendynge,
Com to Robyn Hode;
And by my trouth thou ſhalt none fayle
The whyles I have any good.

And broke well thy four hundred pound,
Whiche I lent to the,
And make thy ſelfe no more ſo bare,
By the counſell of me.

Thus than holpe hym good Robyn,
The knyght all of his care.
God, that ſytteth in heven hye,
Graunte us well to fare.

THE FYFTH FYTTE.

NOW hath the knyght his leve itake,
And wente hym on his way;
Robyn Hode and his mery men
Dwelled ſtyll full many a day.

Lyth and lyſten, gentil men,
And herken what I ſhall ſay,
How the proud ſheryfe of Notyngham
Dyde crye a full fayre play;

V. 307. this care. *W.* *V* 308. ſyt. *W.*

That all the beſt archers of the north
Sholde come upon a day,
And they that ſhoteth 'alder' beſt
The game ſhall bere away.

"He that ſhoteth 'alder' beſt
Furtheſt fayre and lowe,
At a payre of fynly buttes,
Under the grene wode ſhawe,

A ryght good arówe he ſhall have,
The ſhaft of ſylver whyte,
The heade and the feders of ryche rede golde,
In Englond is none lyke."

This then herde good Robyn,
Under his tryſtell tre:
"Make you redy, ye wyght yonge men,
That ſhotynge wyll I ſe.

Buſke you, my merry yonge men,
Ye ſhall go with me;
And I wyll wete the ſhryves fayth,
Trewe and yf he be."

Whan they had theyr bowes ibent,
Theyr takles fedred fre,
Seven ſcore of wyght yonge men
Stode by Robyns kne.

V. 11. And that ſhoteth al ther beſt. *W.* And they that ſhote al of the beſt. *C.*
V. 13. al theyre. *W.* al of the. *C.*

Whan they cam to Notyngham,
The buttes were fayre and longe,
Many was the bolde archere
That ſhoted with bowes ſtronge.

" There ſhall but ſyx ſhote with me,
The other ſhal kepe my hede,
And ſtande with good bowes bent
That I be not deſceyved. "

The fourth outlawe his bowe gan bende,
And that was Robyn Hode,
And that behelde the proude ſheryfe,
All by the but he ſtode.

Thryes Robyn ſhot about,
And alway he ſtift the wand,
And ſo dyde good Gylberte,
With the whyte hande.

Lytell Johan and good Scatheloke
Were archers good and fre;
Lytell Much and good Reynolde,
The worſte wolde they not be.

Whan they had ſhot aboute,
Theſe archours fayre and good,
Evermore was the beſt,
Forſoth, Robyn Hode.

V. 46. they ſtift. *W.* he cleſte. *C.*

Hym was delyvered the goode arow,
For beſt worthy was he;
He toke the yeft ſo curteysly,
To grene wode wolde he,

They cryed out on Robyn Hode,
And great hornes gun they blowe,
Wo worth the, treatour! ſayd Robyn,
Full evyl thou art to knowe.

And wo be thou, thou proud ſheryf,
Thus gladdynge thy geſt,
Other wyſe thou behote me
In yonder wylde foreſt;

But had I the in grene wode,
Under my tryſtell tre,
Thou ſholdeſt leve me a better wedde
Than thy trewe lewtè.

Full many a bowe there was bent,
And arowes let they glyde,
Many a kyrtell there was rent,
And hurt many a ſyde.

The outlawes ſhot was ſo ſtronge,
That no man myght them dryve,
And the proud ſheryfes men
They fled away full blyve.

V. 80. belyve. *C.*

Robyn ſawe the buſſhement to broke,
In grene wode he wolde have be,
Many an arowe there was ſhot
Amonge that company.

Lytell Johan was hurte full ſore,
With an arowe in his kne,
That he mygh. neyther go nor ryde;
It was full grete pytè.

Mayſter, then ſayd Lytell Johan,
If ever thou loveſt me,
And for that ylke lordes love,
That dyed upon a tre,

And for the medes of my ſervyce,
That I have ſerved the,
Lete never the proude ſheryf
Alyve now fynde me;

But take out thy browne ſwerde,
And ſmyte all of my hede,
And gyve me woundes dede and wyde,
No lyfe on me be lefte.

I wolde not that, ſayd Robyn,
Johan, that thou were ſlawe,
For all the golde in mery Englond,
Though it lay now on a rawe.

V. 100. That I after eate no bread. *C.*

God forbede, ſayd lytell Much,
That dyed on a tre,
That thou ſholdeſt, Lytell Johan,
Parte our company.

Up he toke him on his backe,
And bare hym well a myle.
Many a tyme he layd hym downe,
And ſhot another whyle.

Then was there a fayre caſtèll,
A lytell within the wode,
Double dyched it was about,
And walled, by the rode;

And there dwelled that gentyll knyght,
Syr Rychard at the Lee,
That Robyn had lent his good,
Under the grene wode tree.

In he toke good Robyn,
And all his company:
"Welcome be thou, Robyn Hode,
Welcome arte thou [to] me;

And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,
And of thy curteyſye,
And of thy grete kyndeneſſe,
Under the grene wode tre;

I love no man in all this worlde
So moch as I do the;
For all the proud ſheryf of Notyngham,
Ryght here ſhalt thou be.

Shyt the gates, and drawe the bridge,
And let no man com in;
And arme you well and make you redy,
And to the walle ye wynne.

For one thyng, Robyn, I the behote,
I ſwere by ſaynt Quyntyn,
Theſe twelve dayes thou woneſt with me,
To ſuppe, ete, and dyne.

Bordes were layed, and clothes ſpred,
Reddely and anone;
Robyn Hode and his mery men
To mete gan they gone.

THE SYXTE FYTTE.

LYTHE and lyſten, gentylmen,
And herken unto your ſonge,
How the proude ſheryfe of Notyngham,
And men of armes ſtronge,

Full faſte came to the hye ſheryfe,
The countre up to rout,
And they beſet the knyghts caſtèll,
The walles all about.

The proude ſheryf loude gan crye,
And ſayd, Thou traytour knyght,
Thou kepeſte here the kynges enemye,
Agayne the lawes and ryght.

"Syr, I wyll avowe that I have done,
The dedes that here be dyght,
Upon all the londes that I have,
As a am a trewe knyght.

Wende forthe, ſyrs, on your waye,
And doth no more to me,
Tyll ye wytte our kynges wyll
What he woll ſay to the."

The ſheref thus had his anſwere,
With out ony leaſynge,
Forthe he yode to London toune,
All for to tel our kynge.

There he tolde him of that knyght,
And eke of Robyn Hode,
And alſo of the bolde archeres,
That noble were and good.

V. 14. thou. *W.*

" He wolde avowe that he had done,
To mayntayne the outlawes ſtronge,
He wolde be lorde, and ſet you at nought,
In all the north londe."

I woll be at Notyngham, ſayd the kynge,
Within this fourtynyght,
And take I wyll Robyn Hode,
And ſo I wyll that knyght.

Go home, thou proud ſheryf,
And do as I bydde the,
And ordayne good archeres inowe,
Of all the wyde countree.

The ſheryf had his leve itake,
And went hym on his way;
And Robyn Hode to grene wode,
Upon a certayn day;

And Lytell Johan was hole of the arowe,
That ſhote was in his kne,
And dyde hym ſtrayte to Robyn Hode,
Under the grene wode tre.

Robyn Hode walked in the foreſte,
Under the leves grene,
The proud ſheryfe of Notyngham
Therfore he had grete tene.

V. 38. the bydde. *OCC.*

The ſheryf there fayled of Robyn Hode,
He myght not have his pra*y*,
Then he awayted that gentyll knyght,
Bothe by nyght and by daye.

Ever he awayted that gentyll knyght,
Syr Rychard at the Lee;
As he went on haukynge by the ryver ſyde,
And let his haukes flee,

Toke he there this gentyll knyght,
With men of armes ſtronge,
And lad hym home to Notyngham warde,
Ibonde both fote and honde.

The ſheryf ſwore a full grete othe,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
He had lever than an hondrede pounde,
That Robyn Hode had he!

Then the lady, the knyghtes wyfe,
A fayre lady and fre,
She ſet her on a gode palfray,
To grene wode anon rode ſhe.

When ſhe came to the forèſt,
Under the grene wode tre,
Founde ſhe there Robyn Hode,
And all his fayre meynè.

V. 64. honde and fote. *W.* foote and hande. *C.* *V.* 68. That he had Robyn Hode. *W.*

" God the ſave, good Robyn Hode,
And all thy company;
For our dere ladyes love,
A boné graunte thou me.

Let thou never my wedded lorde
Shamfully ſlayne to be;
He is faſt ibounde to Notyngham warde
For the love of the."

Anone then ſayd good Robyn,
To that lady fre,
What man hath your lorde itake?
The proude ſhirife, than ſayd ſhe.

[The proude ſheryfe hath hym itake]
Forſoth as I the ſay;
He is not yet thre myles,
Paſſed on 'his' waye.

Up then ſterte good Robyn,
As a man that had be wode:
" Buſke you, my mery younge men,
For hym that dyed on a rode;

V. 77. God the good Robyn. *W.* *V.* 79. lady. *W.* *V.* 81. Late. *V.* 82. Shamly I ſlayne be. *W.* *V.* 88. For ſoth as I the ſay. *W.* *V.* 92. your. *W.* You may them over take. *C.*

And he that this ſorowe forſaketh,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
And by him that al thinges maketh,
No longer ſhall dwell with me."

Sone there were good bowes ibent,
Mo than ſeven ſcore,
Hedge ne dyche ſpared they none,
That was them before.

I make myn avowe to god, ſayd Robyn,
The knyght wolde I fayn ſe,
And yf I may hym take,
Iquyt than ſhall he bee.

And whan they came to Notyngham,
They walked in the ſtrete,
And with the proud ſheryf, I wys,
Sone gan they mete.

Abyde, thou proud ſheryf, he ſayd,
Abyde and ſpeake with me,
Of ſome tydynges of our kynge,
I wolde fayne here of the.

This ſeven yere, by dere worthy god,
Ne yede I ſo faſt on fote,
I make myn avowe to god, thou proud ſheryfe,
'It' is not for thy good.

V. 99, 100. Shall he never in grene wode be Nor longer dwell with me. *W.* *V.* 108. it. *W.* *V.* 120. At. *W.* That. *C.* — good] boote. *Wb.*

Robyn bent a good bowe,
An arrowe he drewe at his wyll,
He hyt ſo the proud ſheryf,
Upon the grounde he lay full ſtyll;

And or he myght up aryſe,
On his fete to ſtonde,
He ſmote of the ſheryves hede,
With his bryght bronde.

" Lye thou there, thou proud ſheryf,
Evyll mote thou thryve;
There myght no man to the truſt,
The whyles thou were alyve."

His men drewe out theyr bryght ſwerdes,
That were ſo ſharpe and kene,
And layde on the ſheryves men,
And dryved them downe by dene.

Robyn ſtert to that knyght,
And cut a two his bonde,
And toke him in his hand a bowe,
And bade hym by hym ſtonde.

" Leve thy hors the behynde,
And lerne for to renne;
Thou ſhalt with me to grene wode,
Through myre, moſſe and fenne,

V. 138. hoode. *W.* bande. *C.*

Thou ſhalt with me to grene wode,
Without ony leaſynge,
Tyll that I have gete us grace,
Of Edwarde our comly kynge."

THE SEVENTH FYTTE.

THR kynge came to Notynghame,
With knyghtes in grete araye,
For to take that gentyll knyght,
And Robyn Hode, yf he may.

He aſked men of that countrè,
After Robyn Hode,
And after that gentyll knyght,
That was ſo bolde and ſtout.

Whan they had tolde hym the caſe,
Our kynge underſtonde ther tale,
And ſeaſed in his honde
The knyghtes londes all,

All the paſſe of Lancaſhyre,
He went both ferre and nere,
Tyll he came to Plomton parke,
He faylyd many of his dere.

V. 4 and yf. *H.*

There our kynge was wont to ſe
Herdes many one,
He coud unneth ſynde one dere,
That bare ony good horne.

The kynge was wonder wroth with all,
And ſwore by the trynytè,
" I wolde I had Robyn Hode,
With eyen I myght hym ſe ;

And he that wolde ſmyte of the knyghtes hede,
And brynge it to me,
He ſhall have the knyghtes londes,
Syr Rycharde at the Le ;

I gyve it hym with my chartèr,
And ſele it with my honde,
To have and holde for ever more,
In all mery Englonde."

Than beſpake a fayre olde knyght,
That was treue in his fay,
A, my lege lorde the kynge,
One worde I ſhall you ſay ;

There is no man in this countrè
May have the knyghtes londes,
Whyle Robyn Hode may ryde or gone,
And bere a bowe in his hondes ;

That he ne ſhall leſe his hede,
That is the beſt ball in his hode:
Give it no man, my lorde the kynge,
That ye wyll any good.

Half a yere dwelled our comly kynge,
In Notyngham, and well more,
Coude he not here of Robyn Hode,
In what countre that he were;

But alway went good Robyn
By halke and eke by hyll,
And alway ſlewe the kynges dere,
And welt them at his wyll.

Than beſpake a proude foſtere,
That ſtode by our kynges kne,
If ye wyll ſe good Robyn,
Ye muſt do after me;

Take fyve of the beſt knyghtes
That be in your lede,
And walke downe by 'yon' abbay,
And gete you monkes wede.

And I wyll be your ledes man,
And lede you the way,
And or ye come to Notyngham,
Myn hede then dare I lay,

V. 59. your. *OCC.*

That ye ſhall mete with good Robyn,
On lyve yf that he be,
Or ye come to Notyngham,
With eyen ye ſhall hym ſe.

Full haſtly our kynge was dyght,
So were his knyghtes fyve,
Everych of them in monkes wede,
And haſted them thyder blyth.

Our kynge was grete above his cole,
A brode hat on his crowne,
Ryght as he were abbot lyke,
They rode up in to the towne.

Styf botes our kynge had on,
Forſoth as I you ſay,
He rode ſyngynge to grene wode,
The covent was clothed in graye,

His male hors, and his grete ſomers,
Folowed our kynge be hynde,
Tyll they came to grene wode,
A myle under the lynde,

There they met with good Robyn,
Stondynge on the waye,
And ſo dyde many a bolde archere,
For ſoth as I you ſay.

Robyn toke the kynges hors,
Hastely in that stede,
And sayd, Syr abbot, by your leve,
A whyle ye must abyde;

We be yemen of this foreste,
Under the grene wode tre,
We lyve by our kynges dere,
Other shyft have not we;

And ye have chyrches and rentes both,
And gold full grete plentè;
Gyve us some of your spendynge,
For saynt Charyte.

Than bespake our cumly kynge,
Anone than sayd he,
I brought no more to grene wode,
But forty pounde with me;

I have layne at Notyngham,
This fourtynyght with our kynge,
And spent I have full moche good,
On many a grete lordynge;

And I have but forty pounde,
No more than have I me,
But yf I had an hondred pounde,
I would geve it to the.

V. 96. Under the grene wode tre. *W.* *V.* 112. I vouche it halfe on the. *W.*

Robyn toke the forty pounde,
And departed it in two partye,
Halfendell he gave his mery men,
And bad them mery to be.

Full curteysly Robyn gan say,
Syr, have this for your spendyng,
We shall mete a nother day.
Gramercy, than sayd our kynge;

But well the greteth Edwarde our kynge,
And sent to the his seale,
And byddeth the com to Notyngham,
Both to mete and mele.

He toke out the brode tarpe,
And sone he lete hym se;
Robyn coud his courteysy,
And set hym on his kne:

"I love no man in all the worlde
So well as I do my kynge,
Welcome is my lordes seale;
And, monke, for thy tydynge,

Syr abbot, for thy tydynges,
To day thou shalt dyne with me
For the love of my kynge
Under my trystell tre."

V. 125. seale. *C.*

Forth he lad our comly kynge,
Full fayre by the honde,
Many a dere there was ſlayne,
And full faſt dyghtande.

Robyn toke a full grete horne,
And loude he gan blowe,
Seven ſcore of wyght yonge men,
Came redy on a rowe,

All they kneeled on theyr kne,
Full fayre before Robyn.
The kynge ſayd hymſelfe untyll,
And ſwore by ſaynt Auſtyn,

Here is a wonder femely fyght,
Me thynketh, by goddes pyne;
His men are more at his byddynge,
Then my men be at myn.

Full haſtly was theyr dyner idyght,
And therto gan they gone,
They ſerved our kynge with al theyr myght,
Both Robyn and Lytell Johan.

Anone before our kynge was ſet
The fatte veniſon,
The good whyte brede, the good red wyne,
And therto the fyne ale browne.

F. 160. and browne. *W.*

Make good chere, ſayd Robyn,
Abbot, for charyte;
And for this ylke tydynge,
Blyſſed mote thou be.

Now ſhalte thou ſe what lyfe we lede,
Or thou hens wende,
Than thou may enfourme our kynge,
Whan ye togyder lende.

Up they ſterte all in haſt,
Theyr bowes were ſmartly bent,
Our kynge was never ſo ſore agaſt,
He wende to have be ſhente.

Two yerdes there were up ſet,
There to gan they gange;
By fifty paſe, our kynge ſayd,
The merkes were to longe,

On every ſyde a roſe garlonde,
They ſhot under the lyne.
Who ſo fayleth of the roſe garlonde, ſayd Robyn,
His takyll he ſhall tyne,

And yelde it to his mayſter,
Be it never ſo fyne,
For no man wyll I ſpare,
So drynke I ale or wyne.

And bere a buffet on his hede,
I wys ryght all bare.
And all that fell in Robyns lote,
He ſmote them wonder ſare.

Twyſe Robyn ſhot aboute,
And ever he cleved the wande,
And ſo dyde good Gylberte,
With the whyte hand;

Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,
For nothyng wolde they ſpare,
When they fayled of the garlonde,
Robyn ſmote them full ſare:

At the laſt ſhot that Robyn ſhot,
For all his frendes fare,
Yet he fayled of the garlonde,
Thre fyngers and mare.

Than beſpake good Gylberte,
And thus he gan ſay,
Mayſter, he ſayd, your takyll is loſt,
Stand forth and take your pay.

If it be ſo, ſayd Robyn,
That may no better be;
Syr abbot, I delyver the myn arowe,
I pray the, ſyr, ſerve thou me.

V. 186. A wys. *W.* For that ſhall be his fyne. *C.* *V.* 193. good whyte. *W.* lilly white. *C.*

It falleth not for myn order, ſayd our kynge,
Robyn, by thy leve,
For to ſmyte no good yemàn,
For doute I ſholde hym greve.

Smyte on boldely, ſayd Robyn,
I give the large leve.
Anone our kynge, with that worde,
He folde up his ſleve,

And ſych a buffet he gave Robyn,
To grounde he yede full nere.
I make myn avowe to god, ſayd Robyn,
Thou arte a ſtalworthe frere;

There is pith in thyn arme, ſayd Robyn,
I trowe thou canſt well ſhote.
Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode
Togeder than they met.

Robyn behelde our comly kynge
Wyſtly in the face,
So dyde ſyr Richarde at the Le,
And kneled downe in that place;

And ſo dyde all the wylde outlawes,
Whan they ſe them knele.
"My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
Now I knowe you well."

Mercy, then Robyn ſayd to our kynge,
Under your tryſtyll tre,
Of thy goodneſſe and thy grace
For my men and me!

Yes, for god, ſayd Robyn,
And to god me ſave;
aſke mercy, my lorde the kynge,
And for my men I crave.

Yes, for god, than ſayd our kynge
Thy peticion I graunt the,
With that thou leve the grene wode,
And all thy company;

And come home, ſyr, to my courte,
And there dwell with me.
I make myn avowe to god, ſayd Robyn,
And ryght ſo ſhall it be;

I wyll come to your courte,
Your ſervyſe for to ſe,
And brynge with me of my men
Seven ſcore and thre.

But me lyke well your ſervyſe,
I come agayne full ſoone,
And ſhote at the donne dere,
As I am wonte to done.

V. 248. And therto ſent I me. *W.*

THE EIGHTH FYTTE.

HASTE thou ony grene cloth? ſayd our kynge.
That thou wylte ſell now/e to me.
Ye, for god, ſayd Robyn,
Thyrty yerdes and thre.

Robyn, ſayd our kynge,
Now pray I the,
To ſell me ſome of that cloth,
To me and meynè.

Yes, for god, then ſayd Robyn,
Or elles I were a fole;
A nother day ye wyll me clothe,
I trowe, ayenſt the Yole.

The kynge keſt of his cote then,
A grene garment he dyde on,
And every knyght had ſo, I wys,
They clothed them full ſoone.

Whan they were clothed in Lyncolne grene,
They keſt away theyr graye.
Now we ſhall to Notyngham,
All thus our kynge gan ſay.

V. 9. good. *OCC.* *V.* 16. Another had full ſone. *If*

Theyr bowes bente and forth they went.
Shotynge all in fere,
Towarde the towne of Notyngham,
Outlawes as they were.

Our kynge and Robyn rode togyder,
For ſoth as I you ſay,
And ever ſhote plucke buffet,
As they went by the way;

And many a buffet our kynge wan,
Of Robyn Hode that day;
And nothynge ſpared good Robyn
Our kynge in his pay.

So god me helpe, ſayd our kynge,
Thy game is nought to lere,
I ſholde not get a ſhote of the,
Though I ſhote all this yere.

All the people of Notyngham
They ſtode and behelde,
They ſawe nothynge but mantels of grene,
That covered all the felde;

Than every man to other gan ſay,
I drede our kynge be ſlone;
Come Robyn Hode to the towne, I wys,
On lyve he leveth not one.

V. 44. Lefte never one. *W.*

Full haſtly they began to flé,
Both yemen and knaves,
And olde wyves that myght evyll goo,
They hypped on theyr ſtaves.

The kynge loughe full faſt,
And commanded theym agayne;
When they ſe our comly kynge,
I wys they were full fayne.

They ete and dranke, and made them glad,
And ſange with notes hye.
Than beſpake our comly kynge
To ſyr Rycharde at the Lee:

He gave hym there his londe agayne,
A good man he bad hym be.
Robyn thanked our comly kynge,
And ſet hym on his kne.

Had Robyn dwelled in the kynges courte,
But twelve monethes and thre,
That he had ſpent an hondred pounde,
And all his mennes fe.

In every place where Robyn came,
Ever more he layde downe,
Both for knyghtes and ſquyres,
To gete hym grete renowne,

V. 49. lughe. *W.*

By than the yere was all agone,
He had no man but twayne
Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,
Wyth hym all for to gone.

Robyn ſawe yonge men ſhote,
Full fayre upon a day,
Alas! than ſayd good Robyn
My weltl[illegible] went away.

Somtyme I was an archere good,
A ſtyffe and eke a ſtronge,
I was commytted the beſt archere,
That was in mery Englonde.

Alas! then ſayd good Robyn,
Alas and well a woo!
Yf I dwele lenger with the kynge,
Sorowe wyll me ſloo.

Forth than went Robyn Hode,
Tyll he came to our kynge:
"My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
Graunte me myn aſkynge.

I made a chapell in Bernyſdale,
That ſemely is to ſe,
It is of Mary Magdalene,
And thereto wolde I be;

V. 74. ſeire. *W.* *V.* 75. commended for. *C.*

I myght never in this ſeven nyght,
No tyme to ſlepe ne wynke,
Nother all theſe ſeven dayes,
Nother ete ne drynke.

Me longeth ſore to Bernyſdale,
I may not be therfro,
Barefote and wolwarde I have hyght
Thyder for to go."

Yf it be ſo, than ſayd our kynge,
It may no better be;
Seven nyght I gyve the leve,
No lengre, to dwell fro me.

Gramercy, lorde, then ſayd Robyn,
And ſet hym on his kne;
He toke his leve full courteysly,
To grene wode then went he.

Whan he came to grene wode,
In a mery mornynge,
There he herde the notes ſmall,
Of byrdes mery ſyngynge.

It is ferre gone, ſayd Robyn,
That I was laſt here,
Me lyſte a lytell for to ſhote,
At the donne dere.

Robyn ſlewe a full grete harte,
His horne than gan he blow,
That all the outlawes of that forèſt,
That horne coud they knowe,

And gadred them togyder,
In a lytell throwe.
Seven ſcore of wight yonge men,
Came redy on a rowe.

And fayre dyde of theyr hodes,
And ſet them on theyr kne.
Welcome, they ſayd, our mayſtèr,
Under this grene wode tre.

Robyn dwelled in grene wode,
Twenty yere and two,
For all drede of Edwarde our kynge,
Agayne wolde he not goo.

Yet he was begyled, I wys,
Through a wycked womàn,
The pryoreſſe of Kyrkesly,
That nye was of his kynne,

For the love of a knyght,
Syr Roger of Donkeſtèr,
That was her owne ſpeciall,
Full evyll mote they 'fare,'

V. 134. donkeſley. *W.* V. 136. the. *OCC*

They toke togyder theyr counſell
Robyn Hode for to ſle,
And how they myght beſt do that dede,
His bane for to be.

Than beſpake good Robyn,
In place where as he ſtode,
To morow I muſte to Kyrkesley,
Craftely to be leten blode.

Syr Roger of Donkeſtere,
By the pryoreſſe he lay,
And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,
Through theyr falſe playe.

Cryſt have mercy on his ſoule,
That dyed on the rode!
For he was a good out lawe,
And dyde pore men moch god.

II.

ROBYN HODE [AND THE POTTER].

This curious, and hitherto unpublished, and even unheard of old piece is given from a manuscript, among bishop Mores collections, in the public library of the university of Cambridge (Ee. 4. 35). The writing, which is evidently that of a vulgar and illiterate person, appears to be of the age of Henry the seventh, that is about the year 1500; *but the composition (which he has irremediably corrupted) is probably of an earlyer period, and much older, no doubt,*

than "The play of Robyn Hode," which ſeems alluſive to the ſame ſtory. At the end of the original is "Explecyt Robyn Hode."

IN ſchomer, when the leves ſpryng,
The bloſchems on every bowe,
So merey doyt the berdys ſyng,
Yn wodys merey now.

Herkens, god yemen,
Comley, corteiſley, and god,
On of the beſt that yever bar bou,
Hes name was Roben Hode.

Roben Hood was the yemans name,
That was boyt corteys and fre;
For the loffe of owr ladey,
All wemen werſchep 'he.'

Bot as the god yeman ſtod on a day,
Among hes mery maney,
He was war of a prowd potter,
Cam dryfyng owyr the 'ley.'

Yonder comet a prod potter, ſeyde Roben,
That long hayt hantyd this wey,
He was never ſo corteys a man
On peney of pawage to pay.

V. 12. ye. *V.* 16. leſe. *V.* 17. ſyde.

Y met hem bot at Wentbreg, ſeyde Lytyll John,
And therfor yeffell mot he the,
Seche thre ſtrokes he me gafe,
Yet they cleffe by my ſeydys.

Y ley forty ſhillings, ſeyde Lytyll John,
To pay het thes ſame day,
Ther ys nat a man among hus all
A wed ſchall make hem ley.

Her ys fo..y ſhillings, ſeyde Roben,
Mor, and thow dar ſay,
That y ſchall make that prowde potter,
A wed to me ſchall he ley.

Ther thes money they leyde,
They toke het a yeman to kepe;
Roben befor the potter he breyde,
'And up to hem can lepe.'

Handys apon hes horſe he leyde,
And bad 'hem' ſtonde foll ſtell.
The potter ſchorteley to hem ſeyde,
Felow, what ys they well?

All thes thre yer, and mor, potter, he ſeyde,
Thow haſt hantyd thes wey,
Yet wer tow never ſo cortys a man
One peney of pauage to pay.

V. 21. ſyde. *V.* 27. hys. *V.* 28. leſſe. *V.* 36. A bad hem ſtond ſtell. *V.* 38. the potter.

What ys they name? ſeyde the potter;
For pauage thow aſke of me.
"Roben Hod ys mey name,
A wed ſchall thow leffe me."

Wed well y non leffe, ſeyde the potter,
Nor pavag well y non pay;
Awey they honde fro mey horſe,
Y well the tene eyls, be mey fay.

The potter to hes cart he went,
He was not to ſeke,
A god to-hande ſtaffe therowt he hent,
Befor Roben he 'lepe.'

Roben howt with a ſwerd bent,
A bokeler en hes honde [therto];
The potter to Roben he went,
And ſeyde, Felow, let mey horſe go.

Togeder then went thes two yemen,
Het was a god ſeyt to ſe;
Therof low Robyn hes men,
Ther they ſtod onder a tre.

Leytell John to hes felow he ſeyde,
Yend potter welle ſteffeley ſtonde.
The potter, with a caward ſtroke,
Smot the bokeler owt of hes honde;

V. 56. leppyd.

And ar Roben meyt get het agen,
Hes bokeler at hes fette,
The potter yn the neke hem toke,
To the grondè ſone he yede.

That ſaw Roben hes men,
As thay ſtode ender a bow:
Let us helpe owr maſter, ſeyed Lytell John,
Yonder potter els well hem ſclo.

Thes yemen went with a breyde,
To 'ther' maſter they cam.
Leytell John to hes maſter ſeyde,
Ho haet the wager won?

Schall y haff yowr forty ſhillings, ſeyde Lytel John,
Or ye, maſter, ſchall haffe myne?
Yeff they wer a hundred, ſeyde Roben,
Y ſeythe, they ben all theyne.

Het ys ſol leytell corteſey, ſeyde the potter,
As y haſſe harde weyſe men ſaye,
Yeff a por yeman com drywyng ower the wey,
To let hem of hes gorney.

Be mey trowet, thow ſeys ſoyt, ſeyde Roben,
Thow ſeys god yemenrey;
And thow dreyffe forthe yevery day,
Thow ſchalt never be let for me.

V. 69. A. *V.* 76. ſeyde hels. *V.* 77. went yemen.
V. 78. thes. *V.* 82. lytl. *V.* 90. yemerey.

Y well prey the, god potter,
A fel.ſchepe well thow haffe?
Geffe me they clothyng, and thow ſchalt hafe myne;
Y well go to Notynggam.

Robyn went to Notynggam,
Thes pottes for to ſell;
The potter abode with Robens men,
Ther he fered not eylle.

Y grant therto, ſeyde the potter,
Thow ſchalt feynde me a felow gode;
Bot thow can ſell mey pottes well,
Com ayen as thow yode.

Nay, be mey trowt, ſeyde Roben,
And then y beſcro mey hede,
Yeffe y bryng eney pottes ayen,
And eney weyffe well hem chepe.

Than ſpake Leytell John,
And all hes felowhes heynd,
Maſter, be well war of the ſcreffe of Notynggam,
For he ys leytell howr frende.

Thorow the helpe of howr ladey,
Felowhes, let me alone;
Heyt war howte, ſeyde Roben,
To Notynggam well y gon.

V. 101. grat. *V.* 104. yede.

Tho Roben droffe on hes wey,
So merey ower the londe.
Heres mor and affter ys to ſaye,
The beſt ys beheynde:

[THE SECOND FIT.]

WHEN Roben cam to Notynggam,
The ſoyt yef y ſcholde ſaye,
He ſet op hes horſe anon,
And gaffe hem hotys and haye.

Yn the medys of the towne,
Ther he ſchowed hes war,
Pottys! pottys! he gan crey foll ſone,
Haffe hanſell for the mar.

Foll effen ageneſt the ſcreffeys gate,
Schowed he hes chaffar;
Weyffes and wedowes abowt hem drow,
And chepyd faſt of hes war.

Yet, Pottys, gret chepe! creyed Robyn,
Y loffe yeffell thes to ſtonde.
And all that ſaw hem ſell,
Seyde he had be no potter long.

V. 135. ſay.

The pottys that wer werthe pens feyffe,
He ſolde tham for pens thre:
Preveley ſeyde man and weyffe,
Ywnder potter ſchall never the.

Thos Roben ſolde foll faſt,
Tell he had pottys bot feyffe;
Op he hem toke of his car,
And ſende hem to the ſcreffeys weyffe.

Therof ſche was foll fayne,
Gereamarſey, ſir, than ſeyde ſche,
When ye com to thes contre ayen,
Y ſchall bey of 'they' pottys, ſo mot y the.

Ye ſchall haffe of the beſt, ſeyde Roben,
And ſwar be the treneytè.
Foll corteysley 'ſhe' gan hem call,
Com deyne with the ſcrefe and me.

Godamarſey, ſeyde Roben,
Yowr bedyng ſchall be doyn.
A mayden yn the pottys gan ber,
Roben and the ſcreffe weyffe folowed anon.

Wham Roben ynto the hall cam,
The ſcreffe ſone he met,
The potter cowed of corteyſey,
And ſone the ſcreffe he gret.

V. 136. ſeyde ſche *f'* than. *V.* 148. the. *V.* 151. he.

" Loketh what thes potter hayt geffe yow and me,
Feyffe pottys ſmaile and grete!"
He ys fol wellcom, ſeyd the ſcreffe,
Let os was, and ' go' to mete.

As they ſat at her methe,
With a nobell cher,
Two of the ſcreffes men gan ſpeke
Off a gret wagèr,

Was made the thother daye,
Off a ſchotyng was god and feyne,
Off forty ſhillings the ſoyt to ſaye,
Who ſchold thes wager wen.

Styll than ſat thes prowde potter,
Thos than thowt he,
As y am a trow Cerityn man,
Thes ſchotyng well y ſe.

Whan they had fared of the beſt,
With bred and ale and weyne,
To the ' bottys they' made them preſt,
With bowes and boltys foll feyne.

The ſcreffes men ſchot foll faſt,
As archares that weren godde,

V. 161, Loſeth. *V.* 164. tp. *VV.* 169. 170. *Theſe two lines are tranſpoſed in the MS.* *V.* 179. pottys the. *V.* 180. bolt yt.

Ther cam non ner ney the marke
Bey halfe a god archares bowe.

Stell then ſtod the prowde potter,
Thos than ſeyde he,
And y had a bow, be the rode,
On ſchot ſcholde yow ſe.

Thow ſchall haffe a bow, ſeyde the ſcreffe,
The beſt that thow well cheys of thre ;
Thow ſemyſt a ſtalward and a ſtronge,
Aſay ſchall thow be.

The ſcreffe comandyd a yeman that ſtod hem bey
Affter bowhes to wende ;
The beſt bow that the yeman browthe
Roben ſet on a ſtryng.

" Now ſchall y wet and thow be god,
And polle het op to they ner."
So god me helpe, ſeyde the prowde potter,
Thys ys bot rygzt weke ger.

To a quequer Roben went,
A god bolt owthe he toke,
So ney on to the marke he went,
He fayled not a fothe.

V 191: ſenyſt.

All they ſchot abowthe agen,
The ſcreffes men and he,
Off the marke he welde not fayle,
He cleſſed the preke on thre.

The ſcreffes men thowt gret ſchame,
The potter the maſtry wan;
The ſcreffe lowe and made god game,
And ſeyde, Potter, thow art a man;
Thow art worthey to ber a bowe,
Yn what plas that thow 'gang.'

Yn mey cart y haffe a bowe
Forſoyt, he ſeyde, and that a godde;
Yn mey cart ys the bow
That 'I had of Robyn Hode.'

Knoweſt thow Robyn Hode? ſeyde the ſcreffe,
Potter, y prey the tell thou me.
"A hundred torne y haffe ſchot with hem,
Under hes tortyll tre."

Y had lever nar a hundred ponde, ſeyde the ſcreffe,
And ſwar be the trenitè,
[Y had lever nar a hundred ponde, he ſeyde,]
That the fals owtelawe ſtod be me.

And ye well do afftyr mey red, ſeyde the potter,
And boldeley go with me,

V. 214. goe. *V.* 218. that Robyng gaffe me.

And to morow, or we het bred,
Roben Hode wel we ſe.

Y well queyt the, kod the ſcreffe,
And ſwer be god of meythe.
Schetyng thay left, and hom they went,
Her ſcoper was redey deythe.

Upon the morow, when het was day,
He boſkyd hem forthe to reyde;
The potter hes carte forthe gan ray,
And wolde not [be] leſſe beheynde.

He toke leſſe of the ſcreffys wyffe,
And thankyd her of all thyng:
"Dam, for mey loffe, and ye well thys wer,
Y geffe yow her a golde ryng."

Gramarſey, ſeyde the weyffe,
Sir, god eylde het the.
The ſcreffes hart was never ſo leythe,
The feyr foreſt to ſe.

And when he cam ynto the foreyſt,
Yonder the leffes grene,
Berdys ther ſange on bowhes preſt,
Het was gret goy to ſene.

Her het ys merey to be, ſeyde Roben,
For a man that had hawt to ſpende:

V. 232. mey they. *V.* 251. ſe.

Be mey horne ‘ we’ ſchall awet
Yeff Roben Hode be ‘ ner hande.’

Roben ſet hes horne to hes mowthe,
And blow a blaſt that was ſoll god,
That herde hes men that ther ſtode,
Fer downe yn the wodde.
I her mey maſter, ſeyde Leytyll John:
They ran as thay wer wode.

Whan thay to thar maſter cam,
Leytell John wold not ſpar:
“ Maſter, how haſſe yow far yn Notynggam?
“ Haſſe yow ſolde yowr war?”

“ Ye, be mey trowthe, Leytyll John,
Loke thow take no car;
Y haſſe browt the ſcreſſe of Notynggam,
For all howr chaſſar.”

He ys ſoll wellcom, ſeyde Lytyll John,
Thes tydyng ys ſoll godde.
The ſcreſſe had lever nar a hundred ponde
[He had never ſene Roben Hode].

“ Had I weſt that beforen,
At Notynggam when we wer,
Thow ſcholde not com yn feyr foreſt
Of all thes thowſande eyr.

V. 254. he. *V.* 255. her. *V.* 259. For. *V.* 265. How haſſe. *V.* 266. I leyty. *V.* 274. He had weſt.

That wot y well, ſeyde Roben,
Y thanke god that y be her;
Therfor ſchall ye leffe yowr horſe with hos,
And all your hother ger.

That fend I godys forbode, kod the ſcreffe,
So to leſe mey godde.
" Hether ye cam on horſe foll hey,
And hom ſchall ye go on fote;
And gret well they weyffe at home,
The woman ys foll godde.

Y ſchall her ſende a wheyt palffrey,
Het hambellet as the weynde;
Ner for the loffe of yowr weyffe,
Off mor ſorow ſcholde yow ſeyng."

Thes parted Robyn Hode and the ſcreffe,
To Notynggam he toke the waye;
Hes weyffe feyr welcomed hem hom,
And to hem gan ſche ſaye:

Seyr, how haffe yow fared yn grene foreyſt?
Haffe ye browt Roben hom?
" Dam, the deyell ſpede hem, bothe bodey and bon,
Y haffe hade a foll grete ſkorne.

V. 279. that ye be. *V.* 284. y. *V.* 288. *The MS. repeats this line after the following:* Het ambellet be mey ſey.

Of all the god that y haffe lade to grene wod,
He hayt take het fro me,
All bot this feyr palffrey,
That he hayt ſende to the."

With that ſche toke op a lowde lawhyng,
And ſwhar be hem that deyed on tre,
Now haffe yow payed for all the pottys
That Roben gaffe to me.

Now ye be com hom to Notynggam,
Ye ſchall haffe god ynowe."
Now ſpeke we of Roben Hode,
And of the pottyr onder the grene bowhe.

" Potter, what was they pottys worthe
To Notynggam that y ledde with me ?"
They wer worth two nobellys, ſeyd he,
So mot y treyffe or the ;
So cowde y had for tham,
And y had ther be.

Thow ſchalt hafe ten ponde, ſeyde Roben,
Of money feyr and fre ;
And yever whan thow comeſt to grene wod,
Wellcom, potter, to me.

V. 311, bowhes. *V.* 317. be ther.

Thes partyd Robyn, the ſcreffe, and the potter,
Ondernethe the grene wod tre.
God haffe merſey on Roben Hodys ſolle,
And ſaffe all god yemanrey!

III.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

This poem, a north country (or, perhaps, Scotiſh) compoſition of ſome antiquity, is given from a modern copy printed at Newcaſtle, where the editor accidentally picked it up: no other having, to his knowlege, been ever ſeen or heard of. The corruptions of the preſs being equally numerous and minute, ſome of the moſt trifling have been corrected without notice. But it may be proper to mention that each line of the printed copy is here thrown into two: a ſtep which, though abſolutely neceſſary from the narrowneſs of the page, is ſufficiently juſtified by the frequent recurrence of the double rime. The diviſion of ſtanzas was conceived to be a ſtill further improvement.—The original title is, "A pretty dialogue betwixt Robin Hood and a beggar."

LYTH and liſten, gentlemen,
That be of high born blood,
I'll tell you of a brave booting
That befell Robin Hood.

Robin Hood upon a day,
He went forth him alone,
And as he came from Barnſdale
Into fair evening,

He met a beggar on the way,
Who ſturdily could gang;
He had a pike-ſtaff in his hand
That was both ſtark and ſtrang;

A clouted clock about him was,
That held him frae the cold,
The thinneſt bit of it, I gueſs,
Was more then twenty fold.

His meal-poke hang about his neck,
Into a leathern whang,
Well faſten'd to a broad bucle,
That was both ſtark and 'ſtrang.'

He had three hats upon his head,
Together ſticked faſt,
He car'd neither for wind nor wet,
In lands where'er he paſt.

Good Robin caſt him in the way,
To ſee what he might be,
If any beggar had money,
He thought ſome part had he.

V. 24. wher't.

Tarry, tarry, good Robin ſays,
Tarry, and ſpeak with me.
He heard him a' he heard him not,
And faſt on his way can hy.

'Tis be not ſo, ſays [good] Robin;
Nay, thou muſt tarry ſtill.
By my troth, ſaid the bold beggar,
Of that I have no will.

It is far to my lodging houſe,
And it is growing late,
If they have ſupt e'er I come in,
I will look wondrous blate.

Now, by my truth, ſays good Robin,
I ſee well by thy fare,
If thou ſhares well to thy ſupper,
Of mine thou doſt not care,

Who wants my dinner all this day,
And wots not where to ly,
And would I to the tavern go,
I want money to buy.

Sir, you muſt lend me ſome money
Till we meet again.
The beggar anſwer'd cankardly,
I have no money to lend.

Thou art a young man as I,
And ſeems to be as ſweer;
If thou faſt till thou get from me,
Thou ſhalt eat none this year.

Now, by my truth, ſays [good] Robin,
Since we are aſembled ſo,
If thou has but a ſmall farthing,
I'll have it e'er thou go.

Come, lay down thy clouted cloak,
And do no longer ſtand,
And looſe the ſtrings of all thy pokes,
I'll ripe them with my hand.

And now to thee I make a vow,
If 'thou' make any din,
I ſhall ſee a broad arrow,
Can pierce a beggar's ſkin.

The beggar ſmil'd, and anſwer made,
Far better let me be;
Think not that I will be afraid,
For thy nip crooked tree;

Or that I fear thee any whit,
For thy curn nips of ſticks,
I know no uſe for them ſo meet
As to be puding-pricks.

Here I defy thee to do me ill,
For all thy boiſterous fair,
Thou's get nothing from me but ill,
Would'ſt thou ſeek evermair.

Good Robin bent his noble bow,
He was an angery man,
And in it ſet a broad arrow;
Lo! e'er 'twas drawn a ſpan,

The beggar, with his noble tree,
Reach'd him ſo round a rout,
That his bow and his broad arrow
In ſlinders flew about.

Good Robin bound him to his brand,
But that prov'd likewiſe vain,
The beggar lighted on his hand
With his pike-ſtaff again:

[I] wot he might not draw a ſword
For forty days and mair.
Good Robin could not ſpeak a word,
His heart was ne'er ſo fair.

He could not fight, he could not flee,
He wiſt not what to do;
The beggar with his noble tree
Laid luſty ſlaps him to.

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He paid good Robin back and ſide,
And baiſt him up and down,
With his pyke-ſtaff laid on loud,
Till he fell in a ſwooon.

Stand up, man, the beggar ſai!
'Tis ſhame to go to reſt;
Stay till thou get thy money told,
I think it were the beſt:

And ſyne go to the tavern houſe,
And buy both wine and ale;
Hereat thy friends will crack full crouſe,
Thou haſt been at the dale.

Good Robin anſwer'd ne'er a word,
But lay ſtill as a ſtane;
His cheeks were pale as any clay,
And cloſed were his een.

The beggar thought him dead but fail,
And boldly bound his way.—
I would ye had been at the dale,
And gotten part of the play.

V. 116. cloſd. *We might read:*
And clos'd were [baith] his een.

THE SECOND PART.

NOW three of Robin's men, by chance,
Came walking by the way,
And found their maſter in a trance,
On ground where that he lay.

Up have they taken good Robin,
Making a pitious bear,
Yet ſaw they no man there at whom
They might the matter ſpear.

They looked him all round about,
But wound on him ſaw 'nane',
Yet at his mouth came bocking out
The blood of a good vain.

Cold water they have gotten ſyne,
And caſt unto his face;
Then he began to hitch his ear,
And ſpeak within ſhort ſpace.

Tell us, dear maſter, ſaid his men,
How with you ſtands the caſe.
Good Robin ſigh'd e'er he began
To tell of his diſgrace.

" I have been watchman in this wood
Near hand this twenty year,
Yet I was never ſo hard beſtead
As ye have found me here;

A beggar with a clouted clock,
Of whom I fear'd no ill
Hath with his pyke-ſtaff cla'd my back,
I fear'twill never be well.

See, where he goes o'er yon hill,
With hat upon his head;
If e'er ye lov'd your maſter well,
Go now revenge this deed;

And bring him back again to me,
If it lie in your might,
That I may ſee, before I die,
Him puniſh'd in my ſight:

And if you may not bring him back,
Let him not go looſe on;
For to us all it were great ſhame
If he eſcape again."

" One of us ſhall with you remain,
Becauſe you're ill at eaſe,
The other two ſhall bring him back,
To uſe him as you pleaſe."

Now, by my truth, ſays good Robìn,
I true there's enough ſaid;
And he get ſcouth to wield his tree,
I fear you'll both be paid.

"Be not fear'd, our maſtèr,
That we two can be dung
With any bluter baſe beggàr,
That has nought but a rung.

His ſtaff ſhall ſtand him in no ſtead,
That you ſhall ſhortly ſee,
But back again he ſhall be led,
And faſt bound ſhall he be,
To ſee if ye will have him ſlain,
Or hanged on a tree."

"But caſt you ſliely in his way,
Before he be aware,
And on his pyke-ſtaff firſt hands lay,
Ye'll ſpeed the better far."

Now leave we Robin with his man,
Again to play the child,
And learn himſelf to ſtand and gang
By halds, for all his eild.

Now paſs we to the bold beggàr,
That raked o'er the hill,

Who never mended his pace more,
Then he had done no ill.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

And they have taken another way,
Was nearer by miles three.

They ſtoutly ran with all their might,
Spared neither dub nor mire,
They ſtarted at neither how nor height,
No travel made them tire,

Till they before the beggar wan,
And caſt them in his way;
A little wood lay in a glen,
And there they both did ſtay;

They ſtood up cloſely by a tree,
In each ſide of the gate,
Untill the beggar came them nigh,
That thought of no ſuch late:

And as he was betwixt them paſt,
They leapt upon him baith;
The one his pyke-ſtaff gripped faſt,
They feared for its ſkaith.

The other he held in his ſight
A drawen durk to his breaſt,

Note. The preceding lines of this ſtanza are wanting in the original.

And ſaid, Falſe 'carel,' quit thy ſtaff,
Or I ſhall be thy prieſt.

His pyke-ſtaff they have taken him frae,
And ſtuck it in the green,
He was full loath to let it gae,
An better might it been.

The beggar was the feardeſt man
Of any that e'er might be,
To win away no way he can,
Nor help him with his tree.

Nor wiſt he wherefore he was ta'en,
Nor how many was there;
He thought his life days had been gane,
He grew into diſpair.

Grant me my life, the beggar ſaid,
For him that dy'd on the tree,
And hold away that ugly knife,
Or elſe for fear I'll die.

I griev'd you never in all my life,
Neither by late or air,
You have great ſin if you would ſlay
A ſilly poor beggar.

Thou lies, falſe lown, they ſaid again,
For all that may be ſworn;
Thou haſt 'near' ſlain the gentleſt man
Of one that e'er was born;

And back again thou ſhall be led,
And faſt bound ſhalt thou be,
To ſee if he will have thee ſlain,
Or hanged on a tree.

The beggar then thought all was wrong,
They were ſet for his wrack,
He ſaw nothing appearing then,
But ill upon warſe back.

Were he out of their hands, he thought,
And had again his tree,
He ſhould not be led back for nought,
With ſuch as he did ſee.

Then he bethought him on a wile,
If it could take effect,
How he might the young men beguile,
And give them a begeck.

Thus to do them ſhame for ill
His beaſtly breaſt was bent,
He found the wind blew ſomething ſhrill,
To further his intent.

He ſaid, Brave gentlemen, be good,
And let a poor man be;
When ye have taken a beggar's blood,
It helps you not a flee.

V. 132. gave. begack.

It was but in my own defence,
If he has gotten ſkaith;
But I will make a recompence
Is better for you baith.

If ye will ſet me fair and free,
And do me no more dear,
An hundred pounds I will you give,
And [illegible] ld ſilver,

That I have gather'd this many years,
Under this clouted cloak,
And hid up wonder privately,
In bottom of my poke.

The young men to the council yeed,
And let the beggar gae;
They wiſt full well he had no ſpeed
From them to run away.

They thought they would the money take,
Come after what ſo may;
And yet they would not take him back,
But in that place him ſlay.

By that good Robin would not know
That they had gotten coin,
It would content him [well] to ſhow
That there they had him ſlain.

They ſaid, Falſe carel, ſoon have done,
And tell forth thy monèy,
For the ill turn that thou haſt done
It's but a ſimple plee.

And yet we will not have thee back,
Come after what ſo may,
If thou will do that which thou ſpak,
And make us preſent pay.

O then he looſed his clouted clock,
And ſpread it on the ground,
And thereon lay he many a poke,
Betwixt them and the wind.

He took a great bag from his hals,
It was near full of meal,
Two pecks in it at leaſt there was,
And more, I wot full well.

Upon this cloak he ſet it down,
The mouth he opened wide,
To turn the ſame he made him bown,
The young men ready ſpy'd;

In every hand he took a nook
Of that great leathren 'mail,'
And with a fling the meal he ſhook
Into their face all hail:

V. 172. ſpok. *V.* 177. half. *V.* 183. bound. *V.* 186. bag.

Wherewith he blinded them ſo cloſe,
A ſtime they could not ſee;
And then in heart he did rejoice,
And clap'd his luſty tree.

He thought if he had done them wrong,
In meaſling of their cloaths,
For to ſtrike off the meal again
With his pyke-ſtaff he goes.

E'er any of them could red their een,
Or a glimmring might ſee,
Like one of them a dozen had,
Well laid on with his tree.

The young men were right ſwift of foot,
And boldly bound away,
The beggar could them no more hit,
For all the haſte he may.

What's all this haſte? the beggar ſaid,
May not you tarry ſtill,
Untill your money be received?
I'll pay you with good will.

The ſhaking of my pokes, I fear,
Hath blown into your een;
But I have a good pyke-ſtaff here
Can ripe them out full clean.

V. 194. cloath. *V.* 206. thou.

The young men anſwered never a word,
They were dum as a ſtane;
In the thick wood the beggar fled,
E'er they riped their een:

And ſyne the night became ſo late,
To ſeek him was in vain:
But judge ye if they looked blate
When they cam home again.

Good Robin ſpeer'd how they had ſped.
They anſwered him, Full ill.
That can not be, good Robin ſays,
Ye have been at the mill.

The mill it is a meat rife part,
They may lick what they pleaſe,
Moſt like ye have been at the art,
Who would look at your 'claiths.'

They hang'd their heads, they drooped down,
A word they could not ſpeak.
Robin ſaid, Becauſe I fell a ſound,
I think ye'll do the like.

Tell on the matter, leſs or more,
And tell me what and how
Ye have done with the bold beggar
I ſent you for right now.

V. 221. ſpeed. *V.* 228. cloaths.

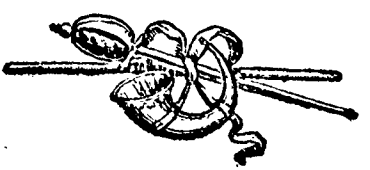
And when they told him to an end,
As i have ſaid before,
How that the beggar did them blind,
What miſters preſſes more?

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

And how in the thick woods he fled,
E'er they a ſtime could ſee;

And how they ſcarcely could win home,
Their bones were baſte ſo ſore;
Good Robin cry'd, Fy! out! for ſhame!
We're ſham'd for evermore.

Altho good Robin would full fain
Of his wrath revenged be,
He ſmil'd to ſee his merry young men
Had gotten a taſte of the tree.



IV.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

is reprinted from the "Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry," publiſhed by Dr. Percy, (Vol. I. p. 81.) who there gives it from his "folio MS." as "never before printed, and 'carrying' marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular ſongs on this ſubject:" ſentiments, to which, if the authority be genuine, and the publication faithful, (both which, by the way, they who are acquainted with Dr. Percys book, will have ſufficient reaſon to doubt,) the preſent editor has nothing to object.

As for Guy of Gisborne, the only further memorial which has occured concerning him is in an old ſatyrical

piece by William Dunbar, a celebrated Scotiſh poet, of the 15th century, on one "Schir Thomas Nory," (MS. Maitland, p. 3. MSS. More, Ll. 5. 10.) where he is named along with our hero, Adam Bell, and other worthies, it is conjectured, of a ſimilar ſtamp, but whoſe merits have not, leſs fortunately, come to the knowlege of poſterity.

"Was neuir WEILD ROBEINE *vnder bewch,*
"Nor zitt Roger of Clekkinſlewch,
"So bauld a bairne as he;
*"*GY OF GYSBURNE, *na Allane Bell,*
"Na Simones ſones of Quhynſell,
"Off thocht war neuir ſo ſtie."

Gisborne is a market town in the weſt riding of the county of York, on the borders of Lancaſhire.

WHAN ſhaws beene ſheene, and ſhraddes full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrèſt
To heare the ſmall birdes ſonge.

The woodweele ſang, and wold not ceaſe,
Sitting upon the ſpraye,
Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

V. 1. "*It ſhould perhaps be* ſwards: i. e. *the ſurface of the ground:* viz. "*when the fields are in their beauty*" PERCY. *Rather,* ſhrobbes *(ſhrubs). The plural of* ſward *was never uſed by any writer whatever.*

Now, by my faye, ſayd jollye Robìn,
A ſweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemèn,
That faſt with me can fight.

Methought they did me beate and binde,
And tooke my bowe me froe;
Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are ſwift, ſayd Lyttle John,
As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff itt be never ſo loude this night,
To-morrow it may be ſtill.

"Buſke yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John ſhall goe with mee,
For Ile goe ſeeke yond wighty yeomèn,
In greenwood where they bee."

Then they caſt on theyr gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrèſt
A ſhooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdeſt to bee,
There they were ware of a wight yeomàn,
That leaned agaynſt a tree.

A ſword and a dagger he wore by his ſide,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand ſtill, maſter, quoth Little John,
Under this tree ſo grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman,
To know what he doth meane.

"Ah! John, by me thou ſetteſt noe ſtore,
And that I farley finde:
How often ſend I my men before,
And tarry my ſelfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him ſpeake;
And it were not for burſting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake."

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John:
And John is gone to Barneſdale;
The gates he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barneſdale,
Great heavineſſe there he hadd,
For he found tow of his own fellòwes,
Were ſlaine both in a ſlade.

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
Faſt over ſtocke and ſtone,
For the proud ſheriffe with ſeven ſcore men
Faſt after him is gone.

One ſhoote now I will ſhoote, quoth John,
With Chriſt his might and mayne;
Ile make yond ſheriffe that wends ſoe faſt,
To ſtopp he ſhall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And ſetteled him to ſhoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell downe at his foote.

"Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ever thou grew on a tree!
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou ſhold bee."

His ſhoote it was but looſely ſhott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt met one of the ſheriffes men,
And William a Trent was ſlaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with ſorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood ſlade
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is ſaid, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The ſheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him faſt to a tree.

" Thou ſhalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill."
But thou mayſt fayle of thy purpoſe, quoth John,
If it be Chriſt his will.

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yomàn,
Where under the leaves he ſtood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, ſayd Robin ſo fayre,
Good morrowe, good fellow, quo' he:
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,
A good archere thou ſholdſt bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yemàn,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, ſayd Robìn;
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

V. 94. *Dr. Percy, by the marks he has beſtowed on this line, ſeems to conſider it as the yeomans reply: but it ſeems rather a repetition of Robins complimentary addreſs.*

I ſeeke an outlawe, the ſtraunger ſayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound ſoe good.

"Now come with me, thou wighty yemàn,
And Robin thou ſoone ſhalt ſee:
But firſt let us ſome paſtime find
Under the greenwood tree.

Firſt let us ſome maſter-ſtrokes make
Among the woods ſo even,
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here at ſome unſett ſteven."

They cutt them down two ſummer ſhroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And ſett them threeſcore rood in twaine,
To ſhoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I do bidd thee.
Nay, by my faith, good fellowe, hee ſayd,
My leader thou ſhalt bee.

The firſt time Robin ſhot at the pricke,
He miſt but an inch it fro:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never do ſoe.

The ſecond ſhoote had the wightye yemàn,
He ſhot within the garlànd:
But Robin he ſhott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke-wande.

A bleſſing upon thy heart, he ſayd;
Good fellowe, thy ſhooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, ſayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay, by my faith, quoth bold Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime ſworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Giſbòrne.

My dwelling is in this wood, ſayes Robin,
By thee I ſet right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnéſdale,
Whom thou ſo long haſt fought.

He that had neyther beene kythe nor kin,
Might have ſeen a full fayre fight,
To ſee how together theſe yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.

To ſee how theſe yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a ſummers day:
Yett neither Robin Hood nor ſir Guy
Them ſettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And ſtumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble withall,
And hitt him upon the ſyde.

Ah, deere ladye, ſayd Robin Hood tho,
That art but mother and may,
I think it was never mans deſtinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
And ſoone leapt up againe,
And ſtrait he came with a[n] awkwarde ſtroke
And he ſir Guy hath ſlayne.

V. 163. awkwarde] *So, according to Percy, reads his MS. He has altered it to* 'backward.'

V. 164. *The title of* SIR, *Dr. Percy ſays, was not formerly peculiar to knights; it was given to prieſts, and ſometimes to very inferior perſonages. If the text did not ſeem to be in favour of the latter part of this aſſertion, one might reaſonably queſtion its truth. Another inſtance, at leaſt, it is believed, admitting this to be one, which is by no means certain, could not be produced.*

He took ſir Guys head by the hayre,
And ſtuck it upon his bowes end:
"Thou haſt beene a traytor all thy life,
Which thing muſt have an end."

Robin pulled forth an Iriſh knife,
And nicked ſir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold know whoſe head it was.

Sayes, lye there, lye there, now ſir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
Iff thou have well the worſt ſtrokes at my hand,
Thou ſhalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gown of greene,
And on ſir Guy did throwe,
And he put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

"Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnéſdale,
To ſee how my men doe fare."

Robin Hood ſett Guyes horne to his mouth,
And a loude blaſt in it did blow:
That beheard the ſheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, ſayd the ſheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare ſir Guyes horne blow,
And he hath ſlaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare ſir Guyes horne blowe,
Itt blowes ſoe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeomàn,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good ſir Guy,
Aſke what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, ſayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have ſlaine the maſter, he ſayes,
Let me goe ſtrike the knave;
For this is all the meede I aſke;
None other rewarde I'le have.

Thou art a madman, ſayd the ſheriffe,
Thou ſholdſt have had a knightes fee:
But ſeeing thy aſking hath beene ſoe bad,
Well granted it ſhal bee.

When Little John heard his maſter ſpeake.
Well knewe he it was his ſteven:
Now ſhall I be looſet, quoth Little John,
With Chriſt his might in heaven.

Faſt Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to looſe him blive;
The ſheriffe and all his companye
Faſt after him can drive.

Stand abacke, ſtand abacke, ſayd Robin;
Why draw you mee ſo neere?
It was never the uſe in our countrye,
Ones ſhrift another ſhold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Iriſh knife,
And loſed John hand and foote,
And gave him ſir Guyes bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the ſheriffe ſaw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his houſe in Nottingham towne,
He fled full faſt away;
And ſoe did all the companye:
Not one behind wold ſtay.

But he cold neither runne ſoe faſt,
Nor away ſoe faſt cold ryde,
But Little John with an arrowe ſoe broad,
He ſhott him into the 'backe'-ſyde.

V. 236. Sic *PC.* quere *the MS.*

V.

A

TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD:

OR,

A briefe touch of the life and death of that renowned outlaw Robert earl of Huntingdon, vulgarly called Robin Hood, who lived and dyed in A. D. 1198.* being the 9th year of king Richard the firſt, commonly called Richard Cœur de Lyon.

Carefully collected out of the trueſt writers of our Engliſh Chronicles: and publiſhed for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who deſire truth from falshood.

BY MARTIN PARKER.

* *An abſurd miſtake, ſcarcely worth notice in this place, and which the reader will have it in his own power to correct.*

This poem, given from an edition in black letter, printed for I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger, 1686, remaining in the curious library left by Anthony à Wood, appears to have been first entered on the hall-book of the stationers company, the 29th of February, 1631.

Martin Parker was a great writer of ballads, several of which, with his initials subjoined, are still extant in the Pepysian and other collections. (See "Ancient songs," 1790, p. 239.) Dr. Percy mentions a little miscellany intitled, "The garland of withered roses, by Martin Parker, 1656." The editor has, likewise, seen "The nightingale warbling forth her own disaster, or the rape of Philomel: newly written in English verse by Martin Parker, 1632;" and, on the 24th. of November, 1640, Mr. Oulton enters, at Stationers hall, "a book called The true story of Guy earle of Warwicke, in prose, by Martyn Parker."

At the end of this poem the author adds "The epitaph which the prioress of the monastry of Kirkslay in Yorkshire set over Robin Hood, which," he says, "(as is before mentioned) was to be read within these hundred years, though in old broken English, much to the same sence and meaning." He gives it thus:

"Decembris quarto die, 1198. anno regni Richardi primi 9.

"*Robert earl of Huntington*

"*Lies under this little stone,*

" *No archer was like him ſo good;*
" *His wildneſs named him Robin Hood;*
" *Full thirteen years, and ſomething more,*
" *Theſe northern parts he vexed ſore;*
" *Such outlaws as he and his men*
" *May England never know again.*"

" *Some other ſuperſtitious words,*" *he adds,* " *were in, which I,*" *ſays he,* " *thought fit to leave out.*" *Now, under this preciſe gentleman's favour, one would be glad to know what theſe ſame* " *ſuperſtitious words*" *were; there not being anything of the kind in Dr. Gales copy, which ſeems to be the original, and which is ſhorter by two lines than the above.*

BOTH gentlemen, and yeomen bold,
Or whatſoever you are,
To have a ſtately ſtory told
Attention now prepare:

It is a tale of Robin Hood,
Which i to you will tell,
Which being rightly underſtood,
I know will pleaſe you well.

This Robin (ſo much talked on)
Was once a man of fame,
Inſtiled earl of Huntington,
Lord Robin Hood by name.

In courtſhip and magnificence
His carriage won him praiſe,
And greater favour with his prince
Than any in our days.

In bounteous liberality
He too much did excell,
And loved men of quality
More than exceeding well.

His great revenues all he ſold
For wine and coſtly chear;
He kept three hundred bow-men bold,
He ſhooting lov'd ſo dear.

No archer living in his time
With him might well compare;
He practis'd all his youthful prime
That exerciſe moſt rare.

At laſt, by his profuſe expence,
He had conſum'd his wealth;
And, being outlaw'd by his prince,
In woods he liv'd by ſtealth.

The abbot of Saint Maries rich,
To whom he mony ought,
His hatred to the earl was ſuch
That he his downfal wrought.

So being outlaw'd (as 'tis told)
He with a crew went forth
Of luſty cutters ſtout and bold,
And robbed in the North.

Among the reſt one Little John,
A yeoman bold and free,
Who could (if it ſtood him upon)
With eaſe encounter three.

One hundred men in all he got,
With whom (the ſtory ſays)
Three hundred common men durſt not
Hold combat any waies.

They Yorkſhire woods frequented much,
And Lancaſhire alſo,
Wherein their practiſes were ſuch
That they wrought muckle woe.

None rich durſt travel to and fro,
Though ne'r ſo ſtrongly arm'd,
But by theſe thieves (ſo ſtrong in ſhow)
They ſtill were rob'd and harm'd.

His chiefeſt ſpight to th' clergy was,
That liv'd in monſtrous pride:
No one of them he would let paſs
Along the highway ſide,

But firſt they muſt to dinner go,
And afterwards to ſhrift:
Full many a one he ſerved ſo,
Thus while he liv'd by theft.

No monks nor fryers he would let go,
Without paying their fees:
If they thought much to be uſed ſo,
Their ſtones he made them leſe.

For ſuch as they the country fill'd
With baſtards in thoſe days:
Which to prevent, theſe ſparks did geld
All that came in their ways.

But Robin Hood ſo gentle was,
And bore ſo brave a mind,
If any in diſtreſs did paſs,
To them he was ſo kind,

That he would give and lend to them,
To help them in their need;
This made all poor men pray for him,
And wiſh he well might ſpeed.

The widow and the fatherleſs
He would ſend means unto;
And thoſe whom famine did oppreſs
Found him a friendly foe.

Nor would he do a woman wrong,
But ſee her ſafe convey'd:
He would protect with power ſtrong
All thoſe who crav'd his aid.

The abbot of Saint Maries then,
Who him undid before,
Was riding with two hundred men,
And gold and ſilver ſtore:

But Robin Hood upon him ſet,
With his couragious ſparks,
And all the coyn perforce did get,
Which was twelve thouſand marks.

He bound the abbot to a tree,
And would not let him paſs,
Before that to his men and he
His lordſhip had ſaid maſs:

Which being done, upon his horſe
He ſet him faſt aſtride,
And with his face towards his arſe
He forced him to ride.

His men were forced to be his guide,
For he rode backward home:
The abbot, being thus villify'd,
Did ſorely chafe and fume.

Thus Robin Hood did vindicate
His former wrongs receiv'd:
For 'twas this covetous prelàte
That him of land bereav'd.

The abbot he rode to the king,
With all the haſte he could;
And to his grace he every thing
Exactly did unfold:

And ſaid that if no courſe were ta'n,
By force or ſtratagem,
To take this rebel and his train,
No man ſhould paſs for them.

The king proteſted by and by
Unto the abbot then,
That Robin Hood with ſpeed ſhould dye,
With all his merry men.

But e're the king did any ſend,
He did another feat,
Which did his grace much more offend,
The fact indeed was great:

For in a ſhort time after that
The kings receivers went
Towards London with the coyn they got,
For's highneſs northern rent:

Bold Robin Hood and Little John,
With the reſt of their train,
Not dreading law, ſet them upon,
And did their gold obtain.

The king much moved at the ſame,
And the abbots talk alſo,
In this his anger did proclaim,
And ſent word to and fro,

That whoſoever alive or dead
Could bring bold Robin Hood,
Should have one thouſand marks well paid
In gold and ſilver good.

This promiſe of the king did make
Full many yeomen bold
Attempt ſtout Robin Hood to take
With all the force they could.

But ſtill when any came to him
Within the gay green wood,
He entertainment gave to them
With veniſon fat and good;

And ſhew'd to them ſuch martial ſport
With his long bow and arrow,
That they of him did give report,
How that it was great ſorow

That ſuch a worthy man as he
Should thus be put to ſhift,
Being a late lord of high degree,
Of living quite bereft.

The king to take him more and more
Sent men of mickle might;
But he and his ſtill beat them ſore,
And conquered them in fight:

Or elſe with love and courteſie,
To him he won their hearts.
Thus ſtill he liv'd by robbery
Throughout the northern parts;

And all the country ſtood in dread
Of Robin Hood and's men:
For ſtouter lads ne'r liv'd by bread
In thoſe days, nor ſince then.

The abbot, which before i nam'd,
Sought all the means he could
To have by force this rebel ta'n,
And his adherents bold.

Therefore he arm'd five hundred men,
With furniture compleat;
But the outlaws ſlew half of them,
And made the reſt retreat,

The long bow and the arrow keen
They were ſo us'd unto
That ſtill he kept the forreſt green
In ſpight o' th' proudeſt foe.

Twelve of the abbots men he took,
Who came to have him ta'n.
When all the reſt the field forſook,
Theſe he did entertain

With banqueting and merriment,
And, having us'd them well,
He to their lord them ſafely ſent,
And will'd them him to tell,

That if he would be pleas'd at laſt
To beg of our good king,
That he might pardon what was paſt,
And him to favour bring,

He would ſurrender back again
The mony which before
Was taken by him 'and his' men
From him and many more.

Poor men might ſafely paſs by him,
And ſome that way would chuſe,
For well they knew that to help them
He evermore did uſe.

But where he knew a miſer rich
That did the poor oppreſs,
To feel his coyn his hands did itch,
He'd have it more or leſs:

And ſometimes, when the high-way fail'd,
Then he his courage rouzes,
He and his men have oft aſſaild
Such rich men in their houſes:

So that, through dread of Robin then,
And his adventurous crew,
The miſers kept great ſtore of men,
Which elſe maintain'd but few.

King Richard, of that name the firſt,
Sirnamed Cœur de Lyon,
Went to defeat the Pagans curſt,
Who kept the coaſts of Sion.

The biſhop of Ely chancellor,
Was left a vice-roy here,
Who, like a potent emperor,
Did proud domineer.

Our chronicles of him report,
That commonly he rode
With a thouſand horſe from court to court,
Where he would make abode.

He, riding down towards the north,
With his aforeſaid train,
Robin and his men did iſſue forth,
Them all to entertain;

And with the gallant gray-gooſe wing
They ſhew'd to them ſuch play
That made their horſes kick and fling,
And down their riders lay.

Full glad and fain the biſhop was,
For all his thouſand men,
To ſeek what means he could to paſs
From out of Robins ken.

Two hundred of his men were kill'd,
And fourſcore horſes good,
Thirty, who did as captives yield,
Were carried to the green wood;

Which afterwards were ranſomed,
For twenty marks a man:
The reſt ſet ſpurs to horſe and fled
To th' town of Warrington.

The biſhop, ſore inraged, then
Did, in king Richards name,
Muſter up a power of northern men,
Theſe outlaws bold to tame.

But Robin with his courteſie
So won the meaner ſort,
That they were loath on him to try
What rigour did import.

So that bold Robin and his train
Did live unhurt of them,
Until king Richard came again
From fair Jeruſalem:

And then the talk of Robin Hood
His royal ears did fill;
His grace admir'd that i' th' green wood
He was continued ſtill.

So that the country far and near
Did give him great applauſe;
For none of them need ſtand in fear,
But ſuch as broke the laws.

He wiſhed well unto the king,
And prayed ſtill for his health,
And never practis'd any thing
Againſt the common-wealth.

Only, becauſe he was undone
By th' cruel clergy then,
All means that he could think upon
To vex ſuch kind of men,

He enterpriz'd with hateful ſpleen;
For which he was to blame,
For fault of ſome to wreak his teen
On all that by him came.

With wealth that he by roguery got
Eight alms-houſes he built,
Thinking thereby to purge the blot
Of blood which he had ſpilt.

Such was their blind devotion then,
Depending on their works,
Which if 'twere true, we Chriſtian men
Inferiour were to Turks.

But, to ſpeak true of Robin Hood,
And wrong him not a jot,
He never would ſhed any mans blood
That him invaded not.

Nor would he injure huſbandmen,
That toil at cart and plough;
For well he knew wer't not for them
To live no man knew how.

The king in perſon, with ſome lords,
To Nottingham did ride,
To try what ſtrength and ſkill affords
To cruſh this outlaws pride.

And, as he once before had done,
He did again proclaim,
That whoſoever would take upon
To bring to Nottingham,

Or any place within the land,
Rebellious Robin Hood,
Should be preferr'd in place to ſtand
With thoſe of noble blood.

When Robin Hood heard of the ſame,
Within a little ſpace,
Into the town of Nottingham
A letter to his grace

He ſhot upon an arrow head,
One evening cunningly;
Which was brought to the king, and read
Before his majeſty.

The tenour of this letter was
That Robin would ſubmit,
And be true liegeman to his grace
In any thing that's fit,

So that his highneſs would forgive
Him and his merry men all;
If not, he muſt i' th' green wood live,
And take what chance did fall.

The king would feign have pardoned him,
But that ſome lords did ſay,
This preſident will much condemn
Your grace another day.

While that the king and lords did ſtay
Debating on this thing,
Some of theſe outlaws fled away
Unto the Scottiſh king.

For they ſuppos'd, if he were ta'n
Or to the king did yield,
By th' commons all the reſt of 's train
Full quickly would be quell'd.

Of more than full an hundred men,
But forty tarried ſtill,
Who were reſolv'd to ſtick to him
Let Fortune work her will.

If none had fled, all for his ſake
Had got their pardon free;
The king to favour meant to take
His merry men and he.

But e're the pardon to him came
This famous archer dy'd:
His death and manner of the ſame
I'le preſently deſcribe.

For, being vext to think upon
His followers revolt,
In melancholy paſſiòn
He did recount his fault.

Perfidious traytors! ſaid he then,
In all your dangers paſt
Have i you guarded as my men,
To leave me thus at laſt!

This ſad perplexity did cauſe
A feaver, as ſome ſay,
Which him unto confuſion draws,
Though by a ſtranger way.

This deadly danger to prevent,
He hie'd him with all ſpeed
Unto a nunnery, with intent
For his healths-ſake to bleed.

A faithleſs fryer did pretend
In love to let him blood,
But he by falshood wrought the end
Of famous Robin Hood.

The fryer, as ſome ſay, did this
To vindicate the wrong
Which to the clergy he and his
Had done by power ſtrong.

Thus dyed he by treachery,
That could not die by force:
Had he liv'd longer, certainly
King Richard, in remorſe,

Had unto favour him receiv'd,
'His' brave men elevated:
'Tis pitty he was of life bereav'd
By one which he ſo hated.

A treacherous leach this fryer was,
To let him bleed to death;
And Robin was, methinks, an aſs
To truſt him with his breath.

His corps the prioreſs of the place,
The next day that he dy'd,
Cauſed to be buried, in mean caſe,
Cloſe by the high-way ſide.

And over him ſhe cauſed a ſtone
To be fixt on the ground,
An epitaph was ſet thereon,
Wherein his name was found;

The date o' th' year and day alſo,
She made to be ſet there:
That all, who by the way did go,
Might ſee it plain appear.

That ſuch a man as Robin Hood
Was buried in that place;
And how he lived in the green wood
And robbed for a ſpace.

It ſeems that though the clergy he
Had put to mickle woe,
He ſhould not quite forgotten be,
Although he was their foe.

This woman, though ſhe did him hate,
Yet loved his memory;
And thought it wondrous pitty that
His fame ſhould with him dye.

This epitaph, as records tell,
Within this hundred years,
By many was diſcerned well,
But time all things out-wears.

His followers, when he was dead,
Were ſome repriev'd to grace;
The reſt to foreign countries fled,
And left their native place.

Although his funeral was but mean,
This woman had in mind,
Leaſt his fame ſhould be buried clean
From thoſe that came behind.

For certainly, before nor ſince,
No man e're underſtood,
Under the reign of any prince,
Of one like Robin Hood.

Full thirteen years, and ſomething more,
Theſe outlaws lived thus;
Feared of the rich, loved of the poor:
A thing moſt marvellous.

A thing impoſſible to us
This ſtory ſeems to be;
None dares be now ſo venturous,
But times are chang'd we ſee.

We that live in theſe later days
Of civil government,
If need be, have an hundred ways
Such outlaws to prevent.

In thoſe days men more barbarous were,
And lived leſs in awe;
Now (god be thanked) people fear
More to offend the law.

No waring guns were then in uſe,
They dreamt of no ſuch thing;
Our Engliſhmen in fight did uſe
The gallant gray-gooſe wing:

In which activity theſe men,
Through practiſe, were ſo good,
That in thoſe days none equal'd them,
Eſpecially Robin Hood.

So that, it ſeems, keeping in caves,
In woods and foreſts thick,
They'd beat a multitude with ſtaves,
Their arrows did ſo prick:

And none durſt neer unto them come,
Unleſs in courteſie;
All ſuch he bravely would ſend home
With mirth and jollity:

Which courteſie won him ſuch love,
As i before have told,
'Twas the chief cauſe that he did prove
More proſperous than he could.

Let us be thankful for theſe times
Of plenty, truth and peace;
And leave out great and horrid crimes,
Leaſt they cauſe this to ceaſe.

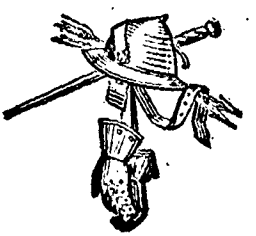
I know there's many feigned tales
Of Robin Hood and 's crew;
But chronicles, which ſeldome fails,
Reports this to be true.

V. 460. i. e. *than he could otherwiſe have been.*

Let none then think this is a lye,
For, if 'twere put to th' worſt,
They may the truth of all deſcry
I' th' reign of Richard the firſt.

If any reader pleaſe to try,
As i direction ſhow,
The truth of this brave hiſtory,
He'l find it true I know.

And i ſhall think my labour well
Beſtow'd to purpoſe good,
When't ſhall be ſaid that i did tell
True tales of Robin Hood.



GLOSSARY

TO

THE PRESENT VOLUME.

AIR. *p.* 107. *early.*

Alderbeſt. *p.* 5. *beſt of all. This phraſe, which occurs in Chaucer, is corrupted in de Wordes edition to* "al the" *and* "al theyre," *which Coplande has changed to* "al of the;" *whence it may be infered that the expreſſion was become already obſolete, and conſequently that the poem is of much greater antiquity than* 1520: *and yet Shakſpeare, above half a century after, puts the word* Alderliefeſt *into the mouth of queen Margaret.*

Anker. *p.* 36. *hermit, anchorite.*

Ar. *p.* 85. *ere.*

Aſay. *p.* 90. Aſayed. *p.* 31. *eſſayed, tryed, proved.*

A ſound. *p.* 112. *in a ſwoon.*

Auncetters. *p.* 10. *anceſtors.*

Avow. *p.* 33. Avowe. *p.* 29. *vow.*

Avowe. *p.* 57. *maintain,* verbum juris.

Avowè. *p.* 42. *founder, patron, protector. See Spelman's gloſſary,* v. ADVOCATUS.

Awayte. awayte me ſcathe. *p.* 37. *lye in wait to do me harm.*

Awayted. *p.* 59. *lay in wait for.*

Awet. *p.* 93. *wit, know.*

Awkwarde. *p.* 123. *backward.* An awkwarde ſtroke *ſeems to mean an unuſual or out of the way ſtroke, one which the receiver could not foreſee, be aware of, or guard againſt; a ſort of left or back hand ſtroke.*

Ayenſt. *p.* 74. *againſt.*

Baiſt. *p.* 102. Baſte. *p.* 113. *baſted, belaboured.*

Baith. *p.* 106. *both.*

Bale. *p.* 117. *miſchief.*—*p.* 118. *woe, ſorrow, miſery.*

Banis. *p.* 80. *bane, deſtruction.*

Bear. *p.* 103. *moan, lamentation, outcry.*

Bedene. *p.* 34. *behind, one after another?*

Bedyng. *p.* 88. *aſking.* Your bedyng ſhall be doyn, *Your invitation ſhall be complyed with.*

Beforen. *p.* 93. *before.*

Begeck. *p.* 108. give them a begeck, *play them a trick, make fools of them.*

Behote. *p.* 53. *promiſed.*

Bent. *p.* 84.

Beſcro. *p.* 86. *beſhrew.*

Beſtad. ferre and friend beſtad. *p.* 26. *far from home and without a friend. The paſſage, however, ſeems corrupt.*

Beſtead. *p.* 104. *beſet, put to it.*

Beth. *p.* 11. *are, be.*

Blate. *pp.* 99, 112. *ſheepiſh or fooliſh, as we ſhould now ſay.*

Blive. *p.* 125. *belive, immediately.*

Bloſchems. *p.* 82. *bloſſoms.*

Bluter. *p.* 105.

Blyve. *p.* 53. *faſt, quickly, briſkly.*

Bocking. *p.* 103. *pouring ſtrowing.*

Bode. *p.* 40. *bidden, invited.*

Bolt. *p.* 90. Bolte. *p.* 40. Boltes. *p.* 125. Boltys. *p.* 89. *A bolt was an arrow of a particular kind, uſed for ſhooting at a mark or at birds.*

Boote. *p.* 118. *help.*

Booting. *p.* 97.

Borde *p.* 4. *table.*

Borowe. *p.* 13. *pledge, ſurety.*

Borowehode *p.* 43. *ſuretyſhip.*

Boſkyd. *p.* 92. *buſked, prepared, got ready.*

Bortys. *p* 89. *butts.*

Bou *p.* 82. *bow.*

Bound. *p.* 101. *betook.*—*p.* 102. *went.* boldly bound away. *p.* 111. *briſkly ſcamper'd off.*

Bowe. *p.* 82. *bough.*

Bown. *p.* 110. *ready.*

Bowne ye. *p.* 116. *prepare ye, get ready.*

Boyt. *p.* 82. *both.*

Breyde. *p.* 83. *ſtarted, ſtepped haſtily.*

Breyde. *p.* 85. *ſtart, quick or haſty ſtep.*

Broke. *p.* 48. *brook, enjoy, uſe, keep.*

Bronde. *p.* 37. *brand, ſword.*

Buſhement. *p.* 54. *ambuſh.*

Buſke. *p.* 12. I wyll me buſke, i. e. *go, betake myſelf.*—*p.* 51. buſke you. *addreſs or prepare yourſelves, make ready.*

Bydene. *p.* 62. *one after another.*
Cankardly. *p.* 99. *peevishly, with ill temper.*
Capull hyde. *p.* 117. *horse hide.*
Carel, *p.* 110. *carle, old fr low.*
Caward. *p.* 84. *awkward, or backward. See* Awkwarde.
Cerllyn. *p.* 89. *christian.*
Chaffar. *p.* 87. *chaffer, merchandise. p.* 93. *commodity.*
Chepe. better chepe. *p.* 46. *cheaper*; à meilleur marché, *F.* gret chepe. *p.* 87. *very cheap*; à tres bon marché.
Chepe. *p.* 86. *cheapen, buy.* Chepyd. *p.* 87. *cheapened, bought.*
Cheys. *p.* 90. *choose.*
Cnorle. *p.* 40. *churl, peasant, clown.*
Cla'd. *p.* 104. *scratched.*
Clock. *p.* 98. *cloak.*
Clouted. *p.* 98. *patched.*
Cole. *p.* 66.
Come. *p.* 16. *(pronounced* com*) came.*
Commytted. *p.* 77. *accounted.*
Coresed. *p.* 20.
Cortessey. *p.* 82. *courteous.*
Cote a pye. *p.* 35. *upper garment, short cloke*; courtepy, *Chaucer. See Tyrwhitts note,* iv. 201.
Coud. *p.* 33. *knew, understood.*
Covent. *p.* 17. *convent*; *whence our* Covent-garden.
Cowed *p.* 88. *could, knew.* Cowed of curteysey. *understood good manners.*
Crack. *p.* 102. *boast.*
Craftely. *p.* 80. *skilfully*, secundum artem.
Crouse. *p.* 102. *brisk.*

Cun. *p.* 44. *con, owe, give.*
Curn. *p.* 100.
Curteyſe. *p.* 3. *courteous.*
Cutters. *p.* 130. *ſharking fellows.*
Dear. *p.* 109. *harm.*
Demed. *p.* 19. *judged.*
Derne. *p.* 6. *privy, ſecret.*
Deyell *p.* 94. *devil.*
Deythe. *p.* 92. *dight, dreſſed.*
Donne. *p.* 73. *dun.*
Doyt. *p.* 82. *doth it.*
Dreyſie. *p.* 85. *drave.*
Dub. *p.* 106. *ſhallow mirey pool.*
Dung. *p.* 105. *beaten, overcome.*
Durk. *p.* 106. *dagger.*
Dyght. *p.* 6. *dreſſed.*—*p.* 57. *done.*
Dyghtande. *p.* 69.
Dyſgrate. *p.* 10. *diſgraced.* hath be dyſgrate. *hath fallen into poverty.*
Een. *p.* 102. *eyes.*
Eftſones, *p.* 43. *hereafter, afterward.*
Eild. *p.* 105. *age.*
Ender. *p.* 85. *under.*
Ere. *p.* 43. *before.*
Eylde. *p.* 92. *yield.*
Eyr. *p.* 93. *year.*
Fail. but fail. *p.* 102. *without fail, without doubt.*
Failyd. *p.* 63. *wanted, miſſed.*
Fair. *p.* 101. *fare, ado.*

Farley. *p.* 117. *fairly, plainly.*
Fay. *p.* 26. *faith.*
Fayne. *p.* 37. *glad.*
Fe. *p.* 76. *fee, wages.*
Feardeſt. *p.* 107. *fearfuleſt, moſt frightened or afraid.*
Feders. *p.* 51. *feathers.*
Fend. fend I godys forbode. *p.* 94.
Fende. *p.* 21. *defend.*
Fered. *p.* 86. *fared, lived.*
Ferre. *p.* 5. *far.* ferre dayes. *far in the day*; grand jour, *F.*
Fette. *p.* 32. *fetched.*
Fetteled him. *p.* 118. *made him ready, prepared himſelf, ſet about.* Fettled. them fettled, *p.* 122. *attempted, ſet about.*
Feyffe. *p.* 88. *five.*
Flee. *p.* 108. *fly.*
Flinders. *p.* 101. *ſplinters.*
Fone. *p.* 21. *foes.*
Forbode. *p.* 94. *commandment.*
Forgone. *p.* 44. *forego, loſe.*
Fors. *p.* 4. *care.* *See p.* 41.
Forſoyt, *p.* 91. *forſooth, truely.*
Foryete. *p.* 29. *forgoten.*
Foſtere. *p.* 65. *foreſter.*
Fothe. *p.* 90. *foot.*
Frae. *p.* 98. *from.*
Frebore. *p.* 2. *free born, gentle.*
Freſe. *p.* 39.

Fynly. *p.* 51. *goodly.*
Gae. *p.* 109. *go.*
Gan. *p.* 56. gan they gone. *are they gone, did they go.*
Gang. *p.* 98. Gange. *p.* 70. *go.*
Gate. *p.* 106. *way.* Gates. *p.* 117. " *ways, paſſes, paths, ridings.* Gate *is a common word in the north for way.*" P.
Geffe. *p.* 89. *given.*
Ger. *p.* 90. *gear, ſtuff, goods, property, effects.*
Gereamarſey. *p.* 88. *See* Gramercy.
Glen. *p.* 106. *valley.*
God. *p.* 95. *good, goods, property.*
Godamarſey. *p.* 88. *See* Gramercy.
Godde. *p.* 94. *See* God.
Gorney. *p.* 85. *journey.*
Goy. *p.* 92. *joy.*
Gramarſey. *p.* 92. *See* Gramercy.
Gramercy. *p.* 8. *thanks, or many thanks*; grand merci, *F.*
Gree. *p.* 21. *ſatisfaction.*
Gret. *p.* 88. *greeted, ſaluted.*
Gripped. *p.* 106. *graſped, laid hold of.*
Grome. *p.* 3. *a common man?*
Hail. all hail. *p.* 110. *wholely, entirely.*
Halds. *p.* 105. *holds, holding places, ſupports.*
Halke. *p.* 65. *perhaps, haugh, low ground by the ſide of a river? See the gloſſary to Bp. Douglas's Virgil,* v. Hawchis. Halke, *with Chaucer, ſignifies a corner; but ſeems here uſed in oppoſition to* hill.
Halfendell. *p.* 68. *half.*
Hals. *p.* 110. *neck.*

Hambellet. *p.* 94. *ambleth.*

Hanſell. *p.* 87. *The vender of any wares is ſaid to receive* hanſel *of his firſt cuſtomer; but the meaning of the text,* Haſſe hanſell for the mar, *is not underſtood; unleſs it can be thought to imply,* Give me hanſel, i. e. *buy of my pots.*

Hawt. *p.* 92. *aught, anything, ſomething.*

Hayt. *p.* 81. *hath.*

Held. *p.* 98. *kept, preſerved.*

Hende. *p.* 7. *gentle, courteous.*

Hent. *p.* 84. *took, caught.*

Hepe. *p.* 37. *hip, knav, the fruit of the white thorn.* So *in* Gil Morice, *a Scotiſh balad:*

"*I was once* AS FOW *of Gill Morrice*
"AS THE HIP IS O' THE STEAN."

Her. *p.* 92. *their.*

Het. *p.* 83. *it.*

Het. *p.* 92. *eat.*

Heynd. *p.* 86. *gentle, courteous.*

Heyt war howte. *p.* 86.

Holde. *p.* 18. *keep.*

Holde. *p.* 21. *v.* 101. *held, retained, of council.*

Holy. *p.* 19. *wholely.*

Hos. *p.* 94. Hus. *p.* 83. *us.*

Hotys. *p.* 87. *oats.*

Houſband. *p.* 10. *manager.*

Houſbonde. *p.* 4. *huſbandman, peaſant.*

How. *p.* 106. *hill.*

Howt. *p.* 84. *out.*

Hyght. *p.* 78. *vowed, promiſed.*

Hynde. *p.* 30. *knave.*

Ibent. *p.* 51. *bent.*
Ibonde. *p.* 59. *bound.*
Ichaunged. *p.* 31. *changed.*
Idyght. *p.* 69. *dight, dreſſed, made ready.*
Ifedered. *p.* 49. *feathered.*
Ilke. *p.* 111. *each.*
In fere. *p.* 17. *together.*
Inocked. *p.* 25. *nocked, notched.*
Ipyght. up ipyght. *p.* 26.
Iquyt. *p.* 61. *acquitted, ſet at liberty.*
Iſwore. *p.* 37. *ſworn.*
Itake. *p.* 50. *taken.*
Japes. *p.* 13. *tricks.*
Keſt. *p.* 74. *caſt.*
Knave. *p.* 16. *ſervant, man.*
Kod. *p.* 92. *quod, quoth, ſaid.*
Kyrtell. *pp.* 35, 53. *waiſtcoat?*
Kythe nor kin. *p.* 122. *acquaintance nor kindred.*
Lappe. *pp.* 14, 35. *wrap.*
Late. *p.* 106. *lake, play, game?*
Launſgay. *p.* 205. *a ſort of lance.*
Leaſynge. *p.* 57. *lying, falſehood.*
Lede. *p.* 65. *v.* 58. *train, ſuite.*
Ledesman. *p.* 65. *guide.*
Leſe. *p.* 41. *wil.in*, whether he were loth or leſe. *whether he would or not.*
Leffe *p.* 84. *leave.* Leffe. *p.* 92. *left.*
Leſſes *p.* 07 *leaves.*
Lende. *p.* 70. *met, encounter.*

Lene. *pp.* 15, 16, 22. *lend.*
Lere. *p.* 5. *learn.*
Lere. *p.* 7. *cheek.*
Leſe. *p.* 12. *loſe.*
Let. *p.* 9. *omit.*—*p.* 85. *v.* 83. *hinder.*—*v.* 92. *hindered.*
Leugh. *p.* 49. *laughed.*
Lever. *p.* 17. *rather.*
Lewtè. *pp.* 29, 53. *loyalty, faith, truth*; leauté, *F.*
Leythe. *p.* 92. *light.*
Lithe. *p.* 2. *attend, hear, hearken.*
Loffe. *p.* 82. *love.*
Lore. *p.* 11. *loſt.*
Lough. *p.* 15. Loughe. *p.* 76. Low. *p.* 84. *laughed.*
Lowe. *p.* 124. "*a little hill.*" P.
Lown. *p.* 107. *villain, knave, baſe fellow.*
Luſt. *p.* 3. *deſire, inclination.*
Lyght. *p.* 15. *light*; *or, perhaps, for* lyte, *little.*
Lynde. *p.* 66. Lyne. *p.* 121. *the lime or linden tree*; *or collectively lime trees*; *or trees in general.*
Lyth. *p.* 97. *See* Lithe.
Lyveray. *p.* 14. *livery, habit.*—*p.* 30. *livery, delivery: the meſs, portion, or quantity of proviſions delivered out at a time by the butler was called* a livery.
Maſars. *p.* 32. *cups, veſſels.*
Maſterye. *p.* 120. "*a trial of ſkill, high proof of ſkill.*" P.
Mair. *p.* 101. *more.*
Mancy. *p.* 82. *See* Meynè.
May. *p.* 122. *maid.*
Me. That ever yet ſawe I me. *p.* 34. *a galliciſm*; que jamais j'ai vû moi.

Meal. *p.* 110. *oat meal.*

Meal-poke. *p.* 98. *meal bag, bag in which oat-meal is put.*

Meat rife. *p.* 112.

Mede. to quyte hym well his mede. *p.* 29. *to reward him to ſome purpoſe.*

Medys. *p.* 87. *midſt, middle.*

Meede. *p.* 124. *reward.*

Met. *p.* 15. Mete. *p.* 14. *meaſured.*

Methe. *p.* 89. *meat.*

Meynè. *p.* 8. *attendants, retinue*; meſnie, *F.*

Meythe. *p.* 92. *might.*

Mickle. *p.* 135. *much.*

Might. *p.* 104. *power.*

Miſteis. *p.* 113. *need; r.* miſter.

Molde. *p.* 27. *earth.*

Mot. *p.* 95. *might.*

Mote. *p.* 44. *might, may.*

Mote. *p.* 45. *meeting, aſſembly, court, audit.*

Mountenaunce. *p.* 31. *amount, duration, ſpace.*

Mowe. *p.* 5. *may.*

Muckle. *p.* 130. *See* Mickle.

Myrthes. *p.* 38. *mirth, merriment.* a man that myrthes can. *a minſtrel, fiddler, juggler, or the like.*

Myſter. *p.* 44. *need.*

Nane. *p.* 103. *none.*

Nar. *p.* 93. *nor, than.*

Ner. *p.* 90. *ear.*

Ner. *p.* 94. (ne wer it.) *were it not.*

Nip. *p.* 100.

Nips. *p.* 100.

Nobellys. *p.* 95. *nobles. The* noble *was a gold coin value* 6*s.* 8*d.*

Nombles. *p.* 8. Numbles. *f.* 32. *entrails; thoſe parts which are uſually baked in a pye: now, corruptly, called* humbles *or* umbles: nombles, *f.*

Okerer. *p.* 10. *uſurer.*

Os. *p.* 89. *us.*

Owthe. *p.* 90 *oue.*

Paid. *p.* 102, *beat.*—*p.* 105. *beaten.*

Paſſe. *p.* 63. *extent, bounds, limits, diſtrict; as the* pas de Calais. *Compaſſed with a circle* compas.

Pauage. *p.* 83. Pavage. Pavag. *p.* 84. Pawage. *p.* 82. *a toll or duty payable for the liberty of paſſing over the ſoil or territory of another: paagium, L.*

Pay. *p.* 13. *content, ſatisfaction.*

Pay. *p.* 21. *money.*

Peces. *p.* 32.

Pecocke. With pecocke well y dyght. *p.* 25. *handſomely dreſſed with peacock feathers. Thus Chaucer, deſcribing his "Squire's yeman:"*

"*A ſheef of* pecocke arwes *bright and kene,*
"*Under his belt he bare ful thriftely.*"

Plucke buffet. *p.* 75.

Polle. *p.* 90. *pull.*

Poke. *p.* 109. *bag.*

Prike. *p.* 91. *prick, a piece of wood in the center of the target.*

Preſe. *p.* 40. *company.*

Preſt. *p.* 89. *ready, ready to go.*—*p.* 92.

Puding-pricks. *p.* 100. *ſkewers that faſten the pudding-bag.*

Pyne. goddes pyne. *p.* 69. *Chriſts paſſion or cruciſixion.*

Quequer. *p.* 9. *a quick or quickſet hedge.*

Queyt. *p.* 92. *quit, recompenſe.*

Raked. *p.* 105. *walked apace.*

Ray. *p.* 92. *array, put in order.*

Raye. *p.* 42.

Reachles. *p.* 122. *careleſs, regardleſs, unobſervant.*

Red. *p.* 111. *clear.*

Reuth. *p.* 26. *pity, compaſſion.*

Reve. *p.* 4. *take by force.*

Reves. *p.* 46. *bailifs, receivers.*

Ripe. *p.* 111. *cleanſe.* Riped. *p.* 112. *cleanſed.*

Rode. *p.* 90. *road, croſs.*

Rung. *p.* 105. *ſtaff.*

Ruthe. *p.* 13. *pity, compaſſion.*

Ryall. *p.* 23. *royal.*

Ryalty. *p.* 39. *royalty.*

Ryghtwys. *p.* 43. *righteous, juſt.*

Sair. *p.* 101. *ſore.*

Salved. (ſalued?) *p.* 20. *ſaluted.*

Scathe. *p.* 37. *harm.*

Schetyng. *p.* 92. *ſhooting.*

Schomer. *p.* 82. *ſummer.*

Sclo. *p.* 85. *ſly.*

Scoper. *p.* 92. *ſupper.*

Scouth. *p.* 105.

Screfe. Screffe. *p.* 88. *ſherif.*

Se. *p.* 33. Vide See.

Seche. *p.* 13. *ſeek.*

See. *p.* 34. *regard.*

Seker. *p.* 39. *ſure.*

Selerer. *p.* 18. *The* cellarer (celerier, cellararius, *or* cellarius) *was that officer who furniſhed the convent with proviſions*, cui potus et eſcæ cura eſt, qui cellæ vinariæ et eſcariæ præeſt, promus. (Du Cange.) *He appears to have been a perſon of conſiderable truſt, and to have had a principal concern in the management of the ſocietys revenues. See Spelmans Gloſſary, Fullers church-hiſtory*, &c.

Semblaunte. *p.* 6. *ſemblance, appearance.*

Sene. *p.* 92. *ſee.*

Sete. *p.* 25.

Sette. *p.* 11. *mortgaged.*

Shawe. *p.* 5. Shaw *is uſually explained by* little wood, *but* green-wood little wood *would be mere tautology; it may therefore mean* ſhade, *which appears its primitive ſignification:* Scuwa, *Saxon.*—Shaws. *p.* 115. "*little woods.*" P.

Shende. *p.* 26. *hurt, annoy.* Shente. *p.* 70. *hurt, wounded.*

Shet. *p.* 30. *ſhut.*

Shete. *p.* 27. *ſhoot.*

Shope. *p.* 15. *ſhaped, made.*

Shraddes. *p.* 115. *See the note.*

Shrewde. *p.* 30. Shrewed. *p.* 20. *unlucky.*

Shrift. *p.* 125. *confeſſion.*

Shroggs. *p.* 120. "*ſhrubs, thorns, briars. G. Doug.* ſcroggis." P.

Shyt. *p.* 56. *ſhut.*

Skaith. *p.* 106. *hurt, harm.* They feared for its ſkaith, i. e. *for the harm it might do them.*

Slade. *p.* 118. "*a ſlip of greenſword between plow-lands, or woods,* &c." P.

Slawe. *p.* 54. Slone. *p.* 75. *ſlain.*

Sle. *p.* 80. Sloo. *p.* 34. *ſlay.*

Somers. *p.* 39. *ſumpter-horſes.*

Sorowe. *p.* 19. *ſorry.*

Sothe. *p.* 13. *ſooth, truth.*

Sound. *See* A ſound.

Soyt. *p.* 85. *ſooth, truth.*

Spear. *p.* 103. *aſk.* Speer'd. *p.* 112. *aſked, enquired.*

Stalward. *p.* 90. Stalworthe. *p.* 72. *ſtout, well made.*

Stane. *p.* 102. *ſtone.*

Stark. *p.* 98. *ſtiff.*

Stede. *p.* 25. *time.*

Steven. *p.* 120. At ſome unſett ſteven. *at ſome unlooked for time, by ſome odd accident, by mere chance.*—*p.* 125. *voice.*

Stime. *p.* 111. *ſpark, particle or ray of light.*

Strang. *p.* 98. *ſtrong.*

Strete. *p.* 6. *lane, path, way.*

Sweaven. *p.* 116. *dream.*

Sweer. *p.* 100.

Syne. *p.* 102. *after, afterward, then.*

Syth. *p.* 46. *afterward.*

Takles. *p.* 51. *arrows.*

Takyll. *p.* 70. *arrow.*

Tarpe. *p.* 68.

Tene. *p.* 15. *grief, ſorrow, diſtreſs.*—*p.* 38. *vexation.*

Tene. *p.* 84. *grieve.*

The. *p.* 42. *thrive, proſper.*

Thes. *p.* 87. *thus.*—*p.* 89. *this.*

Thos. *p.* 88. *thus.*

Throwe. *p.* 79. *ſpace.*

Tortyll. *p.* 91. *wreathed, twined, twirled, twiſted*; tortillé, *F.*

Tray. *p.* 38. *anger.*

Tree. *p.* 101. *ſtaff.*

Treyffe. *p.* 95. *thrive.*

Trow. *p.* 89. *true.*

Trowet. *p.* 85. *troth.*

True. *p.* 105. *trow, believe.*

Tryſtell. *pp.* 49, 51, 53, 68. Tryſtyll. *p.* 73.

Tynde. *p.* 34. *tyndes, tines, antlers, the pointed branches that iſſue from the main beam of a ſtag.* "In Ynglond ther ys a ſhepcote, the wyche ſchepekote hayt ix dorys, & at yeuery dor ſtondet ix ramys, & every ram hat ix ewys, & yevery ewe hathe ix lambys, & yevery lambe hayt ix hornes, & every horne hayt ix TYNDES: what ys the ſomm of all thes belle?" (MSS. More, Ee. 4. 35.)

Win. *p.* 107. *get.*

Wiſt. *p.* 137. *knew.*

Unketh. *p.* 3. *uncouth, ſtrange.*
Unneth. *p.* 64. *ſcarcely.*
Up chaunce. *p.* 5. *by chance.*
Wan. wonnynge wan. *p.* 28. *dwelling-place.*
Wan. *p.* 106. *got.*
Warſe. *p.* 108. *worſe.*
Was. *p.* 89. *waſh.* "*And afterward the juſtices ariſe and* WASSE, *and geffe thanks onto the new ſerjaunts for ther gode dyner.*" (Origines juridiciales, *p.* 116.) *This ceremony, which, in former times, was conſtantly practiſed as well before as after meat, ſeems to have fallen into diſuſe on the introduction of forks, about the year* 1620; *as before that period our anceſtors ſupplyed the place of this neceſſary utenſil with their fingers.*
Wed. *p.* 83. Wedde. *p.* 53. *pawn, pledge, or depoſit.*—to wedde. *p.* 11. *in mortgage.*—lay my life to wedde. *p.* 39. *pawn my life.*
Welt. *p.* 65. welt them at his wyll; *did as he pleaſed with them, uſed them at his pleaſure.*
Wende. *p.* 5. *go.*
Weneſt. *p.* 13. *thinkeſt.*
Went. *p.* 16. *wended, gone.*
Werſchep. *p.* 82. *worſhiped, reverenced, reſpected.*
Weſt. *p.* 92. *wiſt, known.*
Wete. *p.* 26. *know.*
Whang. leathern whang. *p.* 98. *leather thong or ſtring.*
Wight. Wighty. *p.* 116. *ſtrong.* N. B. *The latter word ſeems every where a miſtake for the former.*
Wilfulle. *p.* 120. *doubtful.*

Wode. *p.* 93. *mad.*
Wodys. *p.* 82. *woods.*
Wolwarde. *p.* 78. *wearing a ſtanel ſhirt, by way of penance. See Steevens's Shakſpeare,* 1793, v. 360.
Woneſt. *p.* 56. *dwelleſt.*
Woodwecle. *p.* 115. "*the golden ouzle, a bird of the thruſh kind.*" P.
Worthe. Wo worthe the. *p.* 35. *Woe be to thee.*
Wrack. *p.* 108. *ruin, deſtruction.*
Wroken. *p.* 116. *wreaked, revenged.*
Wyght. *p.* 28. *ſtrong, ſtout.*
Wynne. *p.* 56. *go.*
Wys. *p.* 36. *trow. there is no modern word preciſely ſynonimous.*
Wyte. *p.* 42. Wytte. *p.* 57. *know.*
Y. *p.* 83. *I.*
Yede. *p.* 30. Yeed. *p.* 109. *went.*
Yeff. *p.* 85. *if.*
Yeffell. *p.* 83. *evil.*
Yeft. *p.* 53. *gift.*
Yemenry. *p.* 85. *yeomanry.* Thow ſeys god yemenry, *Thou ſpeakeſt honeſtly, fairly, ſenſibly, like a good yeoman.*
Yend. *p.* 84. *yon.*
Yerdes. *p.* 70. *rods.*
Yever. *p.* 82. *ever.*
Yfere. *p.* 120. *together.*
Ylke. *p.* 32. *ſame.* Ylke ſame. *very ſame.*—*p.* 54. *ſame, very.*
Ynowe. *p.* 45. *enough.*

Yode. *p.* 57. *went.*

Yole. *p.* 74. *Chriſtmaſs.*

Yonder. *p.* 92. *under.*

Yong men. *pp.* 36, 51, 69, 79. *yeomen (which is every where ſubſtituted in Coplands edition). See Spelmans gloſſary, in the word* Juniores, Yeoman; *Tyrwhitts edition of the* Canterbury tales, iv. 195; *Shakſpeares* Plays, 1793, xiv. 347.

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Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a ſermon made
In praiſe of ROBIN HOOD, his out-laws, and their trade.

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III.

PIECES of ANCIENT POPULAR POETRY, crown-8vo.

IV.

THE ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY, in three volumes, crown-8vo.

V.

SCOTISH SONGS, in two volumes, 12mo.

VI.

POEMS, on intereſting events in the reign of king Edward III. written in the year 1352, by LAURENCE MINOT, crown-8vo.

ROBIN HOOD.

PART II.

I.

ROBIN HOODS BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOUR, AND MARRIAGE.

From a black letter copy in the large and valuable collection of old ballads late belonging to Thomas Pearſon, eſq. and now in the poſſeſſion of the duke of Roxburgh. This is the collection mentioned in the Harleian catalogue, and would ſeem to be the greater part of that originally made by old Bagford (ſee Hearnes appendix to Hemingi Chartularium, *p.* 662*), another volume or two having come with the reſt of his typographical collections to the Britiſh Muſeum. The* 3 *vols. which went to Oſborne were probably bought of*

him by mr. Weſt, at whoſe ſale they were purchaſed by major Pearſon, by whom the collection was new-arranged, ornamented, and improved.

The full title of the original is: "A new ballad of bold Robin Hood: ſhewing his birth, breeding, valour, and marriage at Titbury Bull-running. Calculated for the meridian of Staffordſhire, but may ſerve for Derbyſhire or Kent."

KIND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?
Ay, and then you ſhall hear anon
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his man brave Little John.

In Lockſly town, in merry Nottinghamſhire,
In merry ſweet Lockſly town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forreſter was,
And he ſhot in a luſty ſtrong bow
Two north country miles and an inch at a ſhot,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,
And William of 'Clowdeſle',
To ſhoot with our forreſter for forty mark,
And the forreſter beat them all three.

V. 14. Clowdeſle,

His mother was neece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickſhire men call ſir Guy;
For he ſlew the blue bore that hangs up at the gate,
Or mine hoſt of the Bull tells a lie.

Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel-Hall,
A noble houſe-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke bread in ſweet Nottinghamſhire,
And a 'ſquire of famous degree

The mother of Robin ſaid to her huſband,
My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwel,
To taſte of my brother's good cheer.

And he ſaid, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
Take one of my horſes, I pray:
The ſun is ariſing, and therefore make haſte,
For to-morrow is Chriſtmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,
And ſadled and bridled was he;
God-wot a blue bonnet, his new ſuit of cloaths,
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

She got on her holyday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light Lincoln green;
The cloath was homeſpun, but for colour and make
It might have beſeemed' our queen.

V. 40. a beſeem'd.

And then Robin got on his baſket-hilt ſword,
And his dagger on his mother ſide;
And ſaid, My dear mother, let's haſte to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride.

When Robin had mounted his gelding ſo grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bad her not fear,
For his gelding 'had' oft carried double.

And when ſhe was ſettled, they rode to their neighbours,
And drank and ſhook hands with them all;
And then Robin gallopt, and never gave o're,
'Till they lighted at Gamwel-Hall.

And now you may think the right worſhipful 'ſquire
Was joyful his ſiſter to ſee;
For he kiſt her, and kiſt her, and ſwore a great oath,
Thou art welcome, kind ſiſter, to me.

To-morrow, when maſs had been ſaid at the chappel,
Six tables were covered in the hall,
And in comes the 'ſquire, and makes a ſhort ſpeech,
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all.

But not a man here ſhall taſte my March beer,
'Till a Chriſtmas carrol he does ſing.
Then all clapt their hands, and they ſhouted and ſung,
'Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

V. 48. has.

Now muſtard and brawn, roaſt beef and plumb pies,
Were ſet upon every table,
And noble George Gamwell ſaid, Eat and be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended, his chaplain ſaid grace,
And, Be merry, my friends, ſaid the 'ſquire;
It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay ſome more wood on the fire.

And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For little John is a fine lad,
At gambols and juggling, and twenty ſuch tricks,
As ſhall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown;
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

And now you may think the right worſhipful 'ſquire
Was joyful this ſight for to ſee;
For he ſaid, Couſin Robin, thou'ſt go no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me:

Thou ſhalt have my land when I die, and till then,
Thou ſhalt be the ſtaff of my age.
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, ſaid Robin,
That Little John may be my page.

And he ſaid, Kind couſin, I grant thee thy boon;
With all my heart, ſo let it be.
Then come hither, Little John, ſaid Robin Hood,
Come hither my page unto me:

Go fetch me my bow, my longeſt long bow,
And broad arrows one, two, or three.
For when 'tis fair weather we'll into Sherwood,
Some merry paſtime to ſee.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
He winded his bugle ſo clear;
And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold,
Before Robin Hood did appear.

Where are your companions all? ſaid Robin Hood,
For ſtill I want forty and three.
Then ſaid a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under the green wood tree.

As that word was ſpoke, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the ſhepherds was ſhe;
And her gown was of velvet as green as the graſs,
And her buſkin did reach to her knee.

Her gate it was graceful, her body was ſtraight,
And her countenance free from pride;
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows
Hung dangling by her ſweet ſide.

Her eye-brows were black, ay, and ſo was her hair,
And her ſkin was as ſmooth as glaſs;
Her viſage ſpoke wiſdom, and modeſty too:
Sets with Robin Hood ſuch a laſs!

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away?
O whither, fair lady, away?
And ſhe made him anſwer, To kill a fat buck;
For to-morrow is Titbury day.

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me
A little to yonder green bower;
There ſet down to reſt you, and you ſhall be ſure
Of a brace or a 'leaſh' in an hour.

And as we were going towards the green bower,
Two hundred good bucks we eſpy'd;
She choſe out the fatteſt that was in the herd,
And ſhe ſhot him through ſide and ſide.

By the faith of my body, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
I never ſaw woman like thee;
And com'ſt thou from eaſt, or com'ſt thou from weſt,
Thou needſt not beg veniſon of me.

However, along to my bower you ſhall go,
And taſte of a forreſter's meat:
And when we came thither we found as good cheer
As any man needs for to eat.

V. 124. leaſe. *V.* 127. chooſe.

For there was hot veniſon, and warden pies cold,
Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty;
And the ſervitors they were, beſides Little John,
Good yeomen at leaſt four and twenty.

Clorinda ſaid, Tell me your name, gentle ſir:
And he ſaid, 'Tis bold Robin Hood:
'Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood;

For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all ſtrife,
So 'tis, ſir, Clorinda reply'd.
But oh! ſaid bold Robin, how ſweet would it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride!

She bluſht at the motion; yet, after a pauſe,
Said, Yes, ſir, and with all my heart.
Then let us ſend for a prieſt, ſaid Robin Hood,
And be married before we do part.

But ſhe ſaid, It may not be ſo, gentle ſir,
For I muſt be at Titbury feaſt;
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I'll make him the moſt welcome gueſt.

Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck, Little John,
For I'll go along with my dear;
And bid my yeomen kill ſix brace of bucks,
And meet me to-morrow juſt here.

Before he had ridden five Staffordſhire miles,
Eight yeomen, that were too bold,
Bid Robin Hood ſtand, and deliver his buck:
A truer tale never was told.

I will not, faith, ſaid bold Robin; come, John,
Stand by me, and we'll beat 'em all.
Then both drew their ſwords, and ſo cut 'em, and ſlaſht 'em,
That five out of them did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,
And pitiful John begg'd their lives:
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good counſel,
And ſent them all home to their wives.

This battle was fought near to Titbury town,
When the bagpipes baited the bull;
I'm the king of the fidlers, and I ſwear 'tis truth,
And I call him that doubts it a gull:*

For I ſaw them fighting, and fiddled the while;
And Clorinda ſung "Hey derry down!
"The bumkins are beaten, put up thy ſword, Bob,
"And now let's dance into the town."

* *For an account of Tutbury bull-running, and the character of king of the minſtrels there, ſee Dr. Plott's "Natural Hiſtory of Staffordſhire," chap. x. § 69. Sir J. Hawkinses "Hiſtory of muſic," vol. ii. p. 64. and Blounts "Ancient tenures," by Beckwith, p. 303.*

Before we came in we heard a great ſhouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly;
For ſome were on bull-back, ſome dancing a morris,
And ſome ſinging *Arthur-a-Bradley.**

And there we ſee Thomas, our juſtices clerk,
And Mary, to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary madam,
And kiſs'd her full ſweetly behind:

And ſo may your worſhips. But we went to dinner,
With Thomas and Mary, and Nan;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, ſir Roger, the parſon
Of Dubbridge, was ſent for in haſte:
He brought his maſs-book, and he bad them take hands,
And joyn'd them in marriage full faſt.

And then, as bold Robin Hood and his ſweet bride
Went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds ſung with pleaſure in merry Sherwood,
And 'twas a moſt joyful hour.

And when Robin came in ſight of the bower,
Where are my yeomen? ſaid he:
And Little John anſwer'd, Lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under the green wood tree.

* *See this old and popular ballad in the Appendix.*

Then a garland they brought her by two and by two,
And plac'd them all on the bride's head:
The muſic ſtruck up, and we all fell to dance,
'Till the bride and bridegroom were a-bed.

And what they did there muſt be counſel to me,
Becauſe they lay long the next day;
And I had haſte home, but I got a good piece
Of bride-cake, and ſo came away.

Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
That marry'd they were with a ring;
And ſo will Nan Knight, or be buried a maiden.
And now let us pray for the king;

That he may get children, and they may get more,
To govern and do us ſome good:
And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
And ſing 'em in merry Sherwood.

II.

ROBIN HOODS PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. It is there ſaid to go "To the tune of Bold Robin Hood;" and the chorus is repeated in every ſtanza. To the above title are added the following doggerel lines:

Where hee met with fifteen forreſters all on a row,
And hee deſired of them ſome news for to know,
But with croſſe grain'd words they did him thwart,
For which at laſt hee made them ſmart.

ROBIN HOOD he was and a tall young man,
Derry derry down,
And fifteen winters old;
And Robin Hood he was a proper young man,
Of courage ſtout and bold.
Hey down, derry derry down.

Robin Hood hee would and to fair Nottingham,
With the general for to dine;
There was hee aware of fifteen forreſters,
And a drinking bear, ale, and wine.

What news? What news? ſaid bold Robin Hood,
What news fain wouldeſt thou know?
Our king hath provided a ſhooting match,
And I'm ready with my bow.

We hold it in ſcorn, ſaid the forreſters,
That ever a boy ſo young
Should bear a bow before our king,
That's not able to draw one ſtring.

I'le hold you twenty marks, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our lady,
That I'le hit a mark a hundred rod,
And I'le cauſe a hart to dye.

We'l hold you twenty mark, then ſaid the forreſters,
By the leave of our lady,
Thou hit'ſt not the marke a hundred rod,
Nor cauſeſt a hart to dye.

Robin Hood he bent up a noble bow.
And a broad arrow he let flye,
He hit the mark a hundred rod,
And he cauſed a hart to dye.

Some ſay hee brake ribs one or two,
And ſome ſay hee brake three;
The arrow within the hart would not abide,
But it glanced in two or three.

The hart did ſkip, and the hart did leap,
And the hart lay on the ground:
The wager is mine, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
If't were for a thouſand pound.

The wager's none of thine, then ſaid the forreſtèrs,
Although thou beeſt in haſte;
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,
Leſt wee thy ſides do baſte,

Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,
And his broad arrows all amain;
And Robin Hood he laught, and begun [for] to ſmile,
As hee went over the plain.

Then Robin hee bent his noble bow,
And his broad arrows he let flye,
Till fourteen of theſe fifteen forreſtèrs
Upon the ground did lye.

He that did this quarrel firſt begin
Went tripping over the plain;
But Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,
And hee fetcht him back again.

You ſaid I was no archer, ſaid Robin Hood,
But ſay ſo now again:
With that he ſent another arrow,
That ſplit his head in twain.

You have found mee an archer, ſaith Robin Hood,
Which will make your wives for to wring,
And wiſh that you had never ſpoke the word,
That I could not draw one ſtring.

The people that lived in fair Nottingham
Came running out amain,
Suppoſing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
With the forreſters that were ſlain.

Some loſt legs, and ſome loſt arms,
And ſome did loſe their blood;
But Robin hee took up his noble bow,
And is gone to the merry green wood.

They carried theſe forreſters into fair Nottingham,
As many there did know;
They dig'd them graves in their church-yard,
And they buried them all a row.

III.

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD, WITH ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND JOHN.

From an old black letter copy, in A. à Woods collection, compared with two other copies in the Britiſh Muſeum, one in black letter. It ſhould be ſung "*To an excellent tune,*" *which has not been recovered.*

Several lines of this ballad are quoted in the two old plays of the "*Downfall*" *and* "*Death of Robert earle of Huntington,*" 1601, 4*to. b. l. but acted many years before. It is alſo alluded to in Shakſpeares Merry Wives of Windſor, act I. ſcene* 1. *and again, in his Second part of K. Hen. IV. act V. ſcene* 3.

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder
In Wakefield all on a green,
In Wakefield all on a green:

There is neither knight nor ſquire, ſaid the pindèr,
Nor baron that is ſo bold,
Nor baron that is ſo bold,
Dare make a treſpàſs to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c.

All this he heard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
With that they eſpy'd the jolly pindèr,
As he ſat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, ſaid the pindèr,
For a wrong way you have gone;
For you have forſaken the kings highway,
And made a path over the corn.

O that were a ſhame, ſaid jolly Robìn,
We being three, and thou but one.
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back faſt unto a thorn,
And his foot againſt a ſtone,
And there he fought a long ſummers day,
A ſummers day ſo long,
Till that their ſwords on their broad bucklèrs
Were broke faſt into their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the beſt pindèrs,
That ever I tryed with ſword.

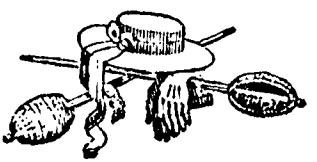
And wilt thou forſake thy pinders craft,
And live in the green-wood with me?
" At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee;

Then I'le take my blew blade all in my hand,
And plod to the green-wood with thee.'
Haſt thou either meat or drink, ſaid Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me?

I have both bread and beef, ſaid the pinder,
And good ale of the beſt.
And that is meat good enough, ſaid Robin Hood,
For ſuch unbidden 'gueſts.'

" O wilt thou forſake the pinder his craft,
And go to the green-wood with me?
Thou ſhalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green, the other brown."

" If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
And my maſter had paid me my fee,
Then would I ſet as little by him,
As my maſter doth by me."



IV.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP,

" *Shewing how Robin Hood went to an old womans houſe and changed cloaths with her to ſcape from the biſhop; and how he robbed the biſhop of all his gold, and made him ſing a maſs. To the tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.*" *From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.*

COME, gentlemen all, and liſten awhile,
Hey down, down, an a down,
And a ſtory ile to you unfold;
Ile tell you how Robin Hood ſerved the biſhop,
When he robbed him of his gold. 5

As it fell out on a ſun-ſhining day,
When Phœbus was in 'his' prime,
Then Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would ſpend ſome time.

And as he walk'd the forreſt along,
Some paſtime for to ſpy,
There was he aware of a proud biſhop,
And all his company.

O what ſhall I do, ſaid Robin Hood then,
If the biſhop he doth take me?
No mercy he'l ſhow unto me, I know,
But hanged I ſhall be.

Then Robin was ſtout, and turned him about,
And a little houſe there he did ſpy;
And to an old wife, for to ſave his life,
He loud began for to cry.

Why, who art thou? ſaid the old woman,
Come tell to me for good.
"I am an out-law, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood;

And yonder's the biſhop and all his men,
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'l work my ſpight,
And hanged I ſhall be."

If thou be Robin Hood, ſaid the old wife,
As thou 'doſt' ſeem to be,
I'le for thee provide, and thee I will hide,
From the biſhop and his company.

For I remember, 'one' Saturday night,
Thou brought me both ſhoos and hoſe;
Therefore I'le provide thy perſon to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.

"Then give me ſoon thy coat of gray,
And take thou my mantle of green;
Thy ſpindle and twine unto me reſign,
And take thou my arrows ſo keen."

And when Robin Hood was ſo araid,
He went ſtraight to his company,
With his ſpindle and twine, he oft lookt behind
For the biſhop and his company.

O who is yonder, quoth little John,
That now comes over the lee?
An arrow I will at her let flie,
So like an old witch looks ſhe.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood then,
And ſhoot not thy arrows ſo keen;
I am Robin Hood, thy maſter good,
And quickly it ſhall be ſeen.

The biſhop he came to the old womans houſe,
And called, with furious mood,
Come let me ſoon ſee, and bring unto me
That traitor Robin Hood.

The old woman he ſet on a milk-white ſteed,
Himſelfe on a dapple gray;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the forreſt along,
The biſhop he 'chanc'd' for to ſee
A hundred brave bowmen bold,
Stand under the green-wood tree.

O who is yonder, the biſhop then ſaid,
That's ranging within yonder wood?
Marry, ſays the old woman, I think it to be
A man call'd Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the biſhop he ſaid,
Which I have here with me?
"Why, I am an old woman, thou cuckoldly biſhop,
Lift up my leg and ſee."

Then woe is me, the biſhop he ſaid,
That ever I ſaw this day!
He turn'd him about, but Robin ſtout
Call'd him, and bid him ſtay.

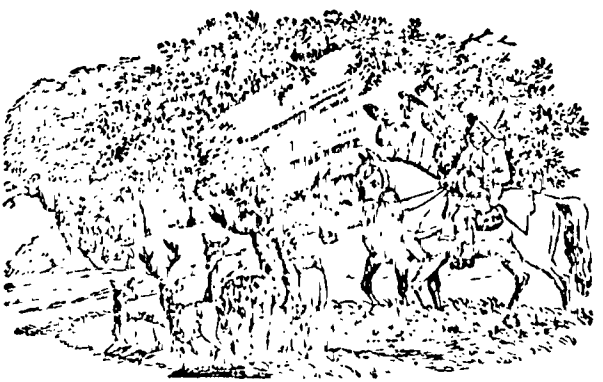
Then Robin took hold of the biſhop's horſe,
And ty'd him faſt to a tree;
Then Little John ſmil'd his maſter upon,
For joy of that compa y.

Robin Hood took his mantle from 's back,
And ſpread it upon the ground,
And out of the biſhops portmantle he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Now let him go, ſaid Robin Hood.
Said little John, That may not be;
For I vow and proteſt he ſhall ſing us a maſs,
Before that he goe from me.

Then Robin Hood took the biſhop by the hand,
And bound him faſt to a tree,
And made him ſing a maſs, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.

And then they brought him through the wood,
And ſet him on his dapple gray,
And gave him the tail within his hand,
And bade him for Robin Hood pray.



V.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The tune is, "Robin Hood and the Begger."

COME, all you brave gallants, liſten awhile,
With hey down, down, an a down,
That are 'this bower' within;
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,
A ſong I intend for to ſing.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
Bold Robin in [the] forreſt did 'ſpy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his fleſh to the market did hye.

V. 3. in the bowers,

Good morrow, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
What food muſt [thou], tell unto me?
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou doſt dwell,
For I like well thy company.

The butcher he anſwer'd jolly Robin,
No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Notingham
I am going, my fleſh to ſell.

What is [the] price of thy fleſh? ſaid jolly Robin,
Come tell it ſoon unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be ſhe never ſo dear,
For a butcher fain would I be.

The price of my fleſh, the butcher repli'd,
I ſoon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear,
Four mark thou muſt give unto me.

Four mark I will give thee, ſaith jolly Robin,
Four mark it ſhall be thy fee;
The mony come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin he is to Notingham gone,
His butchers trade to begin;
With good intent to the ſheriff he went,
And there he took up his inn,

When other butchers they opened their meat,
  Bold Robin he then begun;
But how for to ſell he knew not well,
  For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could ſell,
  Robin got both gold and fee;
For he ſold more meat for one peny
  Then others could do for three.

But when he ſold his meat ſo faſt,
  No butcher by him could thrive;
For he ſold more meat for one peny
  Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Notingham
  To ſtudy as they did ſtand,
Saying, Surely he 'is' ſome prodigal,
  That hath ſold his fathers land.

The butchers ſtepped to jolly Robin,
  Acquainted with him for to be;
Come, brother, one ſaid, we be all of one trade,
  Come, will you go dine with me?

Accurſt of his heart, ſaid jolly Robin,
  That a butcher doth deny;
I will go with you, my brethren true,
  As faſt as I can hie.

But when to the ſheriffs houſe they came,
To dinner they hied apace,
And Robin Hood he the moſt muſt be
Before them all to ſay grace.

Pray God bleſs us all, ſaid jolly Robin,
And our meat within this place;
A cup of ſack ſo good will nouriſh our blood:
And ſo I do end my grace.

Come fill us more wine, ſaid jolly Robin,
Let us be merry while we do ſtay;
For wine and good cheer, be it never ſo dear,
I vow I the reckning will pay.

Come, 'brothers,' be merry, ſaid jolly Robin,
Let us drink, and never give ore;
For the ſhot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it coſt me five pounds and more.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then ſaid.
Saies the ſheriff, He is ſome prodigal,
That ſome land has ſold for ſilver and gold,
And now he doth mean to ſpend all.

Haſt thou any horn beaſts, the ſheriff repli'd,
Good fellow, to ſell unto me?
"Yes, that I have, good maſter ſheriff,
I have hundreds two or three,

And a hundred aker of good free land,
If you pleaſe it to ſee:
And I'le make you as good aſſurance of it,
As ever my father made me."

The ſheriff he ſaddled his good palfrèy,
And, with three hundred pound in gold,
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beaſts to behold.

Away then the ſheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forreſt of merry Sherwood,
Then the ſheriff did ſay, God bleſs us this day,
From a man they call Robin Hood!

But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to ſpy
A hundred head of good red deer,
Come tripping the ſheriff full nigh.

"How like you my horn'd beaſts, good maſter ſheriff?
They be fat and fair for to ſee."
"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company."

Then Robin ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew but blaſts three;
Then quickly anon there came Little John,
And all his company.

What is your will, maſter? then ſaid Little John,
Good maſter come tell unto me.
" I have brought hither the ſheriff of Nottingham
This day to dine with thee."

He is welcome to me, then ſaid Little John,
I hope he will honeſtly pay;
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,
Will ſerve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground;
And out of the ſheriffs portmantle
He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,
And ſet him on his dapple gray;
" O have me commended to your wife at home:"
So Robin went laughing away.

VI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER;

OR, ROBIN HOOD MET WITH HIS MATCH:

"A merry and pleaſant ſong relating the gallant and fierce combate fought between Arthur Bland, a tanner of Nottingham and Robin Hood, the greateſt and moſt nobleſt archer of England. Tune is, Robin Hood and the Stranger." From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

IN Nottingham there lives a jolly tannèr,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland;
There is nere a ſquire in Nottinghamſhire
Dare bid bold Arthur ſtand.

With a long pike-ſtaff upon his ſhoulder,
So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he makes them to flee,
For he hath no list to ſtay.

And as he went forth, in a ſummers morning,
Into the 'forreſt of merry' Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that range here and there,
There met he with bold Robin Hood.

As ſoon as bold Robin 'he did' eſpy,
He thought ſome ſport he would make,
Therefore out of hand he bid him to ſtand,
And thus to him 'he' ſpake:

Why, what art thou, thou bold fellow,
That ranges ſo boldly here?
In ſooth, to be brief, thou lookſt like a thief,
That comes to ſteal our kings deer.

For I am a keeper in this forreſt,
The king puts me in truſt
To look to his deer, that range here and there;
Therefore ſtay thee I muſt.

"If thou beeſt a keeper in this forreſt,
And haſt ſuch a great command,
'Yet' thou muſt have more partakers in ſtore,
Before thou make me to ſtand."

V. 14. did him.

" Nay, I have no more partakers in ſtore,
Or any that I do not need;
But I have a ſtaff of another oke graff,
I know it will do the deed.

For thy ſword and thy bow I care not a ſtraw,
Nor all thine arrows to boot;
If I get a knop upon the bare ſcop,
Thou canſt as well ſhite as ſhoote."

Speak cleanly, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robìn,
And give better terms to me;
Elſe Ile thee correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry gep with a wenion! quod Arthur-a-Bland,
Art thou ſuch a goodly man?
I care not a fig for thy looking ſo big,
Mend thou thyſelf where thou can.

Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow ſo long;
He took up a ſtaff of another oke graff,
That was both ſtiff and ſtrong.

Ile yield to thy weapon, ſaid jolly Robìn,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine;
For I have a ſtaff of another oke graff,
Not half a foot longer then thine.

But let me meaſure, ſaid jolly Robin,
Before we begin our fray;
For I'le not have mine to be longer then thine,
For that will be counted foul play

I paſs not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
My ſtaff is of oke ſo free;
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then Robin could no longer forbear,
He gave him ſuch a knock,
Quickly and ſoon the blood came down,
Before it was ten a clock.

Then Arthur he ſoon recovered himſelf,
And gave him ſuch a knock on the crown,
That from every ſide of bold Robin Hoods head,
The blood came trickling down.

Then Robin raged like a wild boar,
As ſoon as he ſaw his own blood:
Then Bland was in haſt he laid on ſo faſt,
As though he had been cleaving of wood.

And about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild bores in a chaſe,
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they luſtily dealt,
Which held for two hours and more;
That all the wood rang at every bang,
They ply'd their work ſo ſore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And let thy quarrel fall;
For here we may thraſh our bones all to meſh,
And get no coyn at all:

And in the forreſt of merry Sherwood
Heareafter thou ſhalt be free.
"God a mercy for 'nought,' my freedom I bought,
I may thank my ſtaff, and not thee."

What tradesman art thou? ſaid jolly Robin,
Good fellow, I prethee me ſhow:
And alſo me tell, in what place thou doſt dwel?
For both of theſe fain would I know.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I wrought;
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and ſwear,
I will tan thy hide for 'nought.'

God-a-mercy, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
Since thou art ſo kind and free;
And if thou wilt tan my hide for 'nought,'
I will do as much for thee.

And if thou'lt forſake thy tanners trade,
  And live in the green wood with me,
My name's Robin Hood, I ſwear by the 'rood,'
  I will give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
  As I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,
  We two will never depart.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?
  Of him fain would I hear;
For we are alide by the mothers ſide,
  And he is my kinſman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew on the beaugle horn,
  He blew full lowd and ſhrill;
But quickly anon appear'd Little John,
  Come tripping down a green hill;

O what is the matter? then ſaid Little John,
  Maſter, I pray you tell:
Why do you ſtand with your ſtaff in your hand,
  I fear all is not well.

"O man I do ſtand, and he makes me to ſtand,
  The tanner that ſtands thee beſide;
He is a bonny blade, and maſter of his trade,
  For ſoundly he hath tan'd my hide."

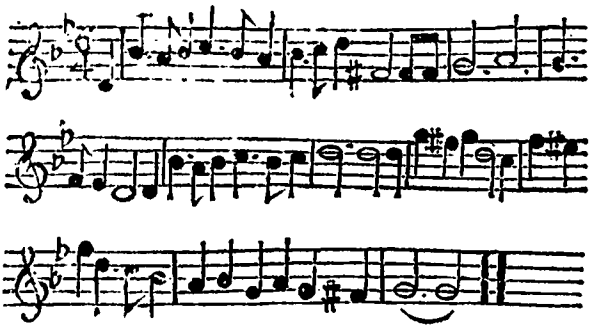
He is to be commended, then ſaid Little John,
If ſuch a feat he can do;
If he be ſo ſtout, we will have a bout,
And he ſhall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
For as I do underſtand,
He's a yeoman good of thine own blood,
For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his ſtaff away,
As far as he could it fling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.

With loving reſpect, there was no neglect,
They were neither 'nice' nor coy,
Each other did face with a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.

Then Robin Hood took 'them both' by the hands,
And danc'd round about the oke tree:
"For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be:

And ever hereafter as long as we live,
We three will be 'as' one;
The wood it ſhall ring, and the old wife ſing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John."

VII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER.

From an old black letter copy in the library of Anthony à Wood. The full title is,

" A new ſong to drive away cold winter,
Between Robin Hood and the jovial tinker:
How Robin by a wile
The Tinker he did cheat;
But at the length as you ſhall hear
The Tinker did him beat,
Whereby the ſame they did then ſo agree
They after liv'd in love and unity.
To the tune of, In Summer time."

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow green,
Down, a down, a down.
And birds ſing on every tree,
Hey down, a down, a down.

Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
Down, a down, a down.
As faſt as hee could dree.
Hey down, a down, a down.

And as hee came to Nottingham,
A tinker he did meet,
And ſeeing him a luſty blade,
He did him kindly greet.

Where doſt thou live? quoth Robin Hood,
I pray thee now mee tell:
Sad news I hear there is abroad,
I fear all is not well.

What is that news? the tinker ſaid,
Tell mee without delay:
I am a tinker by my trade,
And do live at Banbura.

As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
It is but as I hear,
Two tinkers were ſet ith' ſtocks,
For drinking ale and 'beer.'

If that be all, the tinker he ſaid,
As I may ſay to you,
Your news is not worth a fart,
Since that they all bee true.

For drinking good ale and ‘ beer,’
You will not loſe your part.
No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
I love it with all my heart.

What news abroad? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me what thou doſt hear:
Seeing thou goeſt from town to town,
Some news thou need not fear.

All the news I have, the tinker ſaid,
I hear it is for good,
It is to ſeek a bold outlàw,
Which they call Robin Hood.

I have a warrand from the king,
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where hee is,
I will make you a man.

The king would give a hundred pound,
That he could but him ſee;
And if wee can but now him get,
It will ſerve thee and mee.

Let me ſee that warrant, ſaid Robin Hood,
Ile ſee if it bee right;
And I will do the beſt I can
For to take him this night.

That will I not, the tinker ſaid,
None with it will truſt;
Are where hee is if you'll not tell,
Take him by force I muſt.

But Robin Hood perceiving well
How then the game would go,
"If you would go to Nottingham,
We ſhall find him I know."

The tinker had a crab-tree ſtaff,
Which was both good and ſtrong,
Robin hee had a good ſtrong blade;
So they went both along.

And when they came to Nottingham,
There they both tooke their inn;
And they called for ale and wine,
To drink it was no ſin.

But ale and wine they drank ſo faſt,
That the tinker hee forgot
What thing he was about to do;
It fell ſo to his lot,

That, while the tinker fell aſleep,
'Robin' made then haſte away,
And left the tinker in the lurch,
For the great ſhot to pay.

But when the tinker wakened,
And ſaw that he was gone,
He cal'd then even for his hoſt
And thus hee made his moan.

I had a warrant from the king,
Which might have done me good,
That is to take a bold outlàw,
Some call him Robin Hood:

But now my warrant and mony's gone,
Nothing I have to pay;
And he that promis'd to be my friend,
He is gone and fled away.

That friend you tell on, ſaid the hoſt,
They call him Robin Hood;
And when that firſt hee met with you,
He ment you little good.

"Had I but known it had been hee,
When that I had him here,
Th' one of us ſhould have tri'd our might
Which ſhould have paid full dear.

In the mean time I will away,
No longer here Ile bide,
But I will go and ſeek him out,
Whatever do me betide.

But one thing I would gladly know,
What here I have to pay."
Ten ſhillings juſt, then ſaid the hoſt.
"I'le pay without delay;

Or elſe take here my working-bag,
And my good hammer too;
And if that I light but on the knave,
I will then ſoon pay you."

The onely way, then ſaid the hoſt,
And not to ſtand in fear,
Is to ſeek him among the parks,
Killing of the kings deer.

The tinker hee then went with ſpeed,
And made then no delay,
Till he had found 'bold' Robin Hood,
That they might have a fray.

At laſt hee ſpy'd him in a park,
Hunting then of the deer.
What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
That doth come mee ſo near?

No knave, no knave, the tinker ſaid,
And that you ſoon ſhall know;
Whether of us hath done any wrong,
My crab-tree ſtaff ſhall ſhow.

Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made then of truſty ſteel:
But the tinker he laid on ſo faſt,
That he made Robin reel.

Then Robins anger did ariſe,
He fought right manfully,
Until he had made the tinkèr
Almoſt then fit to fly.

With that they had a bout again,
They ply'd their weapons faſt;
The tinker threſhed his bones ſo ſore,
He made him yeeld at laſt.

A boon, a boon, Robin hee cryes,
If thou wilt grant it mee.
Before I do it, the tinker ſaid,
Ile hang thee on this tree.

But the tinker looking him about,
Robin his horn did blow;
Then came unto him Little John,
And William Scadlock too.

What is the matter, quoth Little John,
You ſit on th' highway ſide?
"Here is a tinker that ſtands by,
That hath paid well my hide."

That tinker then, ſaid Little John,
Fain that blade I would ſee,
And I would try what I could do,
It here'l do as much for me.

But Robin hee then wiſh'd them both
They ſhould the quarrel ceaſe,
" That henceforth wee may bee as one,
And ever live in peace.

And for the jovial tinkers part,
A hundred pounds Ile give
In th' year to maintain him on,
As long as he doth live.

In manhood he is a mettled man,
And a mettle man by trade;
Never thought I that any man
Should have made mee ſo afraid.

And if hee will bee one of us,
Wee will take all one fare;
And whatſoever wee do get,
He ſhall have his full ſhare."

So the tinker was content
With them to go along,
And with them a part to take:
And ſo I end my ſong.

VIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN 'A' DALE:

"Or a pleaſant relation how a young gentleman, being in love with a young damſel, 'ſhe' was taken from him to be an old knights bride: and how Robin Hood, pittying the young mans caſe, took her from the old knight, when when they were going to be marryed, and reſtored her to her own love again. To a pleaſent northern tune, Robin Hood in the green-wood ſtood.

Bold Rob'n Hood he did the young man right,
And took the damſel from the doting knight."

From an old black letter copy in major Pearſons collection.

COME liſten to me, you gallants ſo free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamſhire.

As Robin Hood in the foreſt ſtood,
All under the green wood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fire might be.

The youngſter was clothed in ſcarlet red,
In ſcarlet fine and gay;
And he did friſk it over the plain,
And chanted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning ſtood
Amongſt the leaves ſo gay,
There did [he] eſpy the ſame young man
Come drooping along the way.

The ſcarlet he wore the day before
It was clean caſt away;
And at every ſtep he fetcht a ſigh,
"Alack and a well a day!"

Then ſtepped forth brave Little John,
And 'Midge' the millers ſon,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he ſee them come.

Stand off, ſtand off, the young man ſaid,
What is your will with me?
"You muſt come before our maſter ſtraight,
Under yon green wood tree."

F. 22. Nicke.

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin aſkt him courteously,
O, haſt thou any money to ſpare
For my merry men and me?

I have no money, the young man ſaid,
But five ſhillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this ſeven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

Yeſterday I ſhould have married a maid,
But ſhe from me was tane,
And choſen to be an old knights delight,
Whereby my poor heart is ſlain.

What is thy name? then ſaid Robin Hood,
Come tell me, without any fail.
By the faith of my body, then ſaid the young man,
My name it is Allin a Dale.

What will thou give me, ſaid Robin Hood,
In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?

I have no money, then quoth the young man,
No ready gold nor fee,
But I will ſwear upon a book
Thy true ſervant for to be.

V. 38. ſoon from.

" How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
By the faith of my body, then ſaid the young man,
It is but five little mile.

Then Robin he haſted over the plain,
He did neither ſtint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allin ſhould keep his wedding.

What haſt thou here? the biſhop then ſaid,
I prithee now tell unto me.
I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
And the beſt in the north country.

O welcome, O welcome, the biſhop he ſaid,
That muſick beſt pleaſeth me.
You ſhall have no muſick, quoth Robin Hood,
Till the bride and the bridegroom I ſee.

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a ſinikin laſs,
Did ſhine like the gliſtering gold.

This is not a fit match, quod bold Robin Hood,
That you do ſeem to make here,
For ſince we are come into the church,
The bride ſhall chuſe her own dear.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blaſts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.

And when they came into the church-yard
Marching all on a row,
The firſt man was Allin a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

This is thy true love, Robin he ſaid,
Young Allin, as I hear ſay,
And you ſhall be married at 'this' ſame time,
Before we depart away.

That ſhall not be, the biſhop he ſaid,
For thy word ſhall not ſtand;
They ſhall be three times aſkt in the church,
As the law is of our land.

Robin Hood pull'd off the biſhops coat,
And put it upon Little John;
By the faith of my body, then Robin ſaid,
This 'cloth' does make thee a man.

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He aſkt them ſeven times in the church,
Leſt three times ſhould not be enough.

Who gives me this maid? ſaid Little John.
Quoth Robin Hood, that do I;
And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,
Full dearly he ſhall her buy.

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride lookt like a queen;
And ſo they return'd to the merry green-wood,
Amongſt the leaves ſo green.

IX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD.

"Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd fought a ſore combate.

The ſhepherd fought for twenty pound, and Robin for bottle and bag,

But the ſhepherd ſtout, gave them the rout, ſo ſore they could not wag.

Tune is, Robin Hood and queen Katherine."

From two old black letter copies, one of them in the collection of Anthony à Wood, the other in that of Thomas Pearſon, eſq. At the head of the former is a fine cut of Robin Hood.

ALL gentlemen, and yeomen good,
Down, a down, a down, a down,
I wiſh you to draw near;
For a ſtory of gallant bold Robin Hood
Unto you I will declare.
Down a, &c.

As Robin Hood walkt the forreſt along,
Some paſtime for to ſpie,
There he was aware of a jolly ſhephèrd,
That on the ground did lie.

Ariſe, ariſe, cried jolly Robìn,
And now come let me ſee
What's in thy bag and bottle; I ſay,
Come tell it unto me.

" What's that to thee? thou proud fellòw,
Tell me as I do ſtand;
What haſt thou to do with my bag and bottle?
Let me ſee thy command."

" My ſword, which hangeth by my ſide,
Is my command I know;
Come, and let me taſte of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thy woe,"

" The devil a drop, thou proud fellòw,
Of my bottle thou ſhalt ſee,
Until thy valour here be tried,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee."

What ſhall we fight for? cries Robin Hood,
Come tell it ſoon to me;
Here is twenty pound in good red gold,
Win it and take it thee.

The ſhepherd ſtood all in a maze,
And knew not what to ſay;
" I have no money, thou proud fellòw,
But bag and bottle ile lay."

" I am content, thou ſhepherd ſwain,
Fling them down on the ground;
But it will breed thee mickle pain,
To win my twenty pound."

" Come draw thy ſword, thou proud fellòw,
Thou ſtandeſt too long to prate;
This hook of mine ſhall let thee know,
A coward I do hate."

So they fell to it, full hardy and ſore,
It was on a ſummers day,
From ten till four in the afternoon
The ſhepherd held him play.

Robins buckler prov'd his 'chief' defence,
And ſaved him many a bang,
For every blow the ſhepherd gave
Made Robins ſword cry twang.

Many a ſturdie blow the ſhepherd gave,
And that bold Robin found,
Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
Then he fell to the ground.

V. 46. chiefeſt.

" Ariſe, ariſe, thou proud fellòw,
And thou ſhalt have fair play,
If thou wilt yield before thou go,
That I have won the day."

A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robìn,
If that a man thou be,
Then let me have my beugle horn,
And blow but blaſts three.

Then ſaid the ſhepherd to bold Robìn,
To that I will agree;
' For' if thou ſhouldſt blow till to-morrow morn,
I ſcorn one foot to flee.

Then Robin he ſet his horn to his mouth.
And he blew with mickle main,
Until he eſpied Little John
Come tripping over the plain.

" O who is yonder, thou proud fellòw,
That comes down yonder hill?"
" Yonder is John, bold Robin Hoods man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill."

What is the matter? ſaies Little John,
Maſter, come tell to me.
My caſe is bad, cries Robin Hood,
For the ſhepherd hath conquered me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John
Shepherd, turn thou to me;
For a bout with thee I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.

" With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it never ſhall be ſaid
That a ſhepherds hook of thy ſturdy look
Will one jot be diſmaied."

So they fell to it, full hardy and ſore,
Striving for victorie.
Ile know, ſays John, ere we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The ſhepherd gave John a ſturdie blow,
With his hook under the chin.
Beſhrew thy heart, ſaid Little John,
Thou baſely doſt begin.

Nay, that is nothing, ſaid the ſhepherd,
Either yield to me the daie,
Or I will bang thy back and ſides,
Before thou goeſt thy way.

What, doſt thou think, thou proud fellow,
That thou canſt conquer me?
Nay, thou ſhalt know, before thou go,
Ile fight before ile flee.

Again the ſhepherd laid on him,
'Juſt as he firſt begun.'
Hold thy hand, cry'd bold Robin,
I will yield the wager won.

With all my heart, ſaid Little John,
To that I will agree;
For he is the flower of ſhepherd ſwains,
The like I did never ſee.

Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
Alſo of Little John;
How a ſhepherd ſwain did conquer them,
The like was never known.

X.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRYER.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood; corrected by a much earlyer one in the Pepysian library, printed by H. Goffon, about the year 160; compared with a later one in the same collection. The full title is: "The famous battell betweene Robin Hood and the curtall fryer. To a New Northerne tune."

"*The curtall fryer,*" *dr. Stukely says,* "*is* cordelier *from the cord or rope which they wore round their waist, to whip themselves with. They were,*" *adds he,* "*of the Franciscan order.*" *Our fryer, however, is undoubtedly so called from his* "*curtall dogs,*" *or curs, as we now say.* (Courtault, F.) *In fact, he is no fryer at all, but a monk of Fountains abbey, which was of the Cistercian order.*

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are freſh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were diſpoſed to play.

Then ſome would leape, and ſome would runne,
And ſome would uſe artillery;
"Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be?

Which of you can kill a bucke,
Or who can kill a doe;
Or who can kill a hart of Greece
Five hundreth foot him fro?"

Will Scadlocke he kild a bucke,
And Midge he kild a doe;
And Little Iohn kild a hart of Greece,
Five hundreth foot him fro.

Gods bleſſing on thy heart, ſaid Robin Hood,
That hath ſuch a ſhot for me;
I would ride my horſe a hundred miles,
To find one could match thee.

That cauſed Will Scadlocke to laugh,
He laught full heartily:
"There lives a curtall fryer in Fountaines Abby
Will beate both him and thee.

The curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey
Well can a ſtrong bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row.'

Robin Hood he tooke a ſolemne oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eate nor drinke,
'Till the fryer he did ſee.

Robin Hood put on his harneſſe good,
On his head a cap of ſteel,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide,
And they became him weele.

He tooke his bow into his hand,
It was made of a truſty tree,
With a ſheafe of arrowes at his belt,
And to Fountaine Dale went he.

And comming unto Fountaine Dale,
No farther he would ride;
There he was aware of the curtall fryer,
Walking by the water ſide.

The fryer had on a harneſſe good,
On his head a cap of ſteel,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide,
And they became him weele.

Robin Hood lighted off his horſe,
And tyed him to a therne:
"Carry me over the water, thou curtall fryer,
Or elſe thy life's forlorne."

The fryer tooke Robin Hood on his backe,
Deepe water he did beſtride,
And ſpake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other ſide.

Lightly leapt Robin offe the fryers backe;
The fryer ſaid to him againe,
Carry me over this water, [thou] fine fellòw,
Or it ſhall breed thy paine.

Robin Hood took the fryer on his backe,
Deepe water he did beſtride,
And ſpake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other ſide.

Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hoods backe,
Robin Hood ſaid to him againe,
Carry me over this water, thou curtall fryer,
Or it ſhall breede thy pain.

The fryer tooke Robin on's backe againe,
And ſtept in to the knee.
'Till he came at the middle ſtreame,
Neither good nor bad ſpake he,

And comming to the middle ſtreame,
There he threw Robin in:
" And chuſe thee, chuſe thee, fine fellòw,
Whether thou wilt ſink or ſwim."

Robin Hood ſwam to a buſh of broome,
The fryer to a wigger wand;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to ſhore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of his beſt arrowes under his belt
To the fryer he let fly;
The curtall fryer with his ſteele bucklèr
Did put that arrow by.

" Shoot on, ſhoot on, thou fine fellòw,
Shoot as thou haſt begun,
If thou ſhoot here a ſummers day,
Thy marke I will not ſhun."

Robin Hood ſhot paſſing well,
'Till his arrows all were gane;
They tooke their ſwords and ſteele bucklèrs,
They fought with might and maine,

From ten o'th' clock that [very] day,
Till four i' th' afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
Of the fryer to beg a boone.

" A boone, a boone, thou curtall fryer,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to ſet my horne to my mouth,
And to blow blaſts three."

That I will do, ſaid the curtall fryer,
Of thy blaſts I have no doubt;
I hope thoult blow ſo paſſing well,
'Twill both thy eyes fall out.

Robin Hood ſet his horne to his mouth,
He blew out blaſts three;
Halfe a hundreth yeomen, with bowes bent,
Came raking over the lee.

Whoſe men are theſe, ſaid the fryer,
That come ſo haſtily?
Theſe are mine, ſaid Robin Hood;
Fryer, what is that to thee?

A boone, a boone, ſaid the curtall fryer,
The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to ſet my fiſt to my mouth,
And to whute whues three.

That will I doe, ſaid Robin Hood,
Or elſe I were to blame;
Three whues in a fryers fiſt
Would make me glad and faine.

The fryer ſet his fiſt to his mouth,
And whuted whues three:
Half a hundred good band-dogs
Came running over the lee.

"Here's for every man a dog,
And I myſelfe for thee."
Nay, by my faith, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryer, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did goe,
The one behind, the other before,
Robin Hoods mantle of Lincolne greene
Off from his backe they tore.

And whether his men ſhot eaſt or weſt,
Or they ſhot north or ſouth,
The curtall dogs, ſo taught they were,
They kept 'the' arrows in their mouth.

Take up thy dogs, ſaid Little John,
Fryer, at my bidding be.
Whoſe man art thou, ſaid the curtall fryer,
Comes here to prate with me?

"I am Little John, Robin Hoods man,
Fryer, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy dogs ſoone,
I'le take up them and thee."

Little Iohn had a bow in his hand,
He ſhot with might and main;
Soon halfe a ſcore of the fryers dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, ſaid the curtal fryer,
Thy maſter and I will agree;
And we will have new orders taken,
With all the haſt may be.

"If thou wilt forſake fair Fountaines dale,
And Fountaines Abbey free,
Every ſunday throwout the yeere,
A noble ſhall be thy fee:

And every holliday through the yeere,
Changed ſhall thy garment be,
If thou wilt goe to faire Nottingham,
And there remaine with me."

This curtal fryer had kept Fountaines dale
Seven long yeeres and more,
There was neither knight, lord, nor earle,
Could make him yeeld before.

XI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE STRANGER.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The title now given to this ballad is that which it ſeems to have originally born; having been fooliſhly altered to "Robin Hood newly revived." The circumſtances attending the ſecond part will be explained in a note.

COME liſten awhile, you gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
That are this bower within,
For a ſtory of gallant bold Robin Hood,
I purpoſe now to begin.

What time of day? quod Robin Hood then.
Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime.
"Why then we will to the green wood gang,
For we have no vittles to dine."

As Robin Hood walkt the forreſt along,
It was in the mid of the day,
There he was met of a deſt young man,
As ever walkt on the way.

His doublet was of ſilk, 'tis' ſaid,
His ſtockings like ſcarlet ſhone;
And he walked on along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face:
"Now the beſt of you ile have to my dinner,
And that in a little ſpace."

Now the ſtranger he made no mickle adoe,
But he bends and a right good bow,
And the beſt of all the herd he ſlew,
Forty good yards him froe.

Well ſhot, well ſhot, quod Robin Hood then,
That ſhot it was ſhot in time;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou ſhalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

V. 25. full froe.

Go play the chiven, the ſtranger ſaid,
Make haſte and quickly go,
Or with my fiſt, beſure of this,
Ile give thee buffets ſto'.

Thou had'ſt not beſt buffet me, quod Robin Hood,
For though I ſeem forlorn,
Yet I have thoſe will take my part,
If I but blow my horn.

Thou waſt not beſt wind thy horn, the ſtranger ſaid,
Beeſt thou never ſo much in haſte,
For I can draw out a good broad ſword,
And quickly cut the blaſt.

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
To ſhoot, and that he would fain;
The ſtranger he bent a very good bow,
To ſhoot at bold Robin again.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quod Robin Hood,
To ſhoot it would be in vain;
For if we ſhould ſhoot the one at the other,
The one of us may be ſlain.

But let's take our ſwords and our broad bucklèrs,
And gang under yonder tree.
As I hope to be ſav'd, the ſtranger he ſaid,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the ſtranger a blow,
'Moſt ſcar'd him out of his wit:
Thou never felt blow, the ſtranger he ſaid,
That ſhall be better quit.

The ſtranger he drew out a good broad ſword,
And hit Robin on the crown,
That from every haire of bold Robins head
The blood ran trickling down.

God a mercy, good fellow! quod Robin Hood then,
And for this that thou haſt done,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,
Tell me where thou doeſt won.

The ſtranger then anſwered bold Robin Hood,
Ile tell thee where I do dwell;
In Maxwell town I was bred and born,
My name is young Gamwell.

For killing of my own fathers ſteward,
I am forc'd to this Engliſh wood,
And for to ſeek an uncle of mine,
Some call him Robin Hood.

"But 'art thou' a couſin of Robin Hood then?
The ſooner we ſhould have done."
As I hope to be ſav'd, the ſtranger then ſaid,
I am his own ſiſters ſon.

But, lord! what kiſſing and courting was there,
When theſe two couſins did greet!
And they went all that ſummers day,
And Little John did [not] meet.

But when they met with Little John,
He 'unto them' did ſay,
O maſter, pray where have you been,
You have tarried ſo long away?

I met with a ſtranger, quod Robin Hood,
Full ſore he hath beaten me.
Then I'le have a bout with him, quod Little John,
And try if he can beat me.

Oh [no], oh no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John, it may [not] be ſo;
For he is my own dear ſiſters ſon,
And couſins I have no mo.

But he ſhall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And 'Scadlock' he ſhall be.

And weel be three of the braveſt outlàws
That live in the north country.
If 'you will' hear more of bold Robin Hood,
In 'the' ſecond part it will be.

[PART THE SECOND.*]

NOW Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John,
Are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck, which Will Scadlock,
With his ſtrong bow had ſlain.

* *This (from an old black letter copy in major Pearſons collection) is evidently the genuine ſecond part of the preſent ballad; although conſtantly printed as an independent article, under the title of "Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John: Or, a narrative of their victories obtained againſt the prince of Aragon and the two giants; and how Will Scadlock married the princeſs. Tune of Robin Hood; or, Hey down, down, a down!" Inſtead of which, in all former editions, are given the following incoherent ſtanzas, which have all the appearance of being the fragment of a different ballad:*

THEN bold Robin Hood to the north he would go,
With valour and mickle might,
With ſword by his ſide, which oft had been tri'd,
To fight and recover his right.

The firſt that he met was a bonny bold Scot,
His ſervant he ſaid he would be.
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove falſe unto me;

Thou haſt not been true to ſire nor cuz.
Nay, marry, the Scot he ſaid,
As true as your heart, Ile never part,
Gude maſter, be not afraid.

Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
The day it runs full faſt;
For tho' my nephew me a breakfaſt gave,
I have not yet broke my faſt.

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
I think it wondrous good,
Where my nephew by my bold yeomèn
Shall be welcom'd unto the green-wood.

Then Robin turned his face to the eaſt,
Fight on, my merry men ſtout;
Our cauſe is good, quod brave Robin Hood,
And we ſhall not be beaten out.

The battel grows hot on every ſide,
The Scotchman made great moan;
Quoth Jockey, Gude faith, they fight on each ſide,
Would I were with my wife Joan!

The enemy compaſt brave Robin about,
'Tis long ere the battel ends;
Ther's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
For both are ſupplied with friends.

This ſong it was made in Robin Hoods dayes:
Let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace, that miſchief may ceaſe,
And war may give place unto love.

With that he took ‘ his' bugle-horn,
Full well he could it blow;
Streight from the woods came marching down
One hundred tall fellows and mo.

Stand, ſtand to your arms, ſays Will Scadlòck,
Lo! the enemies are within ken.
With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,
Crying, They are my bold yeomèn.

Who, when they arriv'd, and Robin eſpy'd,
Cry'd, Maſter, what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
Your horn did ſound ſo ſhrill.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
The danger is paſt and gone;
I would have you welcome my nephew here,
That has paid me two for one.

In feaſting and ſporting they paſſed the day,
Till Phœbus ſunk into the deep;
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
His guard there for to keep.

Long had they not walked within the green-wood,
But Robin he ſoon eſpy'd,
A beautiful damſel all alone,
That on a black palfrey did ride.

V. 35. Of a.

Her riding-ſuit was of a ſable hew black,
Cypreſs over her face,
Through which her roſe-like cheeks did bluſh,
All with a comely grace.

Come tell me the cauſe, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin, and tell me aright,
From whence thou comeſt, and whither thou goeſt,
All in this mournful plight?

From London I came, the damſel reply'd,
From London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O grief to tell!
Beſieg'd with foreign arms,

By the proud prince of Arragon,
Who ſwears by his martial hand
To have the princeſs to his ſpouſe,
Or elſe to waſte this land;

Except ſuch champions can be found,
That dare fight three to three,
Againſt the prince, and giants twain,
Moſt horrid for to ſee;

Whoſe griſly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terrour where they come,
With ſerpents hiſſing on their helms,
Inſtead of feathered plume.

The princeſs ſhall be the victor's prize,
'The king hath vow'd and ſaid,
And he that ſhall the conqueſt win,
Shall have her to his bride.

Now we are four damſels ſent abroad,
To the eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth,
To try whoſe fortune is ſo good
To find theſe champions 'out.'

But all in vain we have ſought about,
For none ſo bold there are
That dare adventure life and blood,
To free a lady fair.

When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me this and no more.
On Midſummer next, the dam'ſel ſaid,
Which is June the twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
And ſilent was her tongue;
With ſighs and ſobs ſhe took her leave,
Away her palfrey ſprung.

The news ſtruck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the graſs,
His actions and his troubled mind
Shew'd he perplexed was.

V. 68. forth.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will 'Scadlòck,'
O, maſter, tell to me:
If the damſels eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She doth not cauſe my ſmart;
But 'tis the poor diſtreſſed princeſs,
That wounds me to the heart:

I'll go fight the [prince and] giants all,
To ſet the lady free.
The devil take my ſoul, quoth Little John,
If I part with thy company.

Muſt I ſtay behind? quoth Will Scadlòck,
No, no, that muſt not be;
I'le make the third man in the fight,
So we ſhall be three to three.

Theſe words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
Joy ſhone within his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
And kindly did imbrace.

Quoth he, We'll put on mothley grey,
And long ſtaves in our hands,
A ſcrip and bottle by our ſides,
As come from the holy land.

So may we paſs along the high-way,
None will aſk us from whence we came,
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or elſe ſome holy men.

Now they are on their journey gone,
As faſt as they may ſpeed,
Yet for all their haſte, ere they arriv'd,
The princeſs forth was led,

To be deliver'd to the prince,
Who in the liſt did ſtand,
Prepar'd to fight, or elſe receive
His lady by the hand.

With that he walk'd about the liſts,
With giants by his ſide:
Bring forth, ſaid he, your champions,
Or bring me forth my bride.

This is the four and twentieth day,
The day prefixt upon:
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I ſwear by 'Alcaron.'

V. 128. Acaron. *This termagant prince ſeems intended for a ſort of Mahometan Pagan; but Arragon was never in the hands of the Moors.* Alcaron *is a deity formed by metathefis from* Alcoran, *a book. One might, however, read* Acheron.

Then cries the king, and queen likewiſe,
Both weeping as they ſpake,
Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are forc'd to forſake

With that ſtept out bold Robin Hood,
Crys, My liege, it muſt not be ſo
Such beauty as the fair princeſs
Is not for a tyrants mow.

The prince he then began to ſtorm,
Cries, Fool, fanatick, baboon!
How dare thou ſtop my valour's prize?
I'll kill thee with a frown.

Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel,
Thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I ſcorn; lo! here's my gage,
And thus I thee defie.

And for thoſe two Goliahs there,
That ſtand on either ſide,
Here are two little Davids by,
That ſoon can tame their pride.

Then the king did for armour ſend,
For lances, ſwords, and ſhields;
And thus all three in armour bright,
Came marching to the field.

The trumpets began to ſound a charge,
Each ſingled out his man;
Their arms in pieces ſoon were hew'd,
Blood ſprang from every vain.

The prince he reacht Robin Hood a blow,
He ſtruck with might and main,
Which forc'd him to reel about the field,
As though he had been ſlain.

God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow!
The quarrel ſhall ſoon be try'd;
This ſtroke ſhall ſhew a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

So from his ſhoulders he's cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbling ſore at Robin Hood,
To be ſo dealt withal.

The giants then began to rage
To ſee their prince lie dead:
Thou's be the next, quoth Little John,
Unleſs thou well guard thy head.

With that his faulchion he wherl'd about,
It was both keen and ſharp;
He clave the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.

Will Scadlock well had play'd his part,
The giant he had brought to his knee:
Quoth Will, The devil cannot break his faſt,
Unleſs he have you all three.

So with his faulchion he run him through,
A deep and 'ghaſtly' wound;
Who dam'd and foam'd, curſt and blaſphem'd,
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the liſts with ſhouts were fill'd,
The ſkies they did reſound,
Which brought the princeſs to herſelf,
Who had fal'n in a ſwound.

The king and queen, and princeſs fair,
Came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them further grace.

Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
That thus diſguiſed came,
Whoſe valour ſpeaks that noble blood
Doth run through every vain.

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
On my knees I beg and crave.
By my crown, quoth the king, I grant,
Aſk what, and thou ſhalt have.

Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
  Which are in the green-wood,
For Little John, and Will Scadlock,
  And for me, bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the king;
  For the valour thou haſt ſhewn,
Your pardons I do freely grant,
  And welcome every one,

The princeſs I promiſe the victor's prize,
  She cannot have you all three.
She ſhall chuſe, quoth Robin. Said Little John,
  Then little ſhare falls to me.

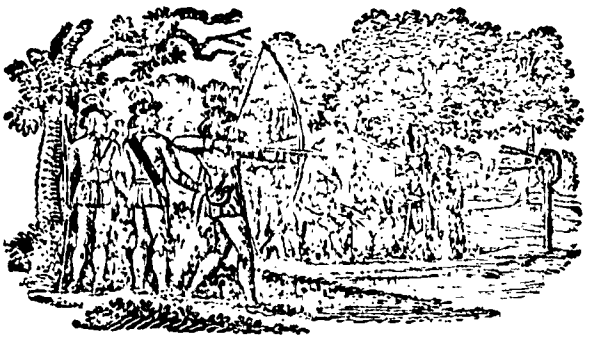
Then did the princeſs view all three,
  With a comely lovely grace,
And took Will Scadlock by the hand,
  Saying, Here I make my choice.

With that a noble lord ſtept forth,
  Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who look'd Will Scadlock in the face,
  And wept moſt bitterly.

Quoth he, I had a ſon like thee,
  Whom I lov'd wondrous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
  His name it is young Gamwell.

Then did Will Scadlock fall on his knees,
Cries, Father! father! here,
Here kneels your ſon, your young Gamwell,
You ſaid you lov'd ſo dear.

But, lord! what imbracing and kiſſing was there,
When all theſe friends were met!
They are gone to the wedding, and ſo to [the] bedding:
And ſo I bid you good night.



XII.

ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE.

From an old black letter copy in a private collection, compared with another in that of Anthony à Wood. The full title is: "*Renowned Robin Hood*; *Or, His famous archery truly related in the worthy exploits he acted before queen Katherine, he being an outlaw man*; *and how he obtained his own and his fellows pardon. To a new tune.*"

It is scarcely worth observing that there was no queen consort named KATHERINE *before Henry the fifths time*; *but as Henry the eighth had no less than three wives so called, the name would be sufficiently familiar to our ballad maker.*

GOLD tane from the kings harbengers,
Downe, a downe, a downe,
As seldome hath beene seene,
Downe, a downe, a downe,
And carried by bold Robin Hood
For a present to the queene,
Downe, a downe, a downe.

If that I live a yeare to an end,
Thus can queene Katherine ſay,
Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay.

The queene is to her chamber gone,
As faſt as ſhe can wen;
She calls unto her lovely page,
His name was Richard Patrington.

"Come thou hither to mee, thou lovely page,
Come thou hither to mee;
For thou muſt poſt to Nottingham,
As faſt as thou can dree;

And as thou goeſt to Nottingham,
Search all the Engliſh wood,
Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
That can tell thee of Robin Hood.

Sometimes hee went, ſometimes hee ran,
As faſt as hee could win;
And when hee came to Nottingham,
There hee tooke up his inne.

And when he came to Nottingham,
And had tooke up his inne,
He cals for a pottle of Rheniſh wine,
And dranke a health to his queene.

There ſate a yeoman by his ſide,
Tell mee, ſweet page, ſaid hee,
What is thy buſineſſe and the cauſe,
So far in the north countrey?

This is my buſineſſe and the cauſe,
Sir, I'le tell it you for good,
To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
To tell mee of Robin Hood.

" Ile get my horſe betimes in the morne,
By it be break of day,
And I will ſhew thee bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay."

When that he came at Robin Hoods place,
Hee fell down on his knee:
" Queen Katherine ſhe doth greet you well,
She greets you well by mee;

She bids you poſt to fair London court,
Not fearing any thing;
For there ſhall be a little ſport,
And ſhe hath ſent you her ring."

Robin Hood tooke his mantle from his back,
It was of the Lincolne greene,
And ſent it by this lovely page,
For a preſent unto the queene.

In ſummer time, when leaves grow green,
It's a ſeemely ſight to ſee,
How Robin Hood himſelfe had dreſt,
And all his yeomandry.

He clothed his men in Lincolne greene,
And himſelfe in ſcarlet red;
Blacke hats, white feathers, all alike,
Now bold Robin Hood is rid:

And when hee came at Londons court,
Hee fell downe on his knee.
Thou art welcome, Locksly, ſaid the queen,
And all thy good 'yeomandree.'

The king is into Finsbury field*
Marching in battle ray,
And after follows bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.

*Ground near Moorfields, London, famous in old times for the archery practiſed there. "In the year 1498," ſays Stow, "all the gardens which had continued time out of minde, without Moregate, to wit, about and beyond the lordſhip of Fensberry, were deſtroyed. And of them was made a plaine field for archers to ſhoote in." Survay of London, 1598, p. 351. See alſo p. 77. where it is obſerved that "about the feaſt of S. Bartlemew ... the officers of the city ... were challengers of all men in the ſuburbes, ... before the 'lord'

Come hither, Tepus, ſaid the king,
Bow-bearer after mee;
Come meaſure me out with this line,
How long our mark muſt be.

What is the wager? ſaid the queene,
That muſt I now know here.
" Three hundred tun of Rheniſh wine,
Three hundred tun of beere;

Three hundred of the fatteſt harts
That run on Dallom lee."
That's a princely wager, ſaid the king,
That needs muſt I tell thee.

maior, aldermen, and ſheriffes, in FENSBERY FIELDE, *to ſhoote the ſtandarde, broade arrow, and flight, for games.*" *There is a tract intitled,* " *Ayme for Finsburie archers, or an alphabetical table of the names of every marke within the ſame fielde, with the true diſtances, both by the map, and dimenſuration with the line. Publiſhed for the eaſe of the ſkilfull, and behoofe of the yoonge beginners in the famous exerciſe of archerie, by J. J. and E. B. To be ſold at the ſigne of the Swan in Grub ſtreet, by F. Sergeant.* 1594. 16*mo. Republiſhed by R. F.* 1604; *and again by James Partridge,* 1628. 12*mo.*

The practice of ſhooting here is alluded to by Cotton, in his Virgile traveſtie; (*b.* iv.) 1667:

" *And arrows loos'd from Grub ſtreet bow,*
" *In* FINSBURY, *to him are ſlow.*"

and is ſaid to have continued till within the memory of perſons now living.

With that beſpake one Clifton then,
Full quickly and full ſoone,
Meaſure no markes for us, moſt ſoveraigne liege,
Wee'l ſhoot at ſun and moone.

"Full fifteene ſcore your marke ſhall be,
Full fifteene ſcore ſhall ſtand."
Ile lay my bow, ſaid Clifton then,
Ile cleave the willow wand.

With that the kings archers led about,
While it was three, and none;
With that the ladies began to ſhout,
"Madam, your game is gone."

A boone, a boone, queene Katherine cries,
I crave it on my bare knee;
Is there any knight of your privy counſel
Of queen Katherines part will be?

Come hither to mee, ſir Richard Lee,
Thou art a knight full good;
For I do knowe by thy pedigree
Thou ſprung'ſt from Gowers blood.

Come hither to me, thou biſhop of Herefordſhire:
For a noble prieſt was hee.
By my ſilver miter, ſaid the biſhop then,
Ile not bet one peny.

The king hath archers of his own,
Full ready and full light,
And theſe be ſtrangers every one,
No man knowes what they hight.

What wilt thou bet? ſaid Robin Hood,
Thou feeſt our game the worſe.
By my ſilver miter, then ſaid the biſhop,
All the money within my purſe.

What is in thy purſe? ſaid Robin Hood,
Throw it downe on the ground.
Fifteen ſcore nobles, ſaid the biſhop;
It's neere an hundred pound.

Robin Hood took his bagge from his ſide,
And threw it downe on the greene;
William Scadlocke then went ſmiling away,
"I know who this money muſt win."

With that the king's archers led about,
While it was three and three;
With that the ladies gave a ſhout,
"Woodcock, beware thy knee!"

V. 119. *Either the biſhop was a very bad reckoner, or here is ſome miſtake in the copy: three hundred nobles are exactly a hundred pounds. The common editions read* ninety-nine angels, *which would be no more than* £49. 10. 0.

It is three and three, now, ſaid the king,
The next three pays for all.
Robin Hood went and whiſper'd the queen,
The kings part ſhall be but ſmall.

Robin Hood hee led about,
Hee ſhot it under hand;
And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
Hee clave the willow wand.

And little Midge, the millers ſon,
Hee ſhot not much the worſe;
He ſhot within a finger of the prick:
"Now, biſhop, beware thy purſe!"

A boone, a boone, queen Katherine cries,
I crave 'it' on my bare knee,
That you will angry be with none
That are of my partie.

"They ſhall have forty daies to come,
And forty daies to goe,
And three times forty to ſport and play;
Then welcome friend or foe."

Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, ſaid the queene,
And ſo is Little John,
And ſo is Midge, the millers ſon;
Thrice welcome every one.

Is this Robin Hood? now ſaid the king,
For it was told to me
That he was ſlain in the palace gates,
So far in the north country.

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the biſhop then,
As 'it ſeems' well to be:
Had I knowne 'it' had been that bold outlàw,
I would not [have] bet one peny.

Hee tooke me late one Saturday at night,
And bound mee faſt to a tree,
And made mee ſing a maſſe, God wot,
To him and his 'yeomandree.'

What, an if I did, ſaies Robin Hood,
Of that maſſe I was faine;
For recompence of that, he ſaies,
Here's halfe thy gold againe.

Now nay, now nay, ſaies Little John,
Maſter, that ſhall not be;
We muſt give gifts to the kings officèrs;
That gold will ſerve thee and mee.

V. 157, i ſee.

XIII.

ROBIN HOODS CHASE:

" Or, a merry progreſs between Robin Hood and King Henry. Shewing how Robin Hood led the king his chaſe from London to London; and when he had taken his leave of the queen, ſhe returned to merry Sherwood. To the tune of Robin Hood and the beggar."

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

COME, you gallants all, to you I do call,
With hey down, down, an a down,
That now 'are' in this place;
For a ſong I will ſing of Henry the king,
How he did Robin Hood chaſe.

Queen Katherin ſhe a match did make,
As plainly doth appear,
For three hundred tun of good red wine,
And three [hundred] tun of beere.

But yet her archers ſhe had to ſeek,
With their bows and arrows ſo good;
But her mind it was bent with a good intent,
To ſend for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he came there,
Queen Katherin ſhe did ſay,
Thou art welcome, Locksley, ſaid the queen,
And all thy yeomen gay.

For a match of ſhooting I have made,
And thou on my part muſt be.
"If I miſs the mark, be it light or dark,
Then hanged I will be."

But when the game came to be played,
Bold Robin he then drew nigh,
With his mantle of green, moſt brave to be ſeen,
He let his arrows fly.

And when the game it ended was,
Bold Robin wan it with a grace;
But after the king was angry with him,
And vowed he would him chace.

V. 6. then did.

What though his pardon granted was,
While he with him did ſtay;
But yet the king was vexed at him,
When as he was gone his way.

Soon after the king from the court did hye,
In a furious angry mood,
And often enquired both far and near
After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood:
O, come now, ſaid he, and let me ſee
Who can find me bold Robin Hood.

But when that bold Robin he did hear
The king had him in chaſe,
Then ſaid Little John, 'Tis time to be gone,
And go to ſome other place.

And away they went from merry Sherwood,
And into Yorkſhire he did hye;
And the king did follow, with a hoop and a hallow,
But could not come him nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he paſſed along,
'And went ſtrait' to Newcaſtle town;
And there 'he' ſtayed hours two or three,
And 'then' to Barwick 'is' gone.

53. he ... was.

When the king did ſee how Robin did flee,
He was vexed wondrous ſore;
With a hoop and a hallow he vowed to follow,
And take him, or never give ore.

Come now let's away, then crys Little John,
Let any man follow that dare;
To Carliſle we'l hye, with our company,
And ſo then to Lancaſter.

From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
And ſo did king Henry;
But Robin [went] away, for he durſt not ſtay,
For fear of ſome treachery.

Says Robin, Come let us for London goe,
To ſee our noble queens face,
It may be ſhe wants our company,
Which makes the king ſo us chaſe.

When Robin he came queene Katherin before,
He fell low upon his knee:
"If it pleaſe your grace, I am come to this place
For to ſpeak with king Henry."

Queen Katherine anſwered bold Robin Hood again,
The king is gone to merry Sherwood;
And when he went away to me he did ſay,
He would go and ſeek Robin Hood.

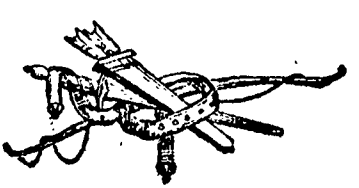
"Then fare you well, my gracious queen,
For to Sherwood I will hye apace;
For fain would I ſee what he would with me,
If I could but meet with his grace."

But when king Henry he came home,
Full weary, and vexed in mind,
And that he did hear Robin had been there,
He blamed dame Fortune unkind.

You're welcome home, 'queen' Katherin cryed,
Henry, my ſoveraign liege;
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Your perſon hath been to ſeek.

But when king Henry he did 'hear,'
That Robin had been there him to ſeeke,
This anſwer he gave, He's a cunning knave,
For I have fought him this whole three weeks.

A boon! a boon! 'queen' Katherin cry'd,
I beg it here 'of' your grace,
To pardon his life, and ſeek not ſtrife:
And ſo endeth Robin Hoods chaſe.



XIV.

ROBIN HOODS GOLDEN PRIZE.

" He met two prieſts upon the way,
And forced them with him to pray;
For gold they prayed, and gold they had,
Enough to make bold Robin glad;
His ſhare came to four hundred pound,
That then was told upon the ground.
Now mark, and you ſhall hear the jeſt,
You never heard the like expreſt.

Tune is, Robin Hood was a tall young man, &c."

This ballad (given from an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood) was entered (amongſt others) in the ſtationers book, by Francis Coule, 13th June, 1631. and by Francis Grove, 2d June, 1656.

I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,
Derry, derry down,
And of brave Little John,
Of fryer Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Loxley, and maid Marion.

But ſuch a tale as this before
I think was never knone;
For Robin Hood diſguiſed himſelf,
And 'from' the wood is gone.

Like to a fryer bold Robin Hood
Was accoutered in his array;
With hood, gown, beeds, and crucifix,
He paſt upon the way.

He had not gone miles two or three,
But it was his chance to ſpy
Two luſty prieſts, clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.

Benedicite, then ſaid Robin Hood,
Some pitty on me take;
Croſs you my hand with a ſilver groat,
For our dear ladies ſake.

For I have been wandring all this day,
And nothing could I get;
Not ſo much as one poor cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat.

Now, by our holy dame, the prieſts repli'd,
We never a peny have;
For we this morning have been rob'd,
And could no money ſave.

I am much afraid, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
That you both do tell a lie;
And now before you do go hence,
I am reſolv'd to try.

When as the prieſts heard him ſay ſo,
Then they rode away amain;
But Robin Hood betook to his heels,
And ſoon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pull'd them down from their horſe:
O ſpare us, fryer! the prieſts cry'd out,
On us have ſome remorſe!

You ſaid you had no mony, quoth he,
Wherefore, without delay,
We three will fall down on our knees,
And for mony we will pray.

The prieſts they could not him gainſay,
But down they kneeled with ſpeed:
Send us, O ſend us, then quoth they,
Some mony to ſerve our need.

The prieſts did pray with a mournful chear,
Sometimes their hands did wring;
Sometimes they wept, and cried aloud,
Whilſt Robin did merrily ſing.

When they had been praying an hours ſpace,
The prieſts did ſtill lament;
Then quoth bold Robin, Now let's ſee
What mony heaven hath us ſent.

We will be ſharers all alike
Of [the] mony that we have;
And there is never a one of us
That his fellow ſhall deceive.

The prieſts their hands in their pockets put,
But mony would find none:
We'l ſearch ourſelves, ſaid Robin Hood,
Each other, one by one.

Then Robin took pains to ſearch them both,
And he found good ſtore of gold,
Five hundred peeces preſently
Upon the graſs was told.

Here is a brave ſhow, ſaid Robin Hood,
Such ſtore of gold to ſee,
And you ſhall each one have a part,
Cauſe you prayed ſo heartily.

He gave them fifty pounds a-peece,
And the reſt for himſelf did keep:
The prieſts [they] durſt not ſpeak one word,
But they ſighed wondrous deep.

V. 66. Robin Hood.

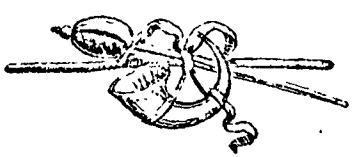
With that the prieſts roſe up from their knees,
Thinking to have parted ſo:
Nay, nay, ſays Robin Hood, one thing more
I have to ſay ere you go.

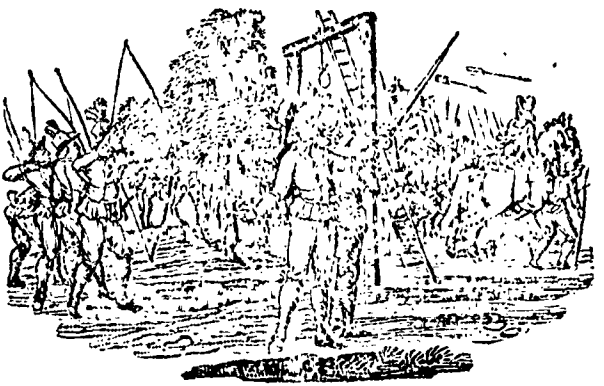
You ſhall be ſworn, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
Upon this holy graſs,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way ſoever you paſs.

The ſecond oath that you here muſt take,
That all the days of your lives,
You ſhall never tempt maids to ſin,
Nor lye with other mens wives.

The laſt oath you ſhall take, it is this,
Be charitable to the poor;
Say, you have met with a holy fryar,
And I deſire no more.

He ſet them on their horſes again,
And away then they did ride;
And he return'd to the merry green-wood,
With great joy, mirth, and pride.





XV.

ROBIN HOODS RESCUING WILL STUTLY.

*From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The full title is: "Robin Hood his rescuing Will Stutly from the sheriff and his men, who had taken him prisoner, and was going to hang him. To the tune of Robin Hood and queen Katherine."**

WHEN Robin Hood in the green wood liv'd,
Derry, derry down,
Under the green wood tree,
Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

* *See before, p.* 83.

That Will Stutly ſurprized was,
And eke in priſon lay;
Three varlets that the ſheriff had hired,
Did likely him betray,

"I, and to-morrow hanged muſt be,
To-morrow as ſoon as it is day;
Before they could this victory get,
Two of them did Stutly ſlay."

When Robin Hood he heard this news,
Lord! he was grieved ſore;
And to his merry men he did ſay,
(Who altogether ſwore)

That Will Stutly ſhould reſcued be,
And be brought 'back' again;
Or elſe ſhould many a gallant wight
For his ſake there be ſlain.

He cloathed himſelf in ſcarlet 'red,'
His men were all in green;
A finer ſhew, throughout the world,
In no place could be ſeen.

Good lord! it was a gallant ſight
To ſee them all on a row;
With every man a good broad ſword,
And eke a good yew bow.

Forth of the green wood are they gone,
Yea all couragiously,
Reſolving to bring Stutly home,
Or every man to die.

And when they came the caſtle neer,
Whereas Will Stutly lay,
I hold it good, ſaith Robin Hood,
Wee here in ambuſh ſtay,

And ſend one forth ſome news to hear,
To yonder palmer fair,
That ſtands under the caſtle wall,
Some news he may declare.

With that ſteps forth a brave young man,
Which was of courage bold,
Thus did hee ſpeak to the old man:
I pray thee, palmer old,

Tell me, if that thou rightly kên,
When muſt Will Stutly die,
Who is one of bold Robin's men,
And here doth priſoner lie?

Alack! alaſs! the palmer ſaid,
And for ever wo is me!
Will Stutly hanged muſt be this day,
On yonder gallows tree.

O had his noble maſter known,
He would ſome ſuccour ſend;
A few of his bold yeomandree
Full ſoon would fetch him hence.

I, that is true, the young man ſaid;
I, that is true, ſaid he;
Or, if they were neer to this place,
They ſoon would ſet him free.

But fare 'thee' well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee;
If Stutly hanged be this day,
Reveng'd his death will be.

Hee was no ſooner from the palmer gone,
But the gates 'were' open'd wide,
And out of the caſtle Will Stutly came,
Guarded on every ſide.

When hee was forth of the caſtle come,
And ſaw no help was nigh,
Thus he did ſay to the ſheriff,
Thus he ſaid gallantly:

Now ſeeing that I needs muſt die,
Grant me one boon, ſaid he,
For my noble maſter nere had a man,
That yet was hang'd on the tree.

Give me a ſword all in my hand,
And let mee be unbound,
And with thee and thy men Ile fight,
'Till I lie dead on the ground.

But his deſire he would not grant,
His wiſhes were in vain;
For the ſheriff had ſworn he hanged ſhould be,
And not by the ſword be ſlain.

Do but unbind my hands, he ſaies,
I will no weapons crave,
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.

O no, o no, the ſheriff ſaid,
Thou ſhalt on the gallows die,
I, and ſo ſhall thy maſter too,
If ever in me it lie.

O, daſtard coward! Stutly cries,
Thou faint heart peſant ſlave!
If ever my maſter do thee meet,
Thou ſhalt thy paiment have.

My noble maſter 'doth thee' ſcorn,
And all thy 'coward' crew;
Such ſilly imps unable are,
Bold Robin to ſubdue.

But when he was to the gallows come,
And ready to bid adiew,
Out of a buſh leaps Little John,
And comes Will Stutly ‘ ſo’:

“ I pray thee, Will, before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave;
I needs muſt borrow him for a while,
How ſay you, maſter ‘ ſhrieve’?”

Now, as I live, the ſheriff he ſaid,
That varlet will I know;
Some ſturdy rebell is that ſame,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little John moſt haſtily,
Away cut Stutly’s bands,
And from one of the ‘ ſheriffs’ men,
A ſword twicht from his hands.

“ Here, Will, here, take thou this ſame,
Thou canſt it better ſway;
And here defend thyſelf awhile,
For aid will come ſtraightway.”

And there they turnd them back to back,
In the middle of them that day,
’Till Robin Hood approached near,
With many an archer gay.

With that an arrow by them flew,
I wiſt from Robin Hood;
Make haſte, make haſte, the ſheriff he ſaid,
Make haſte, for it is good.

The ſheriff is gon, his 'doughty' men
Thought it no boot to ſtay,
But as their maſter had them taught,
'They' run full faſt away.

O ſtay, O ſtay, Will Stutly ſaid,
Take leave ere you depart;
You neere will catch bold Robin Hood,
Unleſs you dare him meet.

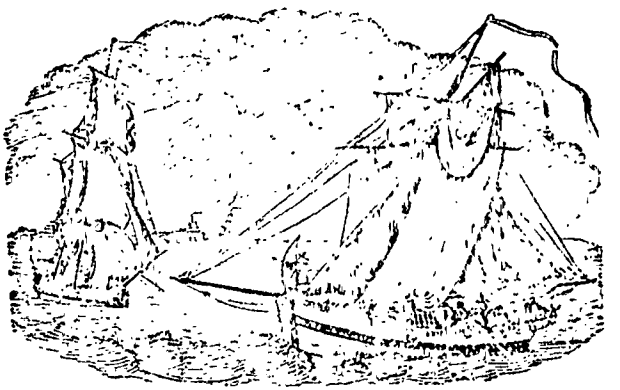
O ill betide you, quoth Robin Hood,
That you ſo ſoon are gone;
My ſword may in the ſcabbord reſt,
For here our work is done.

I little thought, 'Will Stutly ſaid,'
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or ſeen my maſters face.

Thus Stutly was at liberty ſet,
And ſafe brought from his foe:
"O thanks, O thanks to my maſter,
Since here it was not ſo."

V. 131. doubtleſs. *V.* 143. when I came here.

And once again, my fellows [all],
We ſhall in the green woods meet,
Where we [will] make our bow-ſtrings twang,
Muſick for us moſt ſweet."



XVI.

THE NOBLE FISHER-MAN;

OR, ROBIN HOODS PREFERMENT:

" Shewing how he won a prize on the ſea, and how he gave the one halfe to his dame, and the other to the building of almes-houſes. The tune is, In ſummer time, &c.

From three old black letter copies; one in the collection of Anthony à Wood, another in the Britiſh Muſeum, and the third in a private collection.

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow green,
When they doe grow both green and long,—
Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
It is of him I ſing this ſong,—

When the lilly leafe, and the elephant,
  Doth bud and ſpring with a merry cheere,
This outlaw was weary of the wood ſide,
  And chaſing of the fallow deere.

" The fiſher-men brave more mony have
  Than any merchants two or three;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
  That I a fiſherman brave may be."

This outlaw called his merry men all,
  As they ſate under the green-wood tree:
" If any of you have gold to ſpend,
  I pray you heartily ſpend it with me."

Now, quoth Robin Hood, Ile to Scarborough go,
  It ſeems to be a very faire day.
' He' tooke up his inne at a widdow womans houſe,
  Hard by upon the water gray:

Who aſked of him, Where wert thou borne?
  Or tell to me where doſt thou fare?
I am a poor fiſherman, ſaid he then,
  This day intrapped all in care.

" What is thy name, thou fine fellòw,
  I pray thee heartily tell it to mee?"
" In my own country, where I was borne,
  Men call me Simon over the Lee."

Simon, Simon, ſaid the good wife,
I wiſh thou mayeſt well brook thy name.
The out-law was ware of her courteſie,
And rejoyced he had got ſuch a dame.

" Simon, wilt thou be my man?
And good round wages Ile give thee;
I have as good a ſhip of my own,
As any ſails upon the ſea.

Anchors and planks thou ſhalt not want,
Maſts and ropes that are ſo long."
And if you thus do furniſh me,
Said Simon, nothing ſhall goe wrong.

They pluckt up anchor, and away did ſayle,
More of a day then two or three;
When others caſt in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the ſea caſt he.

It will be long, ſaid the maſter then,
Ere this great lubber do thrive on the ſea;
I'le aſſure you he ſhall have no part of our fiſh,
For in truth he is no part worthy.

O woe is me! ſaid Simon then,
This day that ever I came here!
I wiſh I were in Plompton parke,
In chaſing of the fallow deere.

For every clowne laughs me to ſcorne,
And they by me ſet nought at all;
If I had them in Plompton park,
I would ſet as little by them all.

They pluckt up anchor, and away did ſayle,
More of a day then two or three:
But Simon eſpyed a ſhip of warre,
That ſayled towards them moſt valorously.

O woe is me! ſaid the maſter then,
This day that ever I was borne!
For all our fiſh we have got to day,
Is every bit loſt and forlorne.

For your French robbers on the ſea,
They will not ſpare of us one man,
But carry us to the coaſt of France,
And ligge us in the priſon ſtrong.

But Simon ſaid, Doe not feare them,
Neither, maſtèr, take you no care;
Give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

" Hold thy peace, thou long lubbèr,
For thou art nought but brags and boaſt;
If I ſhould caſt thee over-board,
There's but a ſimple lubber loſt."

Simon grew angry at theſe words,
And ſo angry then was he,
That he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ſhip-hatch goe doth he.

Maſter, tye me to the maſt, ſaith he,
That at my mark I may ſtand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

He drew his arrow to the very head,
And drew it with all might and maine,
And ſtraightway, in the twinkling of an eye,
'To' the Frenchmans heart the 'arrow's gane.'

The Frenchman fell down on the ſhip hatch,
And under the hatches 'there' below;
Another Frenchman, that him eſpy'd,
The dead corpſe into the ſea doth throw.

O maſter, looſe me from the maſt, he ſaid,
And for them all take you no care;
For give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

Then ſtreight [they] boarded the French ſhip,
They lyeing all dead in their ſight;
They found within 'that' ſhip of warre,
Twelve thouſand pound of mony bright.

V. 88. Doth . . . arrow gain.

The one halfe of the ſhip, ſaid Simon then,
  Ile give to my dame and [her] children ſmall;
The other halfe of the ſhip Ile beſtow
  On you that are my fellowes all.

But now beſpake the maſter then,
  For ſo, Simon, it ſhall not be,
For you have won it with your own hand,
  And the owner of it you ſhall bee.

" It ſhall be ſo, as I have ſaid;
  And, with this gold, for the oppreſt
An habitation I will build,
  Where they ſhall live in peace and reſt."

XVII.

ROBIN HOODS DELIGHT:

" Or, a merry combat fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will. Scarelock, and three ſtout Keepers in Sheerwood Forreſt.

" Robin was valiant and ſtout,
So was Scarelock and John in the field,
But theſe Keepers ſtout did give them rout,
And made them all for to yield.
But after the battel ended was,
Bold Robin did make them amends,
For claret and ſack they did not lack,
So drank themſelves good friends.

To the tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Katherine; or, Robin Hood and the Shepheard."

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

THERE's ſome will talk of lords and knights,
Doun, a doun, a doun,
And ſome of yeomen good;
But I will tell you of Will Scarlock,
Little John, and Robin Hood.
Doun, a doun, a doun, a doun.

They were outlaws, 'tis well known,
And men of a noble blood;
And many a time was their valour ſhown
In the forreſt of merry Sheerwood.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
As Robin would have it be,
They all three would a walking go,
The paſtime for to ſee.

And as they walked the foreſt along,
Upon a Midſummer day,
There was they aware of three keepers,
Clad all in green aray.

With brave long faucheons by their ſides,
And forreſt bills in hand,
They call'd aloud to thoſe bold outlaws,
And charged them to ſtand.

V. 11. Robin Hood.

Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robin,
That 'ſpeak' ſo boldly here?
"We three belong to King Henry,
And are keepers of his deer."

The devil 'you are!' ſayes Robin Hood,
I am ſure that it is not ſo;
We be the keepers of this forreſt,
And that you ſoon ſhall know.

Come, your coats of green lay on the ground,
And ſo will we all three,
And take your ſwords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.

We be content, the keepers ſaid,
We be three, and you no leſs,
Then why ſhould we be of you afraid,
'As' we never did transgreſs?

"Why, if you be three keepers in this forreſt,
Then we be three rangers good,
And will make you know before you do go,
You meet with bold Robin Hood."

"We be content, thou bold outlaw,
Our valour here to try,
And will make you know, before we do go,
We will fight before we will fly.

Then, come draw your ſwords, you bold outlàws,
No longer ſtand to prate,
But let us try it out with blows,
For cowards we do hate.

Here is one of us for Will Scarlock,
And another for Little John,
And I myſelf for Robin Hood,
Becauſe he is ſtout and ſtrong."

So they fell to it hard and ſore,
It was on a Midſummers day;
From eight of the clock 'till two and paſt,
They all ſhewed gallant play.

There Robin, and Will, and Little John,
They fought moſt manfully,
'Till all their winde was ſpent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry:

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I ſee you be ſtout men;
Let me blow one blaſt on my bugle horn,
Then Ile fight with you again.

" That bargain's to make, bold Robin Hood,
Therefore we it deny;
Thy blaſt upon the bugle horn
Cannot make us fight or fly.

Therefore fall on, or elſe be gone,
And yield to us the day:
It never ſhall be ſaid that we are afraid
Of thee, nor thy yeomen gay."

If that be ſo, cries bold Robin,
Let me but know your names,
And in the forreſt of merry Sheerwood,
I ſhall extol your fames.

And with our names, one of them ſaid,
What haſt thou here to do?
Except that you wilt fight it out,
Our names thou ſhalt not know.

We will fight no more, ſayes bold Robin,
You be men of valour ſtout;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out.

With a but of ſack we will bang it 'about,'
To ſee who wins the day;
And for the coſt make you no doubt,
I have gold 'enough' to pay.

And ever hereafter ſo long as we live,
We all will brethren be;
For I love theſe men with heart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.

So, away they went to Nottingham,
With ſack to make amends;
For three days they the wine did chaſe,
And drank themſelves good friends.

XVIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR:

"Shewing how Robin Hood and the Beggar fought, and how he changed cloaths with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to Nottingham; and how he ſaved three brethren from being hang'd for ſtealing of deer. To the tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger."

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

COME and liſten, you gentlemen all,
Hey down, down, an a down,
That mirth do love for to hear,
And a ſtory true Ile tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near.

In elder times, when merriment was,
And archery was holden good,
There was an outlàw as many ' do' know,
Which men called Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
Bold Robin was merry diſpoſed,
His time for to ſpend he did intend,
Either with friends or foes.

Then he got upon a gallant brave ſteed,
The which was worth angels ten,
With a mantle of green, moſt brave to be ſeen,
He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,
Some paſtime for to 'ſpy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggàr,
As ere he beheld with his eye.

An old pacht coat the beggar had on,
Which he daily did uſe to wear;
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made Robin to him repair,

God ſpeed, God ſpeed, ſaid Robin Hood,
What countryman? tell to me.
" I am Yorkſhire, ſir, but ere you go far,
Some charity give unto me."

V. 25. Robin Hood.

Why, what wouldſt thou have? ſaid Robin Hood,
I pray thee tell unto me.
No lands nor livings, the beggar he ſaid,
But a penny for charitie.

I have no money, ſaid Robin Hood then,
But a ranger within the wood;
I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

But yet I muſt tell the, bonny beggàr,
That a bout with [thee] I muſt try;
Thy coat of gray, lay down I ſay,
And my mantle of green ſhall lye by.

Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
Thy part it will be the worſe;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purſe.

So the beggar he had a mickle long ſtaffe,
And Robin a nut-brown ſword;
So the beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, ſaid Robin Hood then,
This game well pleaſeth me.
For every blow that Robin gave,
The beggar gave buffets three.

V. 47. he had.

And fighting there full hard and ſore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
They never fled, 'till from Robin Hoods head
The blood came trickling down.

O, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood then,
And thou and I will agree.
If that be true, the beggar he ſaid,
Thy mantle come give unto me.

Now a change, a change, cri'd Robin Hood,
Thy bags and coat give me;
And this mantle of mine Ile to thee reſign,
My horſe and my braverie.

When Robin had got the beggars clothes,
He looked round about;
Methinks, ſaid he, I ſeem to be
A beggar brave and ſtout.

For now I have a bag for my bread,
So I have another for corn;
I have one for ſalt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn.

And now I will a begging goe,
Some charitie for to find.
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
In ‘ the’ ſecond part 'tis behind.

V. 66. Robin Hood.

NOW Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bag hanging down to his knee,
His ſtaff, and his coat, ſcarce worth a groat,
Yet merrilie paſſed he.

As Robin he paſſed the ſtreets along,
He heard a pittiful cry;
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to dye.

Then Robin he highed to the ſheriffs [houſe],
Some reliefe for to ſeek;
He ſkipt, and leapt, and capered full high,
As he went along the ſtreet.

But when to the ſheriffs doore he came,
There a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou beggar, ſaid he, come tell unto me
What it is thou wouldeſt have.

No meat, nor drink, ſaid Robin Hood then,
That I come here to crave;
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold beggàr,
Their fact it is ſo cleer;
I tell to thee, they hanged muſt be,
For ſtealing of our king's deer.

But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye:
O, hold your peace, ſaid Robin Hood then,
For certain 'they ſhall' not dye.

Then Robin he ſet his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blaſtes three,
Till a hundred bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knee.

What is your will, maſter? they ſaid,
We are at your command.
Shoot eaſt, ſhoot weſt, ſaid Robin Hood then,
And ſee you ſpare no man.

Then they ſhot eaſt, and they ſhot weſt,
Their arrows were ſo keen;
The ſheriffe he, and his companie,
No longer 'could' be ſeen.

Then he ſtept to thoſe brethren three,
And away he has them tane;
The ſheriffe was croſt, and many a man loſt,
That dead lay on the plain.

And away they went into the merry green wood,
And ſung with a merry glee;
And Robin Hood took theſe brethren good
To be of his yeomandrie.

XIX.

LITTLE JOHN AND THE FOUR BEGGERS.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood: the full title being, "A new merry ſong of Robin Hood and Little John, ſhewing how Little John went a begging, and how he fought with the four beggers, and what a prize he got of the four beggers. The tune is, Robin Hood and the Begger."

ALL you that delight to ſpend ſome time,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
A merry ſong for to ſing,
Unto me draw neer, and you ſhall hear
How Little John went a begging. 5

As Robin Hood walked the foreſt along,
And all his yeomandree;
Sayes Robin, Some of you muſt a begging go,
And, Little John, it muſt be thee.

Sayes John, If I muſt a begging go,
I will have a palmer's weed,
With a ſtaff and a coat, and bags of all ſort,
The better then I may ſpeed.

Come, give me now a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheeſe,
And one for a peny, when as I get any,
That nothing I may leeſe.

Now Little John he is a begging gone,
Seeking for ſome relief;
But of all the beggers he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.

But as he was walking himſelf alone,
Four beggers he chanced to ſpy,
Some deaf, and ſome blind, and ſome came behind;
Sayes John, Heres a brave company.

Good-morrow, ſaid John, my brethren dear,
Good fortune I had you to ſee;
Which way do you go? pray let me know,
For I want ſome company.

O! what is here to do? then ſaid Little John:
Why ring all theſe bells? ſaid he;
What dog is a hanging? Come, let us be ganging,
That we the truth may ſee.

Here is no dog a hanging, then one of them ſaid,
Good fellow, we tell unto thee;
But here is one dead, that will give us cheeſe and bread,
And it may be one ſingle penny.

We have brethren in London, another he ſaid,
So have we in Coventry,
In Barwick and Dover, and all the world over,
But ne'er a crookt carril like thee.

Therefore ſtand thee back, thou crooked carèl,
And take that knock on the crown.
Nay, ſaid Little John, Ile not yet be gone,
For a bout will I have of you round.

Now have at you all, then ſaid Little John,
If you be ſo full of your blows;
Fight on all four, and nere give ore,
Whether you be friends or foes.

John nipped the dumb, and made him to rore,
And the blind [a] he made to' ſee;
And he that a cripple had been ſeven years,
He made run then faſter than he.

V. 51. that could not.

And ſlinging them all againſt the wall,
With many a ſturdie bang,
It made John ſing, to hear the gold ring,
Which again the walls cryed twang.

Then he got out of the beggers cloak
Three hundred pound in gold;
Good fortune had I, then ſaid Little John,
Such a good ſight to behold.

But what found he in the beggar's bag
But three hundred pound and three?
"If I drink water while this doth laſt,
Then an ill death may I dye.

And my begging trade I will now give ore,
My fortune hath bin ſo good;
Therefore Ile not ſtay, but I will away,
To the forreſt of merry Sherwood."

And when to the forreſt of Sherwood he came,
He quickly there did ſee
His maſter good, bold Robin Hood,
And all his company.

What news? What news? then ſaid Robin Hood,
Come, Little John, tell unto me;
How haſt thou ſped with thy beggers trade?
For that I fain would ſee.

No news but good, ſaid Little John,
With begging ful wel I have ſped;
Six hundred and three I have here for thee,
In ſilver and gold ſo red.

Then' Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,
And danced about the oak tree:
"If we drink water while this deth laſt,
Then an il death may we die."

So to conclude my merry new ſong,
All you that delight it to ſing;
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

XX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER:

OR, TRUE FRIENDSHIP AFTER A FIERCE FIGHT.

No ancient copy of this ballad having been met with, it is given from an edition of "Robin Hoods Garland," printed ſome years ſince at York. The tune is "Arthur a Bland."

WHEN Phœbus had melted the 'ſickles' of ice,
With a hey down, &c.
And likewiſe the mountains of ſnow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble away,
To frolick abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilſt through the green vallies he paſs'd,
Where he did behold a foreſter bold,
Who cry'd out, Friend, whither ſo faſt?

I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Beſides, ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or elſe it ſhall coſt me a fall.

You'd beſt have a care, ſaid the foreſter then,
For theſe are his majeſty's deer;
Before you ſhall ſhoot, the thing I'll diſpute,
For I am head foreſter here.

Theſe thirteen long ſummers, quoth Robin, I'm ſure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range; methinks it is ſtrange
You ſhould have more power than I.

This foreſt, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
And ſo are the nimble deer too;
Therefore I declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
I'll not be affronted by you.

The foreſter he had a long quarter ſtaff,
Likewiſe a broad ſword by his ſide;
Without more ado, he preſently drew,
Declaring the truth ſhould be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a ſword of the beſt,
Thus, ere he would take any wrong,
His courage was fluſh, he'd venture a bruſh,
And thus they fell to it ding dong.

The very firſt blow that the foreſter gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang;
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable bang!

But Robin he ſoon recovered himſelf,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next ſtroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man there was ſlain.

At quarter ſtaff then they reſolved to play,
Becauſe they would have the other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly ſtood,
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other return'd them as faſt;
At every ſtroke their jackets did ſmoke;
Three hours the combat did laſt.

At length in a rage the foreſter grew,
And cudgel'd bold Robin ſo ſore,
That he could not ſtand, ſo ſhaking his hand,
He cry'd, Let us freely give o'er.

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs muſt confeſs
I never knew any ſo good;
Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green wood.

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou haſt acted thy part;
That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart.

Robin Hood ſet his bugle horn to his mouth,
A blaſt then he merrily blows;
His yeomen did hear, and ſtrait did appear
A hundred with truſty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green;
And likewiſe the reſt were gloriously dreſt,
A delicate ſight to be ſeen!

Lo! theſe are my yeomen, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And thou ſhalt be one of the train:
A mantle and bow, and quiver alſo,
I give them whom I entertain.

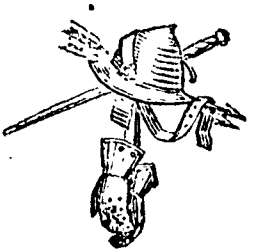
The foreſter willingly enter'd the liſt,
They were ſuch a beautiful ſight;
Then with a long bow they ſhot a fat doe,
And made a rich ſupper that night.

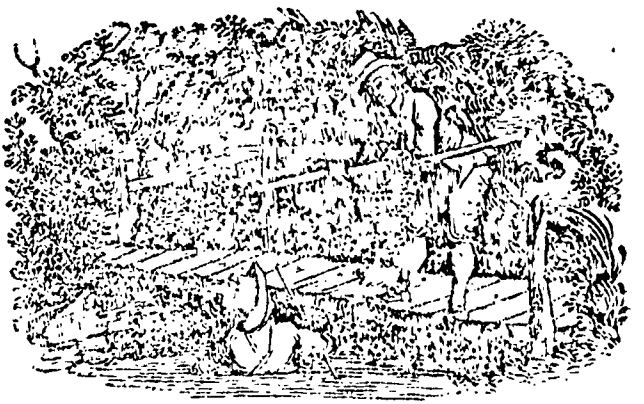
What ſinging and dancing was in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With might and delight they ſpent all the night,
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The foreſter ne'er was ſo merry before,
As then he was with theſe brave ſouls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
To take off their cheriſhing bowls.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and curious long bow:
This done, the next day, ſo gallant and gay,
He marched them all on a row.

Quoth he, My brave yeomen, be true to your truſt,
And then we may range the woods wide.
They all did declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
They would conquer, or die by his ſide.





XXI.

ROBIN HOOD, AND LITTLE JOHN:

"Being an account of their firſt meeting, their fierce encounter, and conqueſt. To which is added, their friendly agreement; and how he came to be called Little John. Tune of, Arthur a Bland."

This ballad is named in a ſchedule of ſuch things under an agreement between W. Thackeray and others in 1689, *(Col. Pepys. vol.* 5.*) but is here given as corrected from a copy in the "Collection of Old Ballads,"* 1723.

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
With a hey down, down, and a down;
He happen'd to meet Little John,
A jolly briſk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a luſty young man. 5

Tho' he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,
And his ſtature was ſeven foot high;
Whereever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For ſoon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
If you would but liſten awhile;
For this very jeſt, among all the reſt,
I think it may cauſe you to ſmile.

For Robin Hood ſaid to his jolly bowmèn,
Pray tarry you here in this grove;
And ſee that you all obſerve well my call,
While thorough the foreſt I rove.

We have had no ſport for theſe fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now ſhould I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will preſently blow.

Then did he ſhake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at preſent good b' w'ye:
Then, as near the brook his journey he took,
A ſtranger he chanc'd to eſpy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and ſturdily ſtood,
I'll ſhew you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a gooſe-wing.
The ſtranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the ſtring.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou doſt prate like an aſs,
For were I to bend but my bow,
I could ſend a dart, quite thro' thy proud heart,
Before thou could'ſt ſtrike me one blow.

Thou talk'ſt like a coward, the ſtranger reply'd;
Well arm'd with a long bow you ſtand,
To ſhoot at my breaſt, while I, I proteſt,
Have nought but a ſtaff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I ſcorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy ſake, a ſtaff will I take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood ſtept to a thicket of trees,
And choſe him a ſtaff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the ſtranger, and merrily ſpoke:

Lo! ſee my ſtaff is luſty and tough,
Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other ſhall win
The battle, and ſo we'll away,

With all my whole heart, the ſtranger reply'd,
I ſcorn in the leaſt to give out;
This ſaid, they fell to't without more diſpute,
And their ſtaffs they did flouriſh about.

At firſt Robin he gave the ſtranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring:
The ſtranger he ſaid, This muſt be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I am able to handle a ſtaff,
To die in your debt, friend, I ſcorn.
Then to it each goes, and follow'd their blows,
As if they'd been threſhing of corn.

The ſtranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which cauſed the blood to appear;
Then Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more ſevere.

So thick and ſo faſt did he lay it on him,
With a paſſionate fury and ire;
At every ſtroke he made him to ſmoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the ſtranger he grew,
And gave him a dämnable look,
And with it a blow, that laid him full low,
And tumbl'd him into the brook.

I prithee, good fellow, o where art thou now?
The ſtranger, in laughter, he cry'd.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

I needs muſt acknowledge thou art a brave ſoul,
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs muſt I ſay, thou haſt got the day,
Our battel ſhall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did preſently wade,
And pull'd himſelf out by a thorn;
Which done, at the laſt he blow'd a loud blaſt
Straitway on his fine bugle-horn:

The eccho of which through the vallies did fly,
At which his ſtout bowmen appear'd,
All cloathed in green, moſt gay to be ſeen,
So up to their maſter they ſteer'd.

O, what's the matter? quoth William Stutely,
Good maſter you are wet to the ſkin.
No matter, quoth he, the lad which you ſee
In fighting hath tumbl'd me in,

He ſhall not go ſcot-free, the others reply'd;
So ſtrait they were ſeizing him there,
To duck him likewiſe: but Robin Hood cries,
He is a ſtout fellow; forbear.

There's no one ſhall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;
Theſe bowmen upon me do wait;
There's threeſcore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou ſhalt have my livery ſtrait,

And other accoutrements fit for a man;
Speak up jolly blade, never fear.
I'll teach you alſo the uſe of the bow,
To ſhoot at the fat fallow deer.

O, here is my hand, the ſtranger reply'd,
I'll ſerve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;
Ne're doubt me, for I'll play my part.

His name ſhall be alter'd, quoth William Stutely,
And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feaſt, and none of the leaſt,
For we will be merry, quoth he.

They preſently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,
With humming ſtrong liquor likewiſe;
They lov'd what was good; ſo, in the green wood,
This pretty ſweet babe they baptize.

He was, I muſt tell you, but ſeven foot high,
And, may be, an ell in the waſte;
A ſweet pretty lad: much feaſting they had;
Bold Robin the chriſt'ning grac'd,

With all his bowmen, which ſtood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely came then, with ſeven yeomèn,
And did in this manner proceed:

'This infant was called John Little, quoth he;
Which name ſhall be changed anon:
The words we'll tranſpoſe; ſo whereever he goes,
His name ſhall be call'd Little John.

They all with a ſhout made the elements ring;
So ſoon as the office was ore,
To feaſting they went, with true merriment,
And tippl'd ſtrong liquor gillore.

Then Robin he took the pretty ſweet babe,
And cloath'd him from top to the toe,
In garments of green, moſt gay to be ſeen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

"Thou ſhalt be an archer as well as the beſt,
And range in the green wood with us;
Where we'll not want gold nor ſilver, behold,
While biſhops have ought in their purſe.

We live here like 'ſquires, or lords of renown,
Without ere a foot of free land;
We feaſt on good cheer, with wine, ale and beer,
And ev'ry thing at our command."

Then muſick and dancing did finiſh the day;
At length, when the ſun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And ſo, ever after, as long as he liv'd,
Altho' he was proper and tall,
Yet, nevertheleſs, the truth to expreſs,
Still Little John they did him call.

XXII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

This excellent ballad, given from the common edition of Aldermary-church-yard, (compared with the York copy,) is ſuppoſed to be modern: the ſtory, however, ſeems alluded to in the ballad of "Renowned Robin Hood." The full title is "The biſhop of Hereford's entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c. in merry Barnſdale." The tune is added from an engraved ſheet.

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And ſome of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how he ſerv'd the biſhop of Hereford,
When he robb'd him of his gold.

As it befel in merry Barnſdale,
'All' under the green-wood-tree,
The biſhop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

Come, kill [me] a ven'ſon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
Come, kill me a good fat deer,
The biſhop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he ſhall pay well for his cheer.

We'll kill a fat ven'ſon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And dreſs it by the highway ſide;
And we will watch the biſhop narrowly,
Leſt ſome other way he ſhould ride.

Robin Hood dreſs'd himſelf in ſhepherd's attire,
With ſix of his men alſo;
And, when the biſhop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.

O what is the matter? then ſaid the biſhop,
Or for whom do you make this a-do?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'ſon,
When your company is ſo few?

We are ſhepherds, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And we keep ſheep all the year,
And we are diſpoſed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.

You are brave fellows! ſaid the biſhòp,
And the king of your doings ſhall know:
Therefore make haſte, and come along with me,
For before the king you ſhall go.

O pardon, O pardon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For it becomes not your lordſhips coat
To take ſo many lives away.

No pardon, no pardon, ſaid the biſhòp,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore maſte haſte, and come along with me,
For before the king you ſhall go.

Then Robin ſet his back againſt a tree,
And his foot againſt a thorn,
And from underneath his ſhepherds coat
He pull'd out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt did he blow,
'Till threeſcore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row:

All making obeyſance to bold Robin Hood;
'Twas a comely ſight for to ſee.
What is the matter, maſter, ſaid Little John,
That you blow ſo haſtily?

"O here is the biſhop of Hereford,
And no pardon we ſhall have."
Cut off his head, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And throw him into his grave.

O pardon, O pardon, ſaid the biſhòp,
O pardon I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone ſome other way.

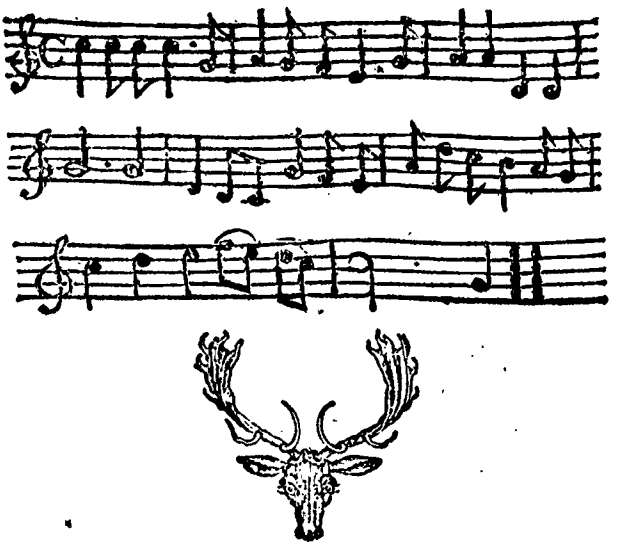
No pardon, no pardon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haſte, and come along with me,
For to merry Barnſdale you ſhall go.

Then Robin he took the biſhop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnſdale;
He made him to ſtay and ſup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

Call in a reckoning, ſaid the biſhòp,
For methinks it grows wond'rous high.
Lend me your purſe, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And I'll tell you bye and bye.

Then Little John took the biſhop's cloak,
And ſpread it upon the ground,
And out of the biſhop's portmantua
He told three hundred pound.

Here's money enough, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And a comely ſight 'tis to ſee;
It makes me in charity with the biſhòp,
Tho' he heartily loveth not me.

Robin Hood took the biſhop by the hand,
And he cauſed the muſic to play;
And he made the [old] biſhop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could ſo get away.

XXIII.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOWS THREE SONS FROM THE SHERIFF WHEN GOING TO BE EXECUTED.

This ballad, from the York edition of "Robin Hoods garland," is probably one of the oldeſt extant of which he is the ſubject. In the more common editions is a moderniſed copy, in which the "ſilly old woman" is converted in "a gay lady;" but even this is more ancient than moſt of the pieces here inſerted, and is intitled by its merit to a place in the appendix.

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many ſay,
But the merrieſt month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met a ſilly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

" What news? what news? thou ſilly old woman,
What news haſt thou for me?"
Said ſhe, There's three ſquires in Nottingham town,
To-day 'are' condemned to die.

Oh, have they pariſhes burnt? he ſaid,
Or have they miniſters ſlain?
Or have they robbed any virgin?
Or with other men's wives have lain?

" They have no pariſhes burnt, good ſir,
Nor yet have miniſters ſlain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor with other men's wives have lain."

Oh, what have they done? ſaid Robin Hood,
I pray thee tell to me.
" It's for ſlaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

Doſt thou not mind, old woman, he ſaid,
Since thou made me ſup and dine?
By the truth of my body, quoth bold Robin Hood,
You could not tell it in better time.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link, a down, and a 'day,'
And there he met with a ſilly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou ſilly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he, Three ſquires in Nottingham town,
Are condemn'd to die this day.

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty ſhillings in good ſilvèr,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

Oh, thine apparel is good, he ſaid,
And mine is ragged and torn;
Whereever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh ne'er an old man to ſcorn.

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feaſt thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It ſtood full high on the crown:
"The firſt bold bargain that I come at,
It ſhall make thee come down."

V. 30. down a.

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blew, and red;
He thought it no ſhame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patch'd from ballup to ſide.
By the truth of my body, bold Robin can ſay,
This man lov'd little pride.

Then he put on the old man's hoſe,
Were patch'd from knee to wriſt:
By the truth of my body, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
I'd laugh if I had any liſt.

Then he put on the old man's ſhoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood ſwore a ſolemn oath,
It's good habit that makes a man.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud ſheriff,
Was walking along the town.

Oh 'Chriſt you' ſave, oh, ſheriff, he ſaid,
Oh 'Chriſt you ſave and ſee;'
And what will you give to a ſilly old man
To-day will your hangman be?

VV. 73, 74. Oh ſave, oh ſave, oh ſheriff he ſaid,
Oh ſave and you may ſee.

Some ſuits, ſome ſuits, the ſheriff he ſaid,
Some ſuits I'll give to thee;
Some ſuits, ſome ſuits, and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee.

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from ſtock to ſtone:
By the truth of my body, the ſheriff he ſaid,
That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man.

I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curſt be he, ſaid bold Robin,
That firſt a hangman was made.

I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little ſmall horn.

I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And ſtill when I ſet it to my mouth,
For 'thee' it blows little good.

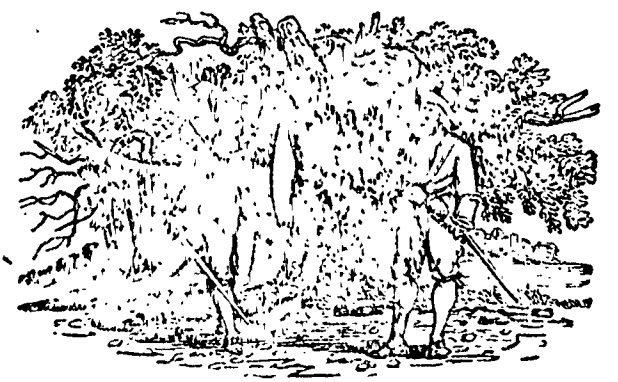
"Oh, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt;
I wiſh that thou give ſuch a blaſt,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The firſt loud blaſt that he did blow,
He blew both loud and ſhrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blaſt that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly ſixty of Robin Hood's men,
Came ſhining over the plain.

Oh, who are 'thoſe,' the ſheriff he ſaid,
Come tripping over the lee?
They're my attendants, brave Robin did ſay,
They'll pay a viſit to thee.

They took the gallows from the ſlack,
They ſet it in the glen,
They hang'd the proud ſheriff on that,
Releas'd their own three men.



XXIV.

ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN.

This ballad, which has never been inſerted in any of the publications intitled "Robin Hood's garland," (and, perhaps, was not worth inſerting here,) is given from an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. Its full title is, "A famous battle between Robin Hood and maid Marian; declaring their love, life, and liberty. Tune, Robin Hood reviv'd."

A BONNY ſine maid of a noble degree,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
Maid Marian call'd by name,
Did live in the North, of excellent worth,
For ſhee was a gallant dame.

For favour and face, and beauty moſt rare,
Queen Hellen ſhee did excell:
For Marian then was prais'd of all men,
That did in the country dwell.

'Twas neither Roſamond nor Jane Shore,
Whoſe beauty was clear and bright,
That could ſurpaſs this country laſs,
Beloved of lord and knight.

The earl of Huntington, nobly born,
That came of noble blood,
To Marian went, with a good intent,
By the name of Robin Hood.

With kiſſes ſweet their red lips did meet,
For ſhe and the earl did agree;
In every place, they kindly embrace,
With love and ſweet unity.

But fortune bearing theſe lovers a ſpight,
That ſoon they were forced to part:
To the merry green wood then went Robin Hood,
With a ſad and ſorrowfull heart.

And Marian, poor ſoul, was troubled in mind,
For the abſence of her friend;
With finger in eye, ſhee often did cry,
And his perſon did much comend.

Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,
Shee dreſt herſelf like a page,
And ranged the wood, to find Robin Hood,
The braveſt of men in that age.

With quiver and bow, ſword, buckler, and all,
Thus armed was Marian moſt bold,
Still wandering about, to find Robin out,
Whoſe perſon was better then gold.

But Robin Hood, hee, himſelf had diſguis'd,
And Marian was ſtrangly attir'd,
That they prov'd foes, and ſo fell to blowes,
Whoſe vallour bold Robin admir'd.

They drew out their ſwords, and to cutting they went,
At leaſt an hour or more,
That the blood ran apace from bold Robins face,
And Marian was wounded ſore.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And thou ſhalt be one of my ſtring,
To range in the wood, with bold Robin Hood,
And hear the ſweet nightingall ſing.

When Marian did hear the voice of her love,
Her ſelf ſhee did quickly diſcover,
And with kiſſes ſweet ſhe did him greet,
Like to a moſt loyall lover.

When bold Robin Hood his Marian did ſee,
Good lord, what clipping was there!
With kind embraces, and jobbing of faces,
Providing of gallant cheer.

For Little John took his bow in his hand,
And 'wandred' in the wood,
To kill the deer, and make good chear,
For Marian and Robin Hood.

A ſtately banquet 'they' had full ſoon,
All in a ſhaded bower,
Where veniſon ſweet they had to eat,
And were merry that preſent hour.

Great flaggons of wine were ſet on the board,
And merrily they drunk round
Their boules of ſack, to ſtrengthen the back,
Whilſt their knees did touch the ground.

Firſt Robin Hood began a health
To Marian his onely dear;
And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,
Did quickly bring up the rear:

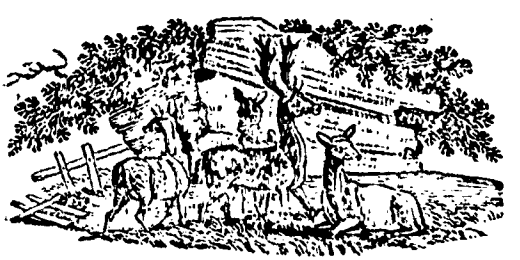
For in a brave venie they toſt off the bouls,
Whilſt thus they did remain;
And every cup, as they drunk up,
They filled with ſpeed again.

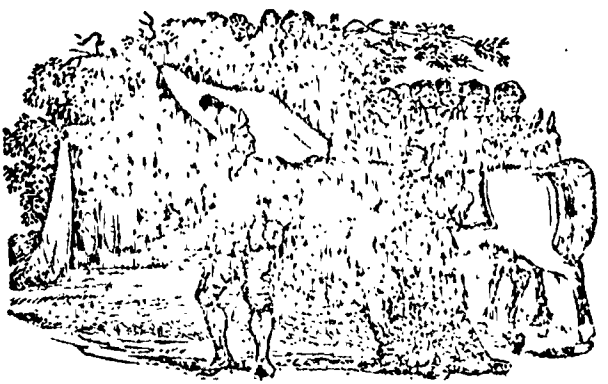
V. 58. wandring.

At laſt they ended their merryment,
And went to walk in the wood,
Where little John, and maid Marian,
Attended on bold Robin Hood.

In ſollid content together they liv'd,
With all their yeomen gay;
They liv'd by 'their' hands, without any lands,
And ſo they did many a day.

But now to conclude an end I will make,
In time as I think it good;
For the people that dwell in the North can tell
Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.





XXV.

THE KING'S DISGUISE, AND FRIENDSHIP WITH ROBIN HOOD,

from the common collection of Aldermary-church-yard, ſeems to be taken from the old legend in volume I. and to have been written by ſome miſerable retainer to the preſs, merely to eke out the book; being, in fact, a moſt contemptible performance.

The two concluding lines (the ſame with thoſe of the next ballad) refer to ſong XXVII. which they have once immediately preceded.

KING Richard hearing of the pranks
Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd, and more deſired
To ſee both him and them.

Then, with a dozen of his lords,
To Nottingham he rode;
When he came there, he made good cheer,
And took up his abode.

He having ſtaid there ſome time,
But had no hopes to ſpeed,
He and his lords, with one accord,
All put on monk's weeds.

From Fountain-abbey they did ride,
Down to Barnſdale;
Where Robin Hood prepared ſtood
All company to aſſail.

The king was higher than the reſt,
And Robin thought he had
An abbot been whom he had ſeen,
To rob him he was glad.

He took the king's horſe by the head,
Abbot, ſays he, abide;
I am bound to rue ſuch knaves as you,
That live in pomp and pride.

But we are meſſengers from the king,
The king himſelf did ſay;
Near to this place his royal grace
To ſpeak with thee does ſtay.

God ſave the king, ſaid Robin Hood,
And all that with him well;
He that does deny his ſovereignty,
I wiſh he was in hell.

Thyſelf thou curſedſt, ſays the king,
For thou a traitor art.
" Nay, but that you are his meſſenger,
I ſwear you lie in heart.

For I never yet hurt any man
That honeſt is and true;
But thoſe who give their minds to live
Upon other mens due.

I never hurt the ' huſbandmen,'
That uſe to till the ground:
Nor ſpill their blood who range the wood,
To follow hawk or hound.

My chiefeſt ſpite to clergy is,
Who in theſe days bear great ſway;
With fryars and monks, with their fine ſprunks,
I make my chiefeſt prey."

But I am very glad, ſays Robin Hood,
That I have met you here;
Come, before we end, you ſhall, my friend,
Taſte of our green-wood cheer.

The king he then did marvel much,
And ſo did all his men;
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer,
Robin would provide for them.

Robin took the king's horſe by the head,
And led him to his tent:
Thou wouldſt not be ſo us'd, quoth he,
But that my king thee ſent.

Nay, more than that, quoth Robin Hood,
For good king Richard's ſake,
If you had as much gold as ever I told,
I would not one penny take.

Then Robin ſet his horn to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt he did blow,
'Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
Came marching all of a row.

And when they came bold Robin before,
Each man did bend his knee:
O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
And a ſeemly ſight to ſee.

Within himſelf the king did ſay,
Theſe men of Robin Hood's
More humble be than mine to me;
So the court may learn of the woods.

So then they all to dinner went,
Upon a carpet green;
Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
Moſt curious to be ſeen.

Veniſon and fowls were plenty there,
With fiſh out of the river:
King Richard ſwore, on ſea or ſhore,
He never was feaſted better.

Then Robin takes a cann of ale:
"Come, let us now begin;
And every man ſhall have his cann:
Here's a health unto the king."

The king himſelf drank to the king,
So round about it went;
Two barrels of ale, both ſtout and ſtale,
To pledge that health was ſpent.

And, after that, a bowl of wine
In his hand took Robin Hood;
Until I die, I'll drink wine, ſaid he,
While I live in the green wood.

Bend all your bows, ſaid Robin Hood,
And with the grey-gooſe-wing,
Such ſport now ſhow, as you would do
In the preſence of the king.

They ſhewed ſuch brave archery,
By cleaving ſticks and wands,
That the king did ſay, ſuch men as they
Live not in many lands.

Well, Robin Hood, then ſays the king,
If I could thy pardon get,
To ſerve the king in every thing
Would'ſt thou thy mind firm ſet?

Yes, 'with all' my heart, bold Robin ſaid,
So they flung off their hoods,
To ſerve the king in every thing,
They ſwore they would ſpend their 'bloods.'

For a clergyman was firſt my bane,
Which makes me hate them all,
But if you will be ſo kind to me,
Love them again I ſhall.

The king no longer could forbear,
For he was mov'd with 'truth.'

* * * * *
* * * * *

"I am the king, 'your' ſovereign king,
That appears before you all."
When Robin ſaw that it was he,
Strait then he down did fall.

Stand up again, then ſaid the king,
I'll thee thy pardon give;
Stand up my friend, who can contend,
When I give leave to live?

So they are all gone to Nottingham,
All ſhouting as they came:
But when the people them did ſee,
They thought the king was ſlain;

And for that cauſe the outlaws were come,
To rule all as they liſt;
And for to ſhun, which 'way' to run,
The people did not wiſt.

The plowman left the plow in the fields,
The ſmith ran from his ſhop;
Old folks alſo, that ſcarce could go,
Over their ſticks did hop.

The king ſoon did let them underſtand
He had been in the green-wood,
And from that day, for evermore,
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

Then [when] the people they did hear,
And [that] the truth was known,
They all did ſing, God ſave the king!
Hang care, the town's our own!

What's that Robin Hood? then ſaid the ſheriff,
That varlet I do hate;
Both me and mine he cauſed to dine,
And ſerv'd us all with one plate.

Ho, ho, ſaid Robin Hood, I know what you mean,
Come, take your gold again;
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
And ſo with every man.

Now, maſter ſheriff, you are paid,
And ſince you are beginner,
As well as you give me my due,
For you ne'er paid for that dinner.

But if 'that it' ſhould pleaſe the king,
So much your houſe to grace,
To ſup with you, for, to ſpeak true,
[I] know you ne'er was baſe.

The ſheriff [this] could not gainſay,
For a trick was put upon him;
A ſupper was dreſt, the king was a gueſt,
But he thought 'twould have outdone him.

They are all gone to London court,
Robin Hood with all his train;
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he's there again.

Many ſuch pranks brave Robin play'd,
While he liv'd in the green wood:
Now, my friend, attend, and hear an end
Of honeſt Robin Hood.

XXVI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW.

A compoſition of a ſimilar nature with the preceding; and from the ſame authority.

WHEN as the ſheriff of Nottingham
Was come with mickle grief,
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
That ſtrong and ſturdy thief.
Fal la dal de.

So unto London road he paſt,
His loſſes to unfold
To king Richard, who did regard
The tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what ſhall I do?
Art thou not ſheriff for me?
The law is in force, to take thy courſe
Of them that injure thee.

Go get thee gone, and by thyſelf
Deviſe ſome tricking game,
For to enthral yon rebels all,
Go take thy courſe with them.

So away the ſheriff he return'd,
And by the way he thought
Of th' words of the king, and how the thing
To paſs might well be brought.

For within his mind he imagined,
That when ſuch matches were,
Thoſe outlaws ſtout, without all doubt,
Would be the bowmen there.

So an arrow with a golden head,
And ſhaft of ſilver-white,
Who on the day ſhould bear away
For his own proper right.

Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,
Under the green-wood tree:
"Come prepare you then, my merry men,
We'll go yon ſport to ſee."

With that ſtept forth a brave young man,
David of Doncaſter,
Maſter, ſaid he, be rul'd by me,
From the green wood we'll not ſtir.

To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd,
Yon match it is a wile;
The ſheriff, I wiſs, deviſes this
Us archers to beguile.

Thou ſmells of a coward, ſaid Robin Hood,
Thy words do not pleaſe me;
Come on't what will, I'll try my ſkill,
At yon brave archery.

O then beſpoke brave Little John,
Come let us thither gang;
Come liſten to me, how it ſhall be,
That we need not be ken'd.

Our mantles all of Lincoln-green
Behind us we will leave;
We'll dreſs us all ſo ſeveral,
They ſhall not us perceive.

One ſhall wear white, another red,
One yellow, another blue;
Thus in diſguiſe, 'to' the exerciſe
We'll gang, whate'er inſue.

Forth from the green wood they are gone,
With hearts all firm and ſtout,
Reſolving [then] with the ſheriff's men
To have a hearty bout.

So themſelves they mixed with the reſt,
To prevent all ſuſpicion;
For if they ſhould together hold
They thought it no diſcretion.

So the ſheriff looking round about,
Amongſt eight hundred men,
But could not ſee the ſight that he,
Had long ſuſpected then.

Some ſaid, If Robin Hood was here,
And all his men to boot,
Sure none of them could paſs theſe men,
So bravely they do ſhoot.

Ay, quoth the ſheriff, and ſcratch'd his head,
I thought he would have been here;
I thought he would, but tho' he's bold,
He durſt not now appear.

O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart,
He vexed in his blood;
E're long, thought he, thou ſhalt well ſee
That here was Robin Hood.

Some cried, Blue jacket! another cried, Brown!
And a third cried, Brave yellow!
But the fourth man ſaid, You man in red
In this place has no fellow.

For that was Robin Hood himſelf,
For he was cloath'd in red;
At every ſhot the prize he got,
For he was both ſure and dead.

So the arrow with the golden head,
And ſhaft of ſilver-white,
Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him,
For his own proper right.

Theſe outlaws there, that very day,
To ſhun all kinds of doubt,
By three or four, no leſs nor more,
As they went in came out.

Until they all aſſembled were
Under the green-wood ſhade,
Where they 'report,' in pleaſant ſport,
What brave paſtime they made.

Says Robin Hood, all my care is,
How that yon ſheriff may
Know certainly that it was I
That bore his arrow away.

Says Little John, My counſel good
Did take effect before,
So therefore now, if you'll allow;
I will adviſe once more.

Speak on, ſpeak on, ſaid Robin Hood,
Thy wit's both quick and ſound,

* * * * *
* * * * *

This I adviſe, ſaid Little John,
That a letter ſhall be penn'd,
And when it is done, to Nottingham
You to the ſheriff ſhall ſend.

That is well adviſed, ſaid Robin Hood,
But how muſt it be ſent?
"Pugh! when you pleaſe, 'tis done with eaſe;
Maſter, be you content.

I'll ſtick it on my arrow's head,
And ſhoot it into the town;
The mark muſt ſhow where it muſt go,
Whenever it lights down."

The project it was well perform'd,
The ſheriff that letter had,
Which when he read, he ſcratch'd his head,
And rav'd like one that's mad.

So we'll leave him chafing in ‘ his’ greaſe,
Which will do him no good:
Now, my friends, attend, and hear the end
Of honeſt Robin Hood.

XXVII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT.

" *Together with an account of his death and burial, &c. Tune of Robin Hood and the fifteen forefters.*" *From the common garland of Aldermary-church-yard; corrected by the York copy.*

WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
Derry down, down,
Had reigned many years,
The king was then told that they had been bold
To his biſhops and noble peers.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Therefore they called a council of ſtate,
To know what was beſt to be done,
For to quell their pride, or elſe they reply'd
The land would be over-run.

Having conſulted a whole ſummer's day,
At length it was agreed,
That one ſhould be ſent to try the event,
And fetch him away with ſpeed.

Therefore a truſty and moſt worthy knight
The king was pleas'd to call,
Sir William by name; when to him he came,
He told him his pleaſure all.

"Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him, without more ado,
Surrender himſelf, or elſe the proud elf
Shall ſuffer with all his crew.

Take here a hundred bowmen brave,
All choſen men of great might,
Of excellent art to take thy part,
In glittering armour moſt bright."

Then ſaid the knight, My ſovereign liege,
By me they ſhall be led;
I'll venture my blood againſt bold Robin Hood,
And bring him alive or dead.

One hundred men were choſen ſtraight,
As proper as e'er men ſaw:
On Midſummer-day they marched away,
To conquer that brave outlaw.

With long yew bows, and ſhining ſpears,
They march'd with mickle pride,
And never delay'd, nor halted, nor ſtay'd
'Till they came to the green-wood ſide.

Said he to his archers, Tarry here,
Your bows make ready all,
That if need ſhould be, you may follow me,
And ſee you obſerve my call.

I'll go firſt in perſon, he cry'd,
With the letters of my good king,
Well ſign'd and ſeal'd, and if he will yield,
We need not to draw one ſtring.

He wander'd about 'till at length he came
To the tent of Robin Hood;
The letter he ſhows; bold Robin aroſe,
And there on his guard he ſtood.

They'd have me ſurrender, quoth bold Robin Hood,
And lie at their mercy then;
But tell them from me, that never ſhall be,
While I have full ſeven ſcore men.

Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
He offer'd to ſeize him there,
Which William Locksley by fortune did ſee,
And bid him that trick to forbear.

Then Robin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blaſt or twain,
And ſo did the knight, at which there in ſight
The archers came all amain.

Sir William with care he drew up his men,
And plac'd them in battle-array;
Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind:
Now this was a bloody fray.

The archers on both ſides bent their bows,
And the clouds of arrows flew;
The very firſt flight that honour'd knight
Did there bid the world adieu.

Yet nevertheleſs their fight did laſt
From morning till almoſt noon;
Both parties were ſtout, and loth to give out,
This was on the laſt day of June.

At length they left off: one party they went
To London with right good will;
And Robin Hood he to the green-wood tree,
And there he was taken ill.

He ſent for a monk, to let him blood,
Who took his life away:
Now this being done, his archers they run,
It was not a time to ſtay.

Some got on board, and croſs'd the ſeas,
To Flanders, France, and Spain,
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
But ſoon return'd again.

XXVIII.

ROBIN HOODS DEATH AND BURIAL:

" *Shewing how he was taken ill, and how he went to his couſin at Kirkley-hall, who let him blood, which was the cauſe of his death. Tune of* Robin Hoods laſt farewel, &c."

This very old and curious piece is preſerved ſolely in the editions of " Robin Hood's garland," printed at York, where it is made to conclude with ſome fooliſh lines, (adopted from the London copy of the preceding ballad,) in order to introduce the epitaph. It is here given from a collation of two different copies, containing numerous variations, a few of which are retained in the margin.

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
We have ſhot for many a pound:
Hey down, a down, a down.

But I am not able to ſhoot one ſhot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a couſin lives down below,
Pleaſe god, ſhe will bleed me.

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As faſt as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was ſo ready as his couſin herſelf
For to let bold Robin in.

Will you pleaſe to ſit down, couſin Robin, ſhe ſaid,
And drink ſome beer with me?
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

Well, I have a room, couſin Robin, ſhe ſaid,
Which you did never ſee,
And if you pleaſe to walk therein,
You blooded by me ſhall be.

She took him by the lilly-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there ſhe blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilſt one drop of blood would run.

V. 20. Till I blood letted be.
V. 24. You blood ſhall letted be.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And lock'd him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Untill the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a caſement door,
Thinking for to be gone,
He was ſo weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He ſet his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blaſts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he ſat under the tree,
"I fear my maſter is near dead,
He blows ſo wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As faſt as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

Untill he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee;
A boon, a boon, cries Little John,
Maſter, I beg of thee.

V. 34. get down.

What is that boon, quoth Robin Hood,
Little John, thou begs of me?
"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery."

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never 'hurt' woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

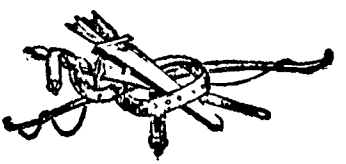
I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end ſhall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There ſhall my grave digg'd be.

Lay me a green ſod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my ſide,
Which was my muſic ſweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is moſt right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green ſod under my head;
That they may ſay, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.

V. 59. burnt. *This ſtanza is omitted in one edition.*
VV. 67, 68. With verdant ſods moſt neatly put,
Sweet as the green wood tree.

Theſe words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin pleaſe:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirklèys.



GLOSSARY

TO

THE PRESENT VOLUME.

ANGELS. *p.* 123. *pieces of gold coin value* 10*s.*

Ballup. *p.* 154.

Band-dogs. *p.* 64. *maſtives; ſo called from their being uſually tyed or chained up at night.*

Bearing arrow. *p.* 90.

Borrow. *p.* 107. *pledge, bail.*

Bottle. *p.* 55. *a ſmall veſſel, of wood or leather, in the ſhape of a caſk, in which ſhepherds and others, employed abroad in the fields, carry or keep their drink.*

Brook. *p.* 112. *enjoy.*

Can. *p.* 84. *did.*

Carel. Carril. *p.* 130. *carl, old fellow.*

Chiven. *p.* 68.

Command. *p.* 53. *warrant, authority.*

Counſel. *p.* 11. muſt be counſel to me. i. e. *muſt be kept ſecret; in alluſion to the oath of a grand juror:*—"*the king's* COUNSEL, *your fellows, and your own, you ſhall keep ſecret.*"

Curtall. *p.* 59. *See p.* 58.

Deſt. *p.* 67. *well-looking, neatly dreſſed.*

Depart. *p.* 35. *part, ſeparate.*

Dree. *p.* 39. *hye.*

Elephant. *p.* 111.

Engliſh wood. *p.* 84. *If* Inglewood-foreſt *be here meant, the queen is a little out in her geography: ſhe probably means* Sherwood, *but neither was that in the page's way to Nottingham, and* Barnſdale *was ſtill further north. See "Ancient popular poetry," 1791, p.* 3.

Fare. *p.* 111. *live.*

Finikin. *p.* 42. *finical, fine, ſpruce.*

Gang. *p.* 59. *go.*

Gillore. *p.* 144. *plenty.*

Glen. *p.* 156. *valley.*

God a mercy! *p.* 69. *gramercy, thanks:* grand mercie, F.

Graff. oke graff. *p.* 32. *oak-branch or ſapling?*

Hart of Greece. *p.* 59. *means, perhaps, no more than a fat hart, for the ſake of a quibble between* Greece *and* greaſe.

Highed. *p.* 126. *hyed, haſtened.*

Hight. what they hight. *p.* 89. *what they are called.*

Holy dame. our holy dame. *p.* 98. *the virgin Mary (ſo called); unleſs, for* "our holy dame," *we ſhould read* our halidome, *which may mean our holyneſs, honeſty, chaſtity:* haligdome, ſanctimonia, *Lyes Saxon dictionary.*

I. *pp.* 103, 105. *ay.*

Kirtle. *p.* 3. *upper petticoat.*

Lee. *p.* 21. *plain.*

Ligge. *p.* 113. *lay.*

Lin. *p.* 49. *ſtop, ſtay.*

Main. *p.* 55. *force.*

Meſh. all to meſh. *p.* 34. *to a meſh, or jelly.*

Mickle. *p.* 54. *much.* *p.* 124. *great, very.*

Mo. *p.* 70. *more.*

Mow. *p.* 70. *mouth.*

Outdone. *p.* 169. *undone.*

Palmer. *pp.* 104, 129, 153. *A* palmer *was, properly, a pilgrim who had viſited the holy-land, from the palm-branch or croſs which he bore as a ſign of ſuch viſitation: but, it is probable that the diſtinction between* palmers *and other* pilgrims *was never much attended to in this country.* (*See p* 76. *v.* 105, &c.) *The palmer in the text ſeems to be no more than a common begger.*

Partakers. *p.* 31. *aſſiſtants, perſons to take thy part.*

Pinder. *p.* 26. *The* pinder *is the* pounder *or* pound-keeper; *the petty officer of a manor whoſe duty it is to impound all ſtrange cattle ſtraying upon the common,* &c.

Quod. *quoth, ſays, ſaid.*

Ray. battle ray. *p.* 86. *battle-array. The ſame expreſſion occurs in* "*The tragicall hiſtory of Didaco and Violenta,*" 1567:

"*To traverſe forth his grounde, to place*
"*His troupes* in batayle ray."

Rod. *p.* 13. *poles, perches. A rod, pole, or perch is uſually ſixteen feet and a half, but in Sherwood foreſt* (*according to Blount*) *it is* 21 *feet, the foot there being* 18 *inches.*

Ruth. *p.* 167. (*miſprinted* truth) *pity, compaſſion.*

Sack. *p.* 27. *a kind of Spaniſh wine, perhaps ſherry, for-*

merly much drunk in this country: very different, at leaſt, from the ſweet or Canary wine now ſo called.

Scop. *p.* 32. *ſcalp, pate.*

See. *p.* 10. *ſaw.*—*p.* 154. *regard, protect.*

Sets. *p.* 7. ſets with Robin Hood ſuch a laſs! *probably, ſuch a laſs would ſuit or become him well; but the paſſage is either ſingular or corrupt.*

Slack. *p.* 156. *low ground.*

Sprunks. *p.* 164.

Stint. *p.* 49. *ſtop.*

Sto'. *p.* 68. *ſtore.*

Twicht. *p.* 107. *ſnatched, wreſted ſharply.*

Venie. brave venie. *p.* 160. *merry vein, jovial humour.*

Warden pies. *p.* 8. Wardens *are a ſpecies of large pears. In Shakſpeares "Winters tale," the clown, enumerating the articles he had to provide for the ſheep-ſhearing feaſt, ſays he "muſt have ſaffron to colour the* warden pies."

Ware. *p.* 112. *aware, ſenſible.*

Weele. *p.* 60. *well.*

Wen. *p.* 84. *wend, go, bye.*

Wenion. Marry gep with a wenion! *p.* 32.

Whute. *p.* 63. *whiſtle.*

Wigger wand. *p.* 62. *wicker wand.*

Win. *p.* 84. *See* Wen.

Wiſt. *p.* 108. *wis, trow, believe.*

Yeomandree. *pp.* 23, 105. Yeomandry. *p.* 86. *yeomanry, followers.*

APPENDIX.

I.

THE PLAYE OF ROBYN HODE

is printed by Copland at the end of his edition of the "mery geste," &c. inſerted in the preceding volume. It ſeems to be compoſed, certainly with little improvement, partly from the ballad of "Robin Hood and the curtal frier," (ſee before, p. 58.) or rather, perhaps, ſome ſtill older piece on the ſame ſubject, and partly from the ancient poem of "Robin Hood and the potter" (ſee volume I. p. 81). The whole title runs—"Here beginnethe the playe of Robyn Hoode, very proper to be played in Maye games." It has here received a few corrections from Whites edition, 1634.

ROBYN HODE.

NOW ſtand ye forth, my mery men all,
And harke what I ſhall ſay;
Of an adventure I ſhal you tell,
The which befell this other day.
As I went by the hygh way,
With a ſtout frere I met,
And a quarter-ſtaffe in his hande,

Lyghtely to me he lept,
And ſtyll he bade me ſtande;
There were ſtrypes two or three,
But I cannot tell who had the worſe,
But well I wote the horeſon lept within me,
And fro me he toke my purſe.
Is there any of my mery men all,
That to that frere wyll go,
And bryng him to me forth withall,
Whether he wyll or no?

LYTELL JOHN.

Yes, mayſter, I make god avowe,
To that frere wyll I go,
And bring him to you,
Whether he wyl or no.

FRYER TUCKE.

Deus hic, deus hic, god be here!
Is not this a holy worde for a frere?
God ſave all this company!
But am not I a jolly fryer?
For I can ſhote both farre and nere,
And handle the ſworde and buckler,
And this quarter-ſtaffe alſo.
If I mete with a gentylman or yemàn,
I am not afrayde to loke hym upon,
Nor boldly with him to carpe;
If he ſpeake any wordes to me,

He ſhall have ſtrypes two or thre,
That ſhal make his body ſmarte.
But, maiſters, to ſhew you the matter,
Wherfore and why I am come hither,
In fayth I wyl not ſpare:
I am come to ſeke a good yeman,
In Berniſdale men ſai is his habitacion,
His name is Robyn Hode.
And if that he be better man than I,
His ſervaunt wyll I be, and ſerve him truely;
But if that I be better man than he,
By my truth my knave ſhall he be,
And leade theſe dogges all three.

ROBYN HODE.

Yelde the, fryer, in thy long cote.

FRYER TUCKE.

I beſhrew thy hart, knave, thou hurteſt my throt.

ROBYN HODE.

I trowe, fryer, thou beginneſt to dote;
Who made the ſo malapert and ſo bolde,
To come into this foreſt here,
Amonge my falowe dere?

FRYER.

Go louſe the, ragged knave,

V. 35. maiſter, *C.*

If thou make mani wordes, I will geve the on the eare,
Though I be but a poore fryer.
To ſeke Robyn Hode I am com here,
And to him my hart to breke.

ROBYN HODE.

Thou louſy frer, what wouldeſt thou with hym?
He never loved fryer, nor none of freiers kyn.

FRYER.

Avaunt, ye ragged knave!
Or ye ſhall have on the ſkynne.

ROBYN HODE.

Of all the men in the morning thou art the worſt,
To mete with the I have no luſt;
For he that meteth a frere or a fox in the morning,
To ſpede ill that day he ſtandeth in jeoperdy:
Therfore I had lever mete with the devil of hell,
Fryer, I tell the as I thinke,
Then mete with a fryer or a fox,
In a mornyng, or I drynk.

FRYER.

Avaunt, thou ragged knave, this is but a mock,
If thou make mani words thou ſhal have a knock.

V. 64 ell. *C.* *V.* 70. you. you. *C.*

ROBYN HODE.

Harke, frere, what I ſay here,
Over this water thou ſhalt me bere,
The brydge is borne away.

FRYER.

To ſay naye I wyll not,
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie and ſin,
But up on a fryers backe, and have even in.

ROBYN HODE.

Nay, have over.

FRYER.

Now am I, frere, within, and thou, Robin, without,
To lay the here I have no great doubt.
Now art thou, Robyn, without, and I, frere, within,
Lye ther, knave; choſe whether thou wilte ſinke or ſwym.

ROBYN HODE.

Why, thou lowſy frere, what haſt thou done?

FRYER.

Mary, ſet a knave over the ſhone.

ROBYN HODE.

Therfore thou ſhalt abye.

V. 82. donec, *C.*

FRYER.

Why, wylt thou fyght a plucke?

ROBYN HODE.

And god ſend me good lucke.

FRYER.

Than have a ſtroke for fryer Tucke.

ROBYN HODE.

Holde thy hande, frere, and here me ſpeke.

FRYER.

Saye on, ragged knave,
Me ſemeth ye begyn to ſwete.

ROBYN HODE.

In this foreſt I have a hounde,
I wyl not give him for an hundreth pound,
Geve me leve my horne to blowe,
That my hounde may knowe.

FRYER.

Blowe on, ragged knave, without any doubte,
Untyll bothe thyne eyes ſtarte out.
Here be a ſorte of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in Kendale grene,
And to the they take their way nowe.

ROBYN HODE.

Peradventure they do ſo.

FRYER.

I gave the leve to blowe at thy wyll,
Now give me leve to whiſtell my fyll.

ROBYN HODE.

Whyſtell, frere, evyl mote thou fare,
Untyll bothe thyne eyes ſtare.

FRYER.

Now Cut and Bauſe!
Breng forth the clubbes and ſtaves,
And downe with thoſe ragged knaves!

ROBYN HODE.

How ſayeſt thou, frere, wylt thou be my man,
To do me the beſt ſervyſe thou can?
Thou ſhalt have both golde and fee,
And alſo here is a lady free,
I wyll geve her unto the,
And her chapplayn I the make,
To ſerve her for my ſake.

FRYER.

Here is a huckle duckle, an inch above the buckle;

V. 104. ſtarte. C.

She is a trul of truſt, to ſerve a frier at his luſt,
A prycker, a prauncer, a terer of ſhetes,
A wagger of buttockes when other men ſlepes.
Go home, ye knaves, and lay crabbes in the fyre,
For my lady and I wil daunce in the myre, for veri pure joye.

ROBYN HODE.

Lyſten to [me], my mery men all,
And harke what I ſhall ſay;
Of an adventure I ſhall you tell,
That befell this other daye.
With a proude potter I met,
And a roſe garlande on his head,
The floures of it ſhone marvaylous freſhe;
This ſeven yere and more he hath uſed this waye,
Yet was he never ſo curteyſe a potter,
As one peny paſſage to paye.
Is there any of my mery men all
That dare be ſo bolde
To make the potter paie paſſage,
Either ſilver or golde?

V. 116. A trul of truſt *was a commōn phraſe. So in the ancient morality of* the iiii elements: *(Sig. E. iij. 6.)*

" *For to ſatisfye your wanton luſt*
" *I ſhall apoynt you* a trull of truſt,
" *Not a feyrer in this towne.*"

V. 117. ſheſes, *C.* *V.* 118. ballockes, *C.*

LYTELL JOHN.

Not I, maſter, for twenty pound redy tolde,
For there is not among us al one
That dare medle with that potter man for man.
I felt his handes not long agone,
But I had lever have ben here by the,
Therfore I knowe what he is.
Mete him when ye wil, or mete him whan ye ſhal,
He is as propre a man as ever you medle withal.

ROBYN HODE.

I will lai with the, Litel John, twenti pound ſo read,
If I wyth that potter mete,
I wil make him pay paſſage, maugre his head.

LETTEL JOHN.

I conſente therto, ſo eate I bread,
If he pay paſſage maugre his head,
Twenti pound ſhall ye have of me for your mede.

THE POTTERS BOYE JACKE.

Out alas, that ever I ſawe this daye!
For I am clene out of my waye
From Notyngham towne;
If I hye me not the faſter,
Or I come there the market wel be done.

V. 152. maryet. *C.*

ROBYN HODE.

Let me ſe, are thy pottes hole and ſounde?

JACKE.

Yea, meiſter, but they will not breake the ground.

ROBYN HODE.

I wil them breke, for the cuckold thi maiſters ſake;
And if they will not breake the grounde,
Thou ſhalt have thre pence for a pound.

JACKE.

Out alas! what have ye done?
If my maiſter come, he will breke your crown.

THE POTTER.

Why, thou horeſon, art thou here yet?
Thou ſhouldeſt have bene at market.

JACKE.

I met with Robin Hode, a good yemàn,
He hath broken my pottes,
And called you kuckolde by your name.

THE POTTER.

Thou mayſt be a gentylman, ſo god me ſave,
But thou ſemeſt a noughty knave.
Thou calleſt me cuckolde by my name,

V. 154. the. *C.* *V.* 158. not *omited in* W.

And I ſwere by god and ſaynt John
Wyfe had I never none.
This cannot I denye,
But if thou be a good felowe,
I wil ſel mi horſe, mi harneis, pottes and paniers to,
Thou ſhalt have the one halfe and I will have the other;
If thou be not ſo content,
Thou ſhalt have ſtripes if thou were my brother.

ROBYN HODE.

Harke, potter, what I ſhall ſay:
This ſeven yere and more thou haſt uſed this way,
Yet were thou never ſo curteous to me,
As one penny paſſage to paye.

THE POTTER.

Why ſhould I paye paſſage to thee?

ROBYN HOODE.

For I am Robyn Hode, chiefe governoure
Under the grene woode tree.

THE POTTER.

This ſeven yere have I uſed this way up and downe,
Yet payed I paſſage to no man,
Nor now I wyl not beginne, ſo do the worſt thou can.

ROBYN HODE.

Paſſage ſhalt thou pai here under the grene-wode tre,

186. to do. C. to *or* ſo *omitted in* W.

Or els thou ſhalt leve a wedde with me.

THE POTTER.

If thou be a good felowe, as men do the call,
Lay awaye thy bowe,
And take thy ſword and buckeler in thy hande,
And ſe what ſhall befall.

ROBIN HODE.

Lyttle John, where art thou?

LYTTEL [JOHN].

Here, mayſter, I make god avowe.
I tolde you, mayſter, ſo god me ſave,
That you ſhoulde fynde the potter a knaye.
Holde your buckeler faſt in your hande,
And I wyll ſtyfly by you ſtande,
Ready for to fyghte;
Be the knave never ſo ſloute,
I ſhall rappe him on the ſnoute,
And put hym to flyghte.

V. 188. wedded. *C.* wed. *W.* *V.* 196. your. *C.*

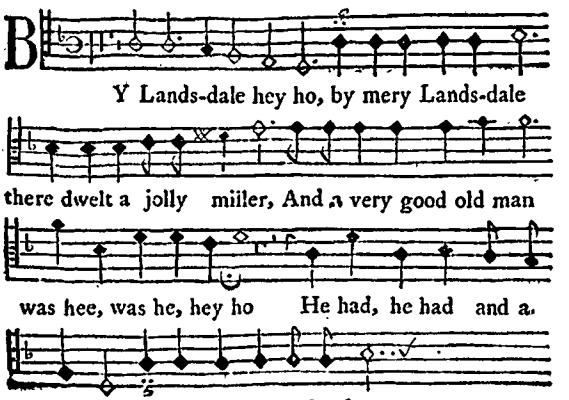
II.

A FREEMANS SONG,

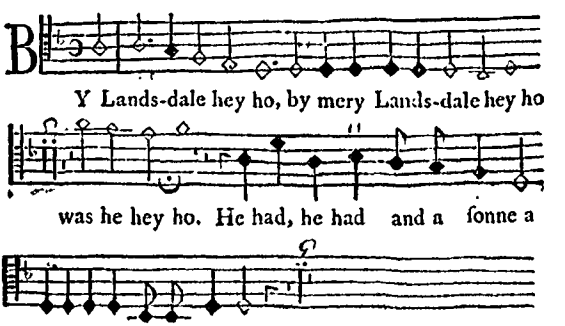
FOR THREE VOICES.

This ſtrange and whimſical performance is taken from a very rare and curious publication, intitled "*Deuteromelia: or the ſecond part of muſicks melodie, or melodius muſicke. Of pleaſant roundelaies; K. H. mirth, or freemens ſongs. And ſuch delightfull catches. London: printed for Thomas Adams dwelling in Paules church-yard at the ſigne of the white lion.* 1609." 4*to.* Freemens ſongs *is ſuppoſed to be a corruption of* Three mens ſongs, *from their being generally for three voices.* K. H. *is* King Henrys. *See* "*Ancient ſongs,*" 1790. *p. lvii.* 159, &c.

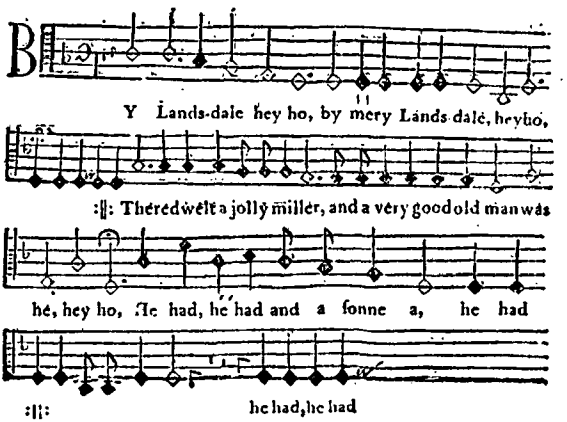
In the collection of old printed ballads made by Anthony à Wood is an inaccurate copy of this ancient and ſingular production, in his own hand writing: "*This ſong,*" *ſays he,* "*was eſteemed an old ſong before the rebellion broke out in* 1641." *It thereby appears that the firſt line of every ſtanza was* "*to be ſung thrice.*" *Beſide the muſic here given, there are three parts of* "*Another way,*" *which it was not thought neceſſary to inſert.*

TREBLE.

Y Lands-dale hey ho, by mery Lands-dale
there dwelt a jolly miiler, And a very good old man
was hee, was he, hey ho He had, he had and a
ſonne a. He had, he had and a ſonne.

TENOR.



BASSUS.


Y Lands-dale hey ho, by mery Lands dale, hey ho,
:‖: There dwelt a jolly miller, and a very good old man was
he, hey ho, He had, he had and a sonne a, he had
:‖: he had, he had

He had, he had and a sonne a,
  Men called him Renold,
And mickle of his might
  Was he, was he, hey ho.

And from his father a wode a,
  His fortune for to seeke,
From mery Landsdale
  Wode he, wode he, hey ho.

His father would him ſeeke a,
And found him faſt aſleepe.
Among the leaves greene
Was he, was he, hey ho.

He tooke, he tooke him up a,
All by the lilly-white hand,
And ſet him on his feet,
And bad him ſtand, hey ho.

He gave to him a benbow,
Made all of a truſty tree,
And arrowes in his hand,
And bad him let them flee.

And ſhoote was that that a did a,
Some ſay he ſhot a mile,
But halfe a mile and more
Was it, was it, hey ho.

And at the halfe miles end [a],
There ſtood an armed man;
The childe he ſhot him through,
And through, and through, hey 'ho.'

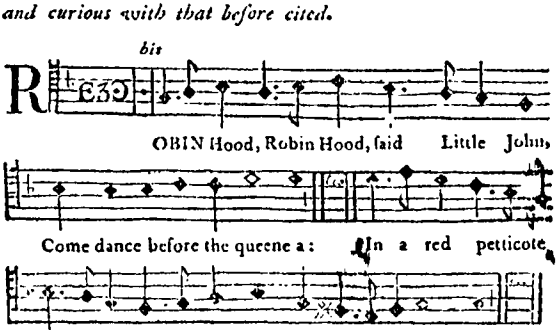
His beard was all on a white a,
As white as whaleis bone,
His eyes they were as cleare
As chriſtall ſtone, hey ho.

And there of him they made [a],
Good yeoman Robin Hood,
Scarlet, and Little John,
And Little John, hey ho.

III.

A ROUND,

from "Pammelia. Muſicks miſcellanie. Or, mixed varietie of pleaſant roundelayes, and delightfull catches, of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. parts in one. None ſo ordinarie as muſicall, none ſo muſicall as not to all very pleaſing and acceptable. London Printed by William Barley, for R. B. and H. W. and are to be ſold at the Spread Eagle at the great north dore of Paules. 1609." *4to. a work equally ſcarce and curious with that before cited.*


bis
ROBIN Hood, Robin Hood, ſaid Little John,
Come dance before the queene a: In a red petticote,
and a greene jacket, a white hoſe and a greene a ut ſupra

IV.

HEY JOLLY ROBIN.

Theſe ſtanzas are ſupplyed by "A muſicall dreame, or the fourth booke of ayres, &c. Compoſed by Robert Iones. London, Imprinted by the aſſignees of William Barley, and are to be ſolde in Powles church yeard, at the ſigne of the Crowne. 1609." fo. The muſic, a compoſition of little merit or curioſity for the preſent age, was not tranſcribed.

IN Sherwood ſivde ſtout Robin Hood,
An archer great, none greater;
His bow and ſhafts were ſure and good,
Yet Cupids were much beter.
Robin could ſhoot at many a hart and miſſe,
Cupid at firſt could hit a hart of his.
Hey jolly Robin, hoe jolly Robin, hey jolly Robin Hood,
Love finds out me, as well as thee, to follow mee, to follow me to the green wood.

A noble thiefe was Robin Hoode,
Wiſe was he could deceive him,
Yet Marrian, in his braveſt mood,
Could of his heart bereave him.
No greater thief lies hidden under skies
Then beauty cloſely lodgde in womens eyes.
Hey jolly Robin.

An out-law was this Robin Hood,
His life free and unruly,
Yet to faire Marrian bound he ſtood,
And loves debt payed her duely.
Whom curbe of ſtrickteſt law could not hold in
Love with obeyednes and a winke could winne,
Hey jolly Robin.

Now wend we home, ſtout Robin Hood,
Leave we the woods behind us;
Love-paſſions muſt not be withſtood,
Love every where will find us.
I livde in fielde and towne, and ſo did he,
I got me to the woods, Love followed me,
Hey Jolly Robin.

V.

A MERRY WEDDING;

OR,

O BRAVE ARTHUR OF BRADLEY.

This old ballad, referred to in p. 10. *of the preſent volume, is given from a black letter copy in a private collection, compared with and very much corrected by "An antidote againſt melancholy: made up in pills, compounded of witty ballads, jovial ſongs, and merry catches. 1661." The running title of the volume is "Pills to purge melancholy;" which was afterward borrowed by Durfey.*

There is a different, but probably much more modern, ballad upon this popular subject, in the same measure, intitled, "*Arthur o'Bradley,*" *and beginning,*

"*All in the merry month of May.*"

SEE you not Pierce the piper,
His cheeks as big as a miter,
A piping among the swains,
That dance on yonder plains?
Where Tib and Tom do trip it,
And youths to the hornpipe nip it,
With every one his carriage,
To go to yonder marriage;
Not one would stay behind,
But go with Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley oh, &c.

Arthur had got him a lass,
A bonnier never was;
The chief youths of the parish
Came dancing of the morris;
With country lasses trousling,
And lusty lads bounsing,
Jumping with mickle pride,
And each his wench by his side;
They all were fine and gay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

And when that Arthur was married,
And his bride home had carried,
The youngſters they did wait
To help to carry up meat;
Francis carried the furmety,
Michael carried the mince-pye,
Bartholomew the beef and the muſtard,
And Chriſtopher carried the cuſtard;
Thus every one in his array,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

And when that dinner was ended,
The maidens they were befriended,
For out ſteps Dick the draper,
And he bid, Strike up, ſcraper!
It's beſt to be dancing a little,
And then to the tavern to tipple:
He call'd for a hornpipe,
That went fine on the bagpipe;
Then forward, piper, and play,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c.

Richard he did lead it,
And Margery did tread it,
Francis followed them,
And after courteous Jane;
Thus every one after another,
As if they had been ſiſter and brother;

That 'twas great joy to ſee
How well they did agree;
And then they all did ſay,
Hay for Arthur of Bradley!
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

Then Miles in his motley breeches,
And he the piper beſeeches
To play him *Haw-thorn buds*,
That he and his wench might trudge:
But Lawrence liked not that,
No more did luſty Kate;
For ſhe cry'd, Can'ſt thou not hit it,
To ſee how fine Thomas can trip it,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley, &c.

When all the ſwains did ſee
This mirth and merry glee,
There was never a man did flinch,
But each one kiſt his wench;
But Giles was greedy of gain,
For he would needs kiſs twain:
Her lover ſeeing that,
Did rap him over the pate,
That he had nought to ſay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

The piper lookt aſide,
And there he ſpied the bride,

He thought is was a hard chance,
That none wou'd lead her a dance;
But there was none durſt touch her,
Save only Bat the Butcher;
He took her by the hand,
And danced while he could ſtand:
The bride was fine and gay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

Then out ſtept Will the weaver,
And he ſwore he'd not leave her,
He hopp'd it all on one leg,
For the honour of his Peg:
But Kiſſer in cambrick ruffe,
He took that all in ſnuffe;
For he againſt that day
Had made himſelf fine and gay,
His ruffe was whipt with blew,
And he cried, A new dance, a new!
Then ſtrike up a round-delay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c.

Then gan the ſun decline,
And every one thought it time
To go unto his home,
And leave the bridegroom alone.
Tut, tut, ſays lufty Ned,
Ile ſeem them both in bed

For i'le gib at a joynt,
But i'le have his codpiſs-point:
Then forward piper and play,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c.

And thus the day was ſpent,
And no man homeward went,
There was ſuch a crowding and thruſting,
That ſome were in danger of burſting,
To ſee them go to bed;
For all the ſkill they had,
He was got to his bride,
And lay cloſe to her ſide:
Then got they his points and his garters,
And cut them in pieces like martyrs;
And then they all did play
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c.

Then Will and his ſweetheart
Did call for *Loth to depart*;
And then they did dôt it, and toſs it,
'Till the cook brought in the ſack-poſſet.
The bride-pye was brought forth,
A thing of mickle worth:
And ſo all at the beds ſide
Took leave of Arthur and his bride,
And ſo went all away
From the wedding of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c.

VI.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE THREE SQUIRES FROM NOTTINGHAM GALLOWS.

This ſong, and its tune, as the editor is informed by his ingenious friend Edward Williams, the Welſh bard, are well known in South Wales, by the name of Marchog glas, i. e. *Green knight. Though apparently ancient, it is not known to exiſt in black letter, nor has any better authority been met with than the common collection of Aldermary-church-yard. See before, p.* 151.

BOLD Robin Hood ranging the forreſt all round,
The forreſt all round ranged he;
O there did he meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.

Why weep you, why weep you? bold Robin he ſaid,
What weep you for gold or fee?
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
That is taken from your body?

I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd,
Neither do I weep for fee;
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
That is taken from my body.

What weep you for then? ſaid jolly Robin,
I prithee come tell unto me.
"Oh! I do weep for my three ſons,
For they are all condemned to die."

What church have they robbed? ſaid jolly Robin,
Or pariſh-prieſt have they ſlain?
What maids have they forced againſt their will?
Or with other mens wives have lain?

No church have they robbed, this lady reply'd,
Nor pariſh-prieſt have they ſlain;
No maids have they forced againſt their will,
Nor with other mens wives have lain.

What have they done then? ſaid jolly Robin,
Come tell me moſt ſpeedily.
"Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
'That' they are all condemned to die."

Get you home, get you home, ſaid jolly Robin,
Get you home moſt ſpeedily,
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
For the ſake of the 'ſquires all three.

Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
For Nottingham town goes he,
O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man,
He came creeping along the highway.

"What news, what news, thou old beggar-man?
What news, come tell unto me."
"O there's weeping and wailing in Nottingham [town],
For the death of the 'ſquires all three."

This beggar man had a coat on his back,
'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
Bold Robin Hood thought 'twas no diſgrace
To be in the beggar-man's ſtead.

"Come, pull off thy coat, thou old beggar-man,
And thou ſhalt put on mine;
And forty good ſhillings I'll give thee to boot,
Beſides brandy, good beer, ale, and wine."

Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
Unto Nottingham town came he;
O there did he meet with great maſter ſheriff,
And likewiſe the 'ſquires all three.

One boon, one boon, ſays jolly Robin,
One boon I beg on my knee;
That, as for the death of theſe three 'ſquires,
Their hangman I may be.

Soon granted, ſoon granted, ſays maſter ſheriff,
Soon granted unto thee;
And 'thou ſhalt' have all their gay cloathing,
Aye, and all their white money.

"O I will have none of their gay cloathing,
Nor none of their white money,
But I'll have three blaſts on my bugle-horn,
That their ſouls to heaven may flee."

59. you ſhall.

"Then' Robin Hood mounted the gallows ſo high,
Where he blew loud and ſhrill,
'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
Came marching down the green hill.

Whoſe men are theſe? ſays maſter ſheriff,
Whoſe men are they? tell unto me.
"O they are mine, but none of thine,
And are come for the 'ſquires all three."

O take them, o take them, ſays great maſter ſheriff,
O take them along with thee;
For there's never a man in fair Nottingham
Can do the like of thee.

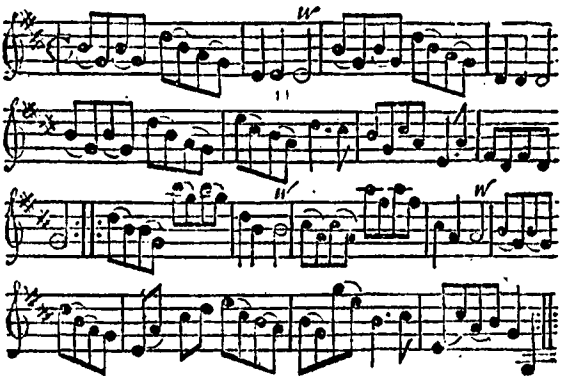
V. 65. When. *V.* 70. come tell.

VII.

ROBIN HOODS DELIGHT.

Dr Pepuſch, among other very curious articles of ancient Engliſh muſic, was poſſeſſed of a MS. folio, (ſuppoſed to be ſtill extant,) which, at p. 15, *contained a tune intitled* "Robin Hood." *See Wards* "*Lives of the profeſſors of Greſham college,*" 1740, *(an interleaved copy, corrected and augmented by the author, in the Britiſh-muſeum).* Robene Hude *is likewiſe the name of a dance in Wedderburns* "*Complaiute of Scotland,*" *printed in* 1549. *The*

following tune is preserved by Oswald, in his "Caledonian pocket companion."



THE END.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

VOLUME I.

Page xviii. l. 17 *Thus, likewise, in a much earlyer tranſlation from the ſame immortal bard,* (Homer a la mode, 1664,) *we read of*

" — *greate Apollo, who's as good*
At pricks and buts as Robin Hood."

P. xxix. *An edition of* " *The hiſtory of George a Green,*" 1706, 8vo. *is in the Britiſh Muſeum.*

P. xxx. l. 6 for *Donce* r. *Donec.*

P. xxxi. l. 23. *after* except, *inſert* the not very old ballad of " Robin Hoods golden prize," where ſhe is barely named, and — *Surely, the* " *lady*" *alluded to in the old May-game cannot be maid Marian.*

——— *delete* of.

P. xxxv. note, l. 12. *for* Toxopholite r. Toxophilite.

P. 24. v. 180. *for* Uteryſdale *(as in the old copies) read* 'Wieryſdale,' *the name of a foreſt in Lancaſhire.*

P. 57. v. 16. *for* a am r. I am

P. 67. v. 100. ſayvt Charyte.] *This ſaint is alſo mentioned by Spenſer, in his 5th eclogue:*

" *Ah dear lord, and ſweet* ſaint Charity."

again, in the Downfall of Robert earl of Huntington, 1601:

" *Therefore, ſweet maſter, for* ſaint Charity:"

and likewiſe in one of Ophelias ſongs, in Hamlet:

" *By Gis, and by* ſaint Charity "

(See Shakſpeares Plays, 1793 xv. 163.) *Mr. Stevens's aſſertion that* " ſaint Charity *is a known ſaint among the Roman catholics,*" *though diſputed by a catholic friend, can be ſupported by infallible authority.* " *We read,*" *ſays Dr. Douglas,* ' *in the Martyrology on the firſt of Auguſt*—Romæ paſſio ſanctarum virginum, *Fidei, Spei,* et CHARITATIS, quæ ſub Hadriano principe martyriæ coronam adeptæ ſunt." *Criterion, p* 66.

P. 74. v. 8 *after* and *inſert* my.

P. 86. v 97. *This ſtanza is evidently misplaced; it ſhould be either the laſt but one of the preſent, or the firſt of the next* fit.

P 114. *In the fourth edition of the* " *Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry,*" *publiſhed in July* 1795, *it is, for the firſt time acknowledged that* " *Some liberties were, by the editor, taken with this ballad, which in this edition, hath been brought nearer to the folio MS* " *Of the new readings, which are numerous, the moſt material are here noticed.*

V.	1. " *for* ſhaws *the MS. has* Shales." *(p cvii)*	
V.	17. ſayd Lytle John.	Maſter, quoth John.
V.	18. wind blowes over the	wind that blowes ore a.
V.	32. That leaned agaynſt.	His body leaned to a.
V.	37. Stand ſtill.	Stand you ſtill.

V. 43.	often.	oft.
V. 63	wends.	flyes.
V. 76.	And.	Good.
V. 124.	do.	thoote.
V. 156.	upon the.	ore the left.
V. 158	but.	bot's.
V. 166.	ſtuck it.	ſticked itt.
V. 172.	know.	till.
V. 178.	did throw.	did it throw.
V. 181.	Thy. thy.	The. the.
V. 204	None other rewarde I'le.	Nor no other will I.
V. 214	blive.	belive.
V. 216.	can.	did.

How an editor, who is not aſhamed to ſay that the inadvertent tranſpoſition of two words ("YE LIVE upo'," *for* "LIVE YOU upo',") *in part of the line of a common Scotiſh ſong, which he himſelf had corrupted to* "COME ZE FRAE," *has* DESTROYED ALL CONFIDENCE, *can juſtify ſuch wanton, arbitrary, and even injudicious alterations in the publication of an ancient poem, is beyond the conception of a perſon not habituated to "liberties" of this nature, nor deſtitute of all manner of regard to truth or probity.*

P. 150. Ballad] *Perhaps it ſhould be*—ſren (frend *or* fremd)-ballad, *i. e. beſet or ſurrounded by ſtrangers.* (Fremd, *Saxon.*) *Thus, in Spenſers 4th eclogue:*

"*So now his friend is changed for a ſren.*"

P. 162. l. 9. *for* præeſt *r.* præſt.

VOLUME II.

Page 2. *In reading this ſong, we are admoniſhed by the editor of the collection of old ballads, printed in* 1723. *(who thinks it "the moſt beautiful and one of the oldeſt extant, written on that ſubject.") to obſerve one thing, "and that is, between ſome of the ſtanzas we muſt ſuppoſe a conſiderable time to paſs. Chevinda" he ſays, "might be [thought] a very forward girl if between Robin Hood's queſtion and her anſwer we did not ſuppoſe two or three hours to have been ſpent in courtſhip: and between Robin Hood's being entertained at Gamwell hall, and his having ninety three men in Sherwood, we muſt allow ſome years."*

With reſpect to its antiquity. Dr. Percy, in the new edition of his "Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry," (vol. I. p. xcviii.) expreſſes a very different opinion; ſince, according to him, it "ſeems of much later date than moſt of the others, and can ſcarce be older than the reign of K. Charles I. FOR," *ſays he, "K. James I had ſtill a later his acceſſion to the throne of England;" an obſervation which if any way to the purpoſe, is certainly* NOT TRUE. "I may even" *he continues, "have been written ſince the reſtoration, and only expreſs the wiſhes of the nation for iſſue on the marriage (&c.) of their*

favourite K. Charles II. on his marriage (he) *with the infanta of Portugal.*" *However this may be, the writers having deviated from* "*all the old traditions concerning this celebrated outlaw,*" *is no proof that he was* "*ignorant*" *of them; and that Dr. Percy chooſes to* "think *it is not found in the Pepys collection,*" *only ſhews* conjecture *to be eaſier than* inveſtigation. ☞ *In the ſecond volume of that collection, any perſon, diſpoſed to the ſearch, will find, at leaſt,* TWO COPIES *of it, both in black letter.*

Ibi. vv 13, 14. *For an account of theſe worthies conſult their old metrical legend in Percy's* Reliques, *volume I. or* Ancient popular poetry, 1791.

P. 13. v. 12 *This line ſeems to belong to the foreſters, and ſhould be accordingly diſtinguiſhed by double commas.*

P. 58. l. 3 *r.* 1610.

P. 77. note, l. 2. —*Arragon was never in the hands of the Moors.*] *This, at leaſt, is true of the* county *of Arragon, and there has been a ſucceſſion of* Chriſtian kings *from the year* 1034.

— l. 4. Alcaron *is a deity, formed by metathesis from* Alcoran, *a book.*] *This converſion is much more ancient than the preſent ballad. Thus in the old metrical romance of* The ſowdon of Babyloyne, *a MS. in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Farmer:*

" *Whan Laban herde of this myſchief,*
A fery man was he,
He trumped his men to relefe.
For to ceaſe that tyme mente he,
Meſſadage kinge of Barbarye
He did carye to his tente.
And beryed him by right of Sarſenye,
With brennynge fire and riche ornemente;
And ſonge the dirige *of* ALKARON,
That bibill is of here laye;
And wayled his deth everychon,
Seven nyghtis and ſeven dayes"

Here Alkaron *is expreſsly the name of a* BOOK (i. e. *the* Koran or Alcoran); *in the following paſſage it is that of a* GOD:

" *Now ſhall ye here of Laban:*
Whan tidynges to him were comen,
Tho was he a fulle fery man,
Whan he herde howe his maiſtre were namen,
And howe his men were ſlayne.
And Gye was go ſaſe hem froo;
He defyed Mahounde, *and* Apolyne,
Jubiter, Affaro, *and* ALCARON *alſo.*"

P. 78. v. 138. *for* fanatick, baboon! *we ſhould probably read* 'frantick' baboon!

P. 87. v. 81. Dallom lee] *The ſituation of this cloſe cannot be aſcertained.* Dalham-tower *is in Weſtmoreland.*

Ibi. (note) *Theſe famous archers are alſo mentioned by Ben Jonſon in* Every man in his humour *(act* 1. *ſcene* 1.*)*: "*Becauſe I dwell at Hogsden, I ſhall keep company with none but* the archers of Finſbury."

P. 151. preface, l. 5. for *moſt* r. *many*.

P. 167. v. 118. *for* 'truth' *r.* 'ruth.'

P. 188. Counſel.] *This phraſe is uſed by Chaucer, ſo that the alluſion here ſuppoſed becomes very queſtionable.*

"*Shall it be* conſeil? *ſayd the firſte ſhrewe.*
And I ſhal tellen thee in wordes fewe
What we ſhul don, and bring it wel aboute."
Pardoneres [illegible]

It is clearly ſynonimous with ſecret.

P. 199 l. 125. *How a potter comes to be decked with ſo elegant and honorable a garland, as one of roſes, is not eaſyly to be accounted for. The poet Gower, as repreſented on his monument in the church of St. Mary Overy, hath, as Stow tells us,* "*on his head, a chaplet, like a coronet of foure roſes*;" *and it may be remembered that Copland, the printer of this identical May-game, dwelled* "*at the ſigne of the roſe garlande.*" *In* "*The pleaſant hiſtory of Reynard the fox,*" *we find that the king, being cured, by* "*maſter Reynard,*" *the father, of a grievous ſickneſs,* "*gave him (for an honour) a garland of roſes, which he muſt ever wear upon his head.*"

P. 208. after *cited* add—*This, however, is only the tenor part, but the words of the other parts are very trifling, and relate to different ſubjects. It is called* "*A round of three country-dances in one.*"

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